WEEK ENDING OCT. 20, 1928

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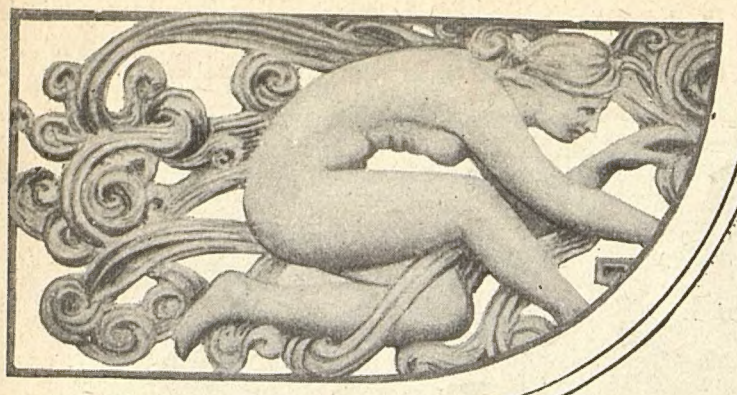

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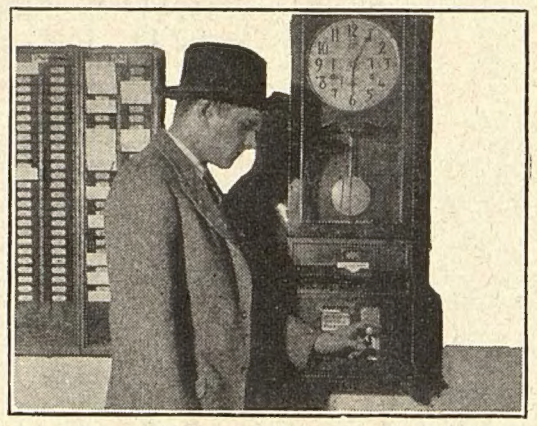
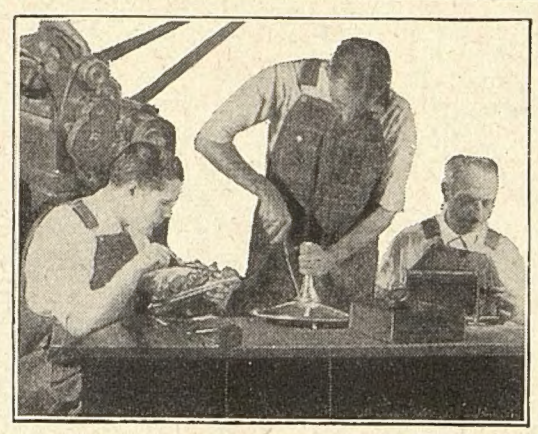


The Time Clock—a badge of hawk-like supervision and The Rut. A constant reminder that one is "just another name on the pay-roll."



Human cogs in a great machine. No chance to meet people, travel or have interesting experiences. A long, slow, tiresome road that leads nowhere

Always wondering what would happen in case of a "lay-off" or loss of job. No chance to express ideas and ability —no chance to get ahead. COULD there be a way out?

I Said "Good-bye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book— Raised My Pay 700%!

Where Shall We Send Your Copy—FREE?

WHEN a man who has been struggling along at a low-pay job suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—$5000, $7500, or $10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. It's hard for them to believe he is the same man they used to know . . . but such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but HUNDREDS have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

True, it is only a book—just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that any ambitious man can read! It reveals facts and secrets that will open almost any man's eyes to things he has never even dreamed of!

Remarkable Salary Increases

For example, R. B. Hansen of Akron, Ohio, is just one case. Not long ago he was a foreman in the rubber-curing room of a big factory at a salary of $160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "Modern Salesmanship," fell into his hands. And from that day on, Mr. Hansen clearly saw the way to say "good-bye" forever to low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine!

Today he has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding $10,000 a year!

Another man, Wm. Shore of Neenach, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "Modern Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as $525 in a single week! O. D. Oliver of Norman, Oklahoma, read it and jumped from $200 a month to over $10,000 a year! C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over $10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that SALESMANSHIP offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "Modern Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members, and thousands have secured positions this way.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself WHY "Modern Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making $10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny or incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!

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Last Year's Pay Looks Like Small Change to These Men Today!

300% Increase

"My salary since I enrolled with N. S. T. A. has increased over 300% and I do not intend to stop at that. I was formerly employed in a Creamery, doing poorly-paid, unhealthy work. Now I have charge of 14 men, covering 4 states. Anyone wanting to become a leader should take the N. S. T. A. course."—A. F. Thompson, Sioux City, Ia.

600% Increase

"Six years ago I was a stenographer. Now I am in the advertising business for myself, and my earnings have increased 600%. The sales training and cooperation I received from the N. S. T. A. developed the self-confidence and ability that I needed to make good."—L. H. Lundstedt, Chicago, Ill.

$6,286 Increase

"I was clearing around $1,000 a year when I enrolled with N. S. T. A. I have increased my income to $7,286. I now own my home, drive a nice car and have a summer camp. My grateful thanks go out to N. S. T. A."—Frank Walsh, Springfield, Mass.

$4,800 Increase

"After graduation your employment department offered me choice of representing 48 firms. Some service! I mention this to show the great advantage of being connected with N. S. T. A. Last year I made over $100 a week, and expect to earn $7,000 this year. Some increase since my enrollment!"—F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn.

OCT. 20, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 42

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HORSES AND GAS

Man's first servant was the horse. His first friend was the dog. The two have done well by us down the ages. Between them they deserve a good deal of the credit for the fact that the human race stayed on earth after being placed there.

But in the last century or so man has invented and brought to a high degree of efficiency a better servant than the horse, a more valuable friend than the dog. We refer to the gasoline engine.

It's too bad, sentimentally speaking, but it is a fact that the horse is passing from our civilization. The gasoline engine shoves him out of the cities, bids fair to supplant him on the farms. The engine is faster than the horse, stronger, and less temperamental.

Everyone remembers how, shortly after the World War began in 1914, cavalry dried up and blew away as a genuine fighting unit in battle. Crack regiments of cavalry were speedily dismounted. Their mounts were retired with regrets to the stables, or maybe to the packing plants.

Now that the war is nearly ten years behind us, cavalry comes back into style. Young men whose names grace the Social Register join cavalry militia companies. Polo games feature garden parties on military reservations—as witness the polo matches on Governors Island, New York, which everyone outside the army knows should be an airport for New York City.

The horse, for all his obsolescence, is still a great pet of the army. A West Point cadet must learn cavalry riding and tactics. He cannot take flying instruction, even in his hours off duty. Each summer a class from West Point spends a delightful pair of weeks at Mitchel or Langley Field as guests and passengers of army fliers, but it isn't pretended that they are taught anything about handling a ship in the air or repairing one on the ground.

Yet in the next war, when it comes along, we shall need a large, trained, and fully equipped air force. The cavalry will begin to wither away on the morning after war is declared, and its passing will be even swifter than in 1914.

The trouble chiefly is, of course, that elderly men direct army affairs. They learned the game of war in days when cavalry was the ace of trumps. Flying means little or nothing to them. It is too young.

Then, too, cavalry is dashing and picturesque—until a bomber swoops down and lets 'em have a bunch of pineapples. We recall in this connection that famous cartoon in the London *Punch,* wherein a battered British soldier on furlough from the trenches gazed in amazement at a couple of beautifully tricked out Buckingham Palace guards seated on black chargers with drawn sabers, then gasped in his equally warworn pal's ear, "I s'y, Alf, lookit th' *soldiers!*" The cavalrymen will be the same sort of *soldiers* in the next war.

Nor does the army do anything like what it might do with the flying-man material it has on hand. Promotions go strictly by seniority. When a major in the air force is killed, for example, the captain next in line for promotion is moved into his official shoes. He may be a supply officer or a cavalryman. The probabilities are he knows nothing about flying, while a captain fifteen numbers below him in point of seniority may be an ace of 1917-18 with a dozen enemy planes to his credit.

The air forces (both land and sea) make plenty of vacancies, by nose dive and engine failure and other airways to sudden death, but the army and navy don't fill those vacancies by promotion within the air force. They promote artillerymen and navigators when fliers die. It's wrong, but when Billy Mitchell said so, look what happened to him.

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[NOTE—The article on Havana by Sidney Sutherland which was announced for this issue will appear at a later date.]

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I Win the Open Championship, a golf talk by Johnny Farrell

Discord, a story of marriage, by Austin Parker

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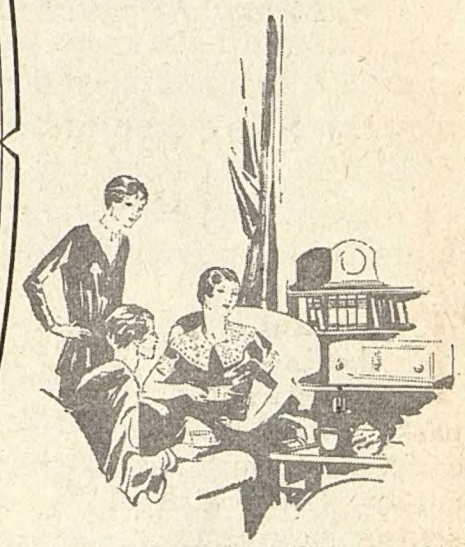

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HARD As NAILS

A Story About Women in Love

By ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

Pictures by MARSHALL FRANTZ

THE rain dashed against the windows; the house rattled as if the wind had flicked it in passing with cruel and careless fingers. And—*crash!* There was that shutter loose again.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Edwards aloud. She was not at all handy in such matters.

"But Francis will be home in a few moments," she thought. "He'll attend to it." *Crash!* went the shutter back against the wall, and in a moment *crash!* it came against the window again.

"I'll have to do something," she thought resolutely. "I can't have the window broken."

So she opened it and leaned out in the icy rain. The shutter was blowing toward her now. She reached for it, missed it, and as it blew in her hand was jammed against the catch. She gave a little gasp of pain, but she stayed where she was until she had grasped the shutter and fastened it and twisted a hairpin through the catch.

Then, closing the window, she sat down, rocking back and forth with the pain of her throbbing hand. But her eyes were fixed upon the stove; her mind was upon her cooking. She simply waited for the pain to ease a little, as she had waited before for other pains to pass. Presently she took a handkerchief out of her apron pocket, and with the aid of her teeth tied up her hand.

"I must take this off before Francis gets home," she thought; "it would worry him."

In the heat of the oven her damp hair was drying in little curls about the temples—gray hair now. Upstairs in her bedroom was a tinted photograph of herself in her wedding dress, and you would scarcely believe it the same woman, that soft smiling little thing. Only Francis admitted no great difference.

"You look the same to me, my dear," he always said. And so was he to her—not changed, only grown dearer, her tried comrade, her help, her comfort, her lover. The whole day marched toward the climax of his homecoming: that was the great moment.

"Oh! Hello, Miss Edwards!" But when he reached her he had nothing more to say.

The clock in the hall struck 6.

"If they take a taxi they'll be here any moment," she thought. "I do

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HARD AS NAILS
Continued from page seven]

hope they will. But Ethel's so thoughtless. She won't realize that her uncle's not so young now. If she thought it was fun to walk from the station, walk she would; and of course Francis would go with her."

She looked out of the window at the driving rain, and thought uneasily of Francis walking home through it.

"I'll make him a cup of cocoa," she thought, "or perhaps he'd better have it the last thing, after he's in bed."

Five minutes past 6, and everything was ready. She looked into the dining room. There was the table, daintily laid, as it always was. They had had so little money all their years together—but how little difference it had made! There was always an appetizing, wholesome dinner for him when he got home, always a neat and peaceful house—always, even in those days when there had been two babies and all the endless work *they* make. Sometimes she had been weary beyond all measure; she had had colds and headaches and toothaches, like anyone else; but they hadn't conquered her. She had not failed Francis, nor had he ever ever failed her.

All the best years of his life he had worked for her; he had brought home every penny to her, trusting utterly to her faithful wisdom. In the winter he shoveled the snow from the path and tended the furnace. In the summer he worked in the little garden. And she cooked and swept and dusted, washed and ironed. It had been a hard life, but such a blessed one.

"And that's the way it ought to be," she thought. "It's the natural, beautiful way to live. If only Ethel would see that!"

She was standing in the doorway of the sitting room now, and her glance had fallen upon that little pile of envelopes addressed to Ethel: more of those folders.

"IF I can just take that trip," Ethel had said so often, "I'll be satisfied. That's all I want." She was always bringing home folders or getting them by mail.

"Look, Aunt Lou!" she would say. "Isn't that marvelous?"

Mrs. Edwards would look at the bright colored pictures of tropic places—astoundingly blue sea and sky, palms, white buildings.

"Very nice, dear!" she would say; but in her heart—"Whatever would the poor child do in those places all alone? Foreign languages—and probably fevers and so on. What a thing to set her heart on!"

She looked about the little room, shabby, but so cozy and tranquil in the lamplight: a room that was the epitome of her life—everything in it a little worn, but cherished and cared for faithfully.

"If Ethel could only see how wonderful it is," she thought, "to marry the man you love and make a home for him. But she never seems even to dream of such a thing. Nothing but this trip!"

For two years Ethel had been thinking of this trip—planning for it, figuring out just what clothes she would need, what routes were best. She had $200 saved toward it now.

They had not wanted Ethel to go to work. When Francis' brother had died, and left his only child an orphan with nothing at all, Francis had gone at once to Buffalo to fetch her.

"We've got plenty for you, my dear," he had told the girl. "We're certainly not what you'd call rich, but there's a home for you, my dear, and we'll be so happy to have you. We never had a daughter, you know, and both the boys are out in the world now. I dare say your aunt is lonely sometimes."

They had thought Ethel was going to be like that daughter they had never had.

But Ethel was such a cool, independent little thing! She had not wanted to stop at home with her aunt even for a few weeks. She had wanted to go to work and earn her own living, and she insisted upon paying board.

"I'd be miserable if I didn't!" she had cried vehemently.

So there had never been those happy times Mrs. Edwards had imagined they would have together. No long, sunny afternoons sewing together; no little shopping expeditions to the city; none of those evenings when Ethel was to have invited her friends to the house. She never invited anyone. When she got home she was tired and wanted to sit down and read, queer books of travel and adventure that she got from a library. She was always willing enough to help her aunt, but Mrs. Edwards would not allow it.

If Ethel was to go out into the world and do a man's work, she must have a man's privileges—must have her dinner ready for her when she got home, and rest and ease.

Twenty minutes past 6 now. They were late. Another fierce gust of wind came. The lights in the kitchen went out. Mrs. Edwards groped for the shelf, found a candle, and lit it.

"I wish they'd come!" she said aloud.

In the dim light the kitchen was a little horrible. She took more candles out of the bag, all the dozen, and put them into bottles, jelly glasses, anything she could find. Looping back the curtain of a front window, she set a candle on the sill.

"So that they'll see it—when they come," she thought. The street lights were out too; the wires must be down. She had heard of people stepping on live wires.

"I mustn't be silly!" she said to herself resolutely. "But things do happen. No, I mustn't be silly!"

SHE went to the front door and looked out through the glass. Nothing there but a black tunnel of rain and bare trees rocking in the wind.

She thought she heard a car coming down the road, but in the noise of the wind and rain she could not be sure. Yes, it was! She saw the headlights. Stopping here? Yes!

She opened the door and went out on the porch.

"Francis?"

"All right, my dear!" answered a hearty voice. He ran up the steps, and drew her into the house and kissed her.

"Where's Ethel, Francis?"

"I thought she'd be here," he said. "I missed our usual train by about half a minute. She'll be along presently. Why, what's this?"

Something in her tone touched them both. Her uncle looked up at her. "Mr. Right, eh?" he asked gently.

"It's nothing, Francis; I was just trying to fasten that kitchen shutter."

"Let's see!" he said, and untied the handkerchief.

"Poor old girl!" he said. "What a shame!"

Crash! There it was again! Francis went into the kitchen and opened the window, and at once the candles blew out. But it did not matter now; the dark was not hostile now. Francis was home.

The shutter secured, he relighted the candles.

"Now you must take off your wet things at once, Francis!"

"I'm not wet. Took a cab—so that you wouldn't scold me," he said, laughing.

All the house was alive now, with his voice, his footsteps. He lit his pipe, and the familiar fragrance of the tobacco was as sweet to her as incense.

"You think Ethel's all right, Francis?"

"Good Lord! Of course!" he said.

They sat down together in the sitting room to wait for Ethel. And the room was altogether changed, now, because he was in it—Francis with his gray mustache and his neat gray head.

Everything was all right now! He began to tell her about things that had happened in the office that day, and she told him about the new laundress who *would* use so much starch. And all these things were interesting to them because it was their fully shared life.

The clock struck 7.

"She's so late, Francis."

"She's been late before, my dear."

"But if she's kept at the office she always telephones."

"Might have forgotten. She's very young, you know."

"I was married at her age, Francis. Twenty-two. I—I wish she'd telephone. It's such a wild night!"

"It seems worse in the house than when you're out in it."

"Are the trains running on time, Francis?"

"They were when I came out. Now, see here, old lady! Stop fidgeting and worrying. She'll— There she is now!"

Mrs. Edwards hurried to the door and opened it, and in came Ethel, her face damp and rosy.

"Ethel dear! You're so late!"

Ethel sat down on a chair in the hall, to pull off her rubbers.

"I'm awfully sorry, auntie! I didn't notice the time."

"Working late?" asked her uncle.

She did not answer for a moment. She hung up her hat and coat, and came into the sitting room—a pretty girl, tall and straight, with shingled dark hair and cool gray eyes.

"Well—no," she said. "I—" She seated herself on the arm of her uncle's chair. "I was talking to someone."

"Who, dear?"

"His name is Richard Sloan," said Ethel. "He isn't anybody very important. Just someone in the office."

"I've never heard you speak of him before, dear," said her aunt.

"I know," said Ethel, and was silent for a moment, her fingers absently ruffling her uncle's gray hair. "He's going away tomorrow."

SOMETHING in her tone touched them both. Her uncle looked up at her.

"Ethel?"

She smiled, an odd little smile.

"Mr. Right, eh?" he asked gently.

"I guess so," said Ethel. "Don't I smell something awfully good, auntie? I'm starved!"

She tried to rise, but her uncle kept his arm around her.

"We want to know something about this!" he said. "If we're going to lose our girl—"

"You won't lose me!" said Ethel. "I'm going to live here in the village. And I'll see you on the train every day, Uncle Francis."

"But, Ethel!" protested Mrs. Edwards. "My dear! You don't mean to go on—working—after you're married?"

"Oh, yes!" said Ethel. "I'm going on, just the same."

Her uncle let her go then, and rose himself.

"We must see this young man," he said cheerfully.

But he did not feel cheerful. His wife knew exactly how he felt—disappointed because Ethel took the supreme adventure of her life in this way, with this almost arrogant coolness. She looked at him. Their eyes met, and they both remembered—

That night in her father's garden—twenty-five years ago, wasn't it?—but never to be forgotten. None of it ever to be forgotten—the summer moon that rose, the fragrance of honeysuckle, their pain and their rapture. Francis, too, had had to go away the next day. He had told her he wasn't in a position to marry yet, but that he had been promised promotion.

"I—I have no right to speak now, Miss Millen," he had said. "Naturally, I—I can't ask you to wait. Only I—I should like you to know, before I go away, what a—a good influence you have been, and will always be, in my l-life."

Of course he had prepared his poor little speech beforehand, and she, for all her shyness, was quite prepared for it. She had known all about his position; she had divined all his honorable scruples. She had known he was going to say that they could not possibly be engaged—yet.

But, all the same, they had become engaged, that very evening. She had been very young, and more inexperienced than a girl of the present day would believe possible; yet what arts she had used, what subtle wisdom had come to her desperate young heart! She *could* not lose him.

He had thought it had come entirely from him, the suggestion that, after all, perhaps they could be engaged, if her parents consented. He had been terribly downcast about it—contrite; he had said it wasn't fair to her. He didn't know to this day that she had made him do it.

Well, she had waited three years for him, with only letters between them—not a single meeting. And she would have waited thrice three years, waited forever.

"We must see this young man," Mr. Edwards repeated.

"When he gets back," said Ethel. "He'll be gone a month. They're

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HARD AS NAILS Continued from page nine]

sending him to Boston to demonstrate our new sprinkler system. It's a wonderful thing!" She paused. "I thought I'd just go down to the station, after supper, to say good-by. He can stop over one train."

"In this weather! Can't he come here, dear?"

"There isn't time," said Ethel. (So cool, so assured.)

"And going on with her work!" thought Mrs. Edwards. "Oh, what sort of marriage is that! No home."

They sat down to dinner, and now it seemed to Mrs. Edwards that the candlelight was sad. Francis tried to be jolly; but she, who knew him so well, read in his face his dismay and anxiety.

"He loves Ethel," she thought. "He's been so good to her—so generous and kind. And now for her to get engaged without a word to us, to a man we've never seen or even heard of. It's not—it's not kind of her."

She tried her best not to be harsh or critical; she tried to find excuses for Ethel.

"Growing up without a mother," she thought; "and her father was always so aloof. Naturally, I suppose she had to learn to be independent. But when Francis has been so wonderful to her— If she'd only *talk* to him now—instead of acting as if it were something that didn't concern anyone else. Oh, poor Francis!"

After dinner Ethel rose from the table and, going into the hall, began to pull on her rubbers.

"Here!" protested her uncle. "At least, we'll get a taxi for you, my dear!"

As he went off to telephone, Mrs. Edwards crossed the hall, stood beside the girl, and laid a hand on her shining hair.

"Ethel," she said, "my dear little Ethel. Before you—go—before you make any definite plans—oh, my dear, do think! I do want you to realize how serious this is—the most serious thing there will ever be for you."

Ethel did not answer, did not look up; but Mrs. Edwards had a fancy that perhaps she was a little touched.

"Ethel dear!" she went on, desperately earnest. "Don't get married in this—this careless way! Marriage without a home is such a poor, cold thing."

"We'll have a home," said Ethel. "I saw a flat in the village that ought to do."

"But if you're away at work all day?"

"Rick's too poor," said Ethel.

"Ethel dear, being poor doesn't matter. Your uncle and I had to wait three years, and even then we started with almost nothing."

"Well—I'm not like you," said Ethel in a low voice.

Francis came back from the telephone.

"Cab'll be here in ten minutes!" he said. "Keep it to come back in, my dear."

A QUEER, miserable silence fell. He and his wife stood, side by side, in the dim hall, where one candle flickered—stood waiting in anxiety for some word from the young creature they loved.

"Any mail, auntie?" she asked abruptly.

"Only some booklets from a travel bureau," said Mrs. Edwards. And she wondered what the girl meant to do about that trip upon which she had set her heart.

"Perhaps she'll go off on a honeymoon by herself," she thought. "I shouldn't be surprised if that were the modern way to do!"

She tried not to think things like that.

"If the young man looks at things as she does, they may be happy," she thought—"in their way. A marriage with no responsibilities. She's to have no real home to look after, and he's not expected to support her."

"Here's the cab!" said Francis.

He helped Ethel on with her coat; she pulled on her little hat, with scarcely a glance in the mirror.

"I'll be back in a few minutes!" she said gayly, and off she went.

"Oh, Francis!" cried Mrs. Edwards, with tears in her eyes. He put his arm around her shoulders.

"Now, now, Lou!"

"I can't help it, Francis! Going off like that—without a word. And such a dreadful sort of marriage! She *can't* really care for him, Francis! She's not willing to make the least sacrifice. She says he's 'too poor,' so she's going on working, sacrificing a home, so that she won't need to do without—"

"Now, now, old lady! Young people have to live their own lives in their own way."

"The young man can't be any good, Francis, if he's willing to marry like that. Our boys wouldn't do that, Francis."

"Well, you can't expect anyone else to equal 'our boys,'" he said, laughing down at her. "They're just about perfect, eh? Now come along! I'll dry the dishes for you!"

"You sit down and smoke your pipe, Francis. You're tired."

"Don't you believe it! Come along, now!"

The taxi went along the dark road, splashing through the mud. The rain drummed loudly on the top. And Ethel, leaning back in a corner, was crying quietly.

"Oh, Rick! Oh, Rick! My *poor* Rick!" She sobbed and sobbed, with her handkerchief pressed against her mouth.

"Oh, if it only didn't have to be like this! Oh, my poor Rick!"

When the lights of the village came in sight, she sat up straight and dried her eyes, and, opening her purse, looked at herself in a little mirror.

"I'm a s-sight!" she said aloud.

She powdered her nose lavishly, and pulled her hat a little lower to shade her reddened eyes; and when the taxi drew up at the station, she jumped out, looking as cool and assured as usual.

"You'll wait, won't you?" she said to the driver. "I'll be going back in half an hour."

"Sure!" he answered amiably. She turned the handle of the waiting room door—and it was locked. Commuting hours were over; the ticket seller had gone home. Tears rushed to her eyes again. She drew close to the door, stood there with her back against it.

In the dim light the kitchen was a little horrible.

The train was coming now, the electric engine sliding forward noiselessly, the headlights sending a stream of light along the glistening tracks. It glided into the station, stopped a moment, one passenger alighted.

But it was Richard Sloan who had got out. She saw him standing for a moment under the light of the shed, looking about him, a slender young fellow with a dark, eager face. Ethel had told her aunt that he was "nobody very important," and it was true; he was only a junior clerk of twenty-four. He didn't look important, either; he looked troubled and unhappy, and very young.

"Hello, Mr. Sloan!" said Ethel from her doorway.

"Oh! Hello, Miss Edwards!" he answered, hastening toward her. But when he reached her he had nothing more to say. He set down his bag and waited, and she had nothing to say, either.

"It was very nice of you to come," he said at last.

"Well—I wanted to say good-by," said Ethel.

There was another silence.

"I've only got half an hour," he said. "Can't we go somewhere?"

"We can dash over to the drug store and get a soda," said Ethel.

He had an umbrella, and he put it up and, taking the bag, set off with her across the road. They entered the brilliantly lit drug store and sat down at a little table. She noticed that his hand was not quite steady. Almost without looking at him, she noticed so many things: that the handle of his bag was broken and tied with twine; that he was wearing his best dark blue suit; and, when he turned his head to light a match, she noticed the straining line of his young mouth, the set of his lean jaw.

"It was nice of you to come—a night like this," he said.

"It wasn't anything," said Ethel.

Another silence.

"Do you think you'll like it in Boston?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said.

"You've been there before, haven't you? I bet there's a girl there—"

He glanced up at her with a quick frown.

"There's not," he said.

"That's what they all say!" said Ethel airily. And she knew how cheap and flippant that must sound, but she had to say it.

"Look here!" he said unsteadily. "You ought to know. I told you—"

An alert young man in a white jacket came up to them.

"Two ginger ales," said Sloan, and the clerk went away.

"I told you," Sloan went on, "I told you how it was."

IF Mrs. Edwards' great moment had come in a moonlit garden, Ethel's had come now, in the village drug store. She gripped her hands together under the table. "You just told me you couldn't afford to get married," she said evenly. "But, of course, if you ever meet a girl you really like, you wouldn't think that."

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Don't you see? If I—liked a girl—there'd be all the more reason—"

"No, there wouldn't," said Ethel. "If you really liked a girl and you—you thought she liked you, you couldn't just—let her go."

"See here!" he began, when the young man returned with the ginger ale. He waited until they were alone again. "See here!" he said. "I tried to—to make you see. I told you my mother was ill—out in Colorado. I'm only getting thirty a week, and I send ten out to her. I told you that."

"If you ever really *want* to get married," said Ethel, "you will."

"I can't!" he almost shouted.

"If the girl you—liked was earning a salary—"

"Do you think I'd get married *that* way? And let *her*—"

"You would if you liked her," said Ethel.

"I would not! The more I liked her, the more I wouldn't think of doing such a thing."

She felt a tear running down her cheek; but it seemed better to ignore it. "If you contributed fifteen dollars a week, and she gave the same—" she said in a curt, businesslike tone.

"Two people couldn't live on thirty dollars a week, anyhow," said he scornfully.

"They could, too! There's a flat right here in this village for only twenty-five dollars a month."

"Then it can't be fit to live in."

"Well, it is! It's perfectly sweet! It's over a bakery, that's why it's so cheap."

"Then what would I do about furniture?" he demanded.

They were speaking like implacable enemies now, looking at each other with a steady, hostile glance.

"I've got two hundred dollars saved," she began—and stopped with a gasp. She had not meant to say that—yet.

"Oh, Ethel!" he cried.

There was no hostility in his face now—he looked so miserable, so terribly hurt and unhappy.

"Ethel—please try to see—I—I couldn't let you. Ethel, it's only because I do love you so—"

"You don't! I heard you say to Folsom that perhaps you'd get transferred to Boston for good."

"But don't you see! That's because I can't stand—going on seeing you—"

"All right!" she said in a low, shaky voice. "Then go to Boston! I can't say any more."

"But, Ethel—I—I couldn't marry you that way! Don't you see?"

She looked up, her eyes brimming with tears, but bright with a sort of anger.

"No, I don't see!" she said. "I don't understand that kind of love."

"I couldn't bear to see you not getting a single thing out of your marriage."

"What a way to look at it!" she cried indignantly. "I don't want to get anything out of it! When I get married" — she raised her head and looked him straight in the face — "I don't want anything but you," she said.

"Ethel," he said, "come on! Let's get out. We can't talk here."

He threw some coins on the table and they rose. They crossed the street again to the station. He caught her in his arms.

"Oh, Ethel!" he said. "Oh, Ethel! I don't know what to do!"

Her arms were round his neck; she could cry as much as she wanted now.

"I know how hard it is for you, Rick! I know it's—just humiliating for you, Rick. You're a man, and you see things differently. I do understand, Rick! My poor, poor Rick! Only, Rick, we mustn't lose each other. That's all that really counts!"

"But you'd be giving up everything, Ethel!"

"Not as much as you, Rick! You'd be giving up your pride."

"Oh, Ethel!" he said in wonder. "How can you understand everything—a kid like you?"

"It's because I love you so, Rick," she said, laying her cheek, wet with tears, against his.

"I've thought and thought about it—ever since I saw how you felt. I knew it would hurt you—to get married this way. But, oh, Rick! I know we'll be so glad later! So terribly glad that we didn't waste all our youth waiting; that we didn't let anything—our pride or anything—stand between us."

"But, Ethel, your people—your aunt—"

"I told them," she said. "I told them we were going to be married."

"But how did you know?"

She ignored that question.

"Rick!" she said, with a sob, "I was simply horrible to them! So casual and—horrible! But if I'd tried to be nice I'd have begun to howl. They're such dear, darling old things. They've been married for ages, and they're so wonderful together. I had to be like that—so offhand. I couldn't explain to them. Poor auntie! She went right from her father's house to her husband's. She's never been outside a home in her life. Everything's been so sheltered and easy for her. She couldn't possibly understand a love—you have to fight for. That's what we've got to do, Rick—fight for our love. Put it first, ahead of everything. Not let anything else matter!"

"When I get married" — she raised her head and looked him straight in the face — "I don't want anything but you."

"Oh, Ethel, my little darling girl! I never heard anything so— Oh, God! There's my train signaled! Ethel, we've got to talk this out!"

"Rick!" she said hurriedly. "I'd better take that flat for us, hadn't I? Or it'll be gone."

"We've got to talk this over, Ethel—"

"But I'd better take it, Rick. It's so darling, and so cheap."

The train was coming into the station.

"No! I'll write, Ethel."

"I could see the woman who owns it before I go home tonight, Rick."

He caught his bag.

"Ethel darling! Good-by! Just for a month, you know."

She threw her arms round his neck. He dropped the bag and held her tight—kissed her again and again.

Then he caught up the bag and dashed across the platform, and she ran after him. He stood on the platform of the last car. As the train moved out he saw her there in the pelting rain, all alone.

"I've got to look after her!" he thought in a panic.

"All right, Ethel!" he called. "Take it for us!"

THE END

It Is Now My Privilege to Introduce to You

Mrs. Herbert HOOVER

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

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One of the most recent photographs of the wife of the Republican Presidential candidate.

AND now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the Republican nominee for President and possibly our future First Lady of the Land.

A tall lady, all in elegant and flowing black, with distinguished silvery hair, a bright, almost quizzical glance, and a cultured and altogether charming voice.

Instantly you feel that she sees through you, knows exactly what you are thinking and what your background has been, but that, having lived much and acquired a deep tolerance, she will like you in spite of your shortcomings if only you will show her something real, some honest enthusiasm, some vital thought or interest.

The outer show, the ordinary give and take, she will pass by with one of those swift, slightly ironical smiles, a winged. "Yes, yes, yes, yes"; for she is interested in living and thinking deeply, this lady.

The feeling she awakens as she moves among her guests upon the lovely terrace is a positive one of admiration, so poised and correctly cordial and vital she is. But you would not presume to feel any warm glow of affection until you knew her very, very well.

If you were trained in placing people in their possible stations in life and met Mrs. Hoover without knowing who she was, you probably would imagine her as the president of some big woman's college, such as Wellesley or Vassar or Bryn Mawr. She has that air of understanding, coupled with authority and adequacy and infallibility, which I have found only in women used to deciding and commanding in some intellectual sphere.

There has always been a woman important in the life of every great man.

The wife of the President of the United States today occupies a position of public trust so great that she becomes a factor of untold importance and interest to the American public.

Perhaps I am old fashioned about this. But it is not the social aspect of her duties that arises. It is not what she stands for in diplomatic circles as our representative of American womanhood to the whole world. It is not even the example she sets to others and the great power for good and for charitable works that comes under her hand. Nor the vast political influence she may wield if she cares to.

P. & A. photo

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, followed by their two sons, leaving the Quaker church in Washington.

It is as a *wife* that she assumes such proportions to me, and to every other citizen of this country. The woman who stands beside a man bearing great burdens, hard driven by great responsibilities, holding great opportunities to make better or worse the lives of millions of men, women, and children. The woman who must sustain and comfort and help and brighten the life of a man occupying the greatest position in the world today.

There is no way to tell what crisis may arise during the term of any President. Who dreamed, for instance, when Woodrow Wilson was elected, that he would one day have to act as commander in chief of the American army in a world war? Who knows today what the next four years may bring?

The man who acts as Chief Executive must be judged by his record and his capacity.

And since the woman who is closer to him than any other human being, to whom he turns for spiritual help, who upholds his hands as no one else can do, plays so great a part, we cannot but think, too, of her record and capacity.

Presidents have crashed, in our own day, from strain and overwork and disappointment. Presidents, so it seems to some of our most competent authorities upon looking back, have even failed. And Presidents have become immortal because of great vision and fine actions.

No thinking person today can ignore the part played in all this by the President's wife, any more than we can ignore the part played in his life's work, his success or failure, by the wife of the man in the street.

THUS, when you meet Mrs. Herbert Hoover you are meeting not just a charming and highly cultivated woman, but a woman upon whom we as a people are considering the bestowal of the highest position of trust that can be given to any woman in the United States.

Ten minutes after you meet her, as I did, at tea in her own home, you are entirely convinced of her fitness to act in all public ways as the mistress of the White House. Queen Mary herself could seem no more born to Buckingham Palace and Windsor, no more perfect to reign

P. & A. photo

The home in Palo Alto, California, which was designed entirely from Mrs. Hoover's plans.

over a court, than Mrs. Hoover seems born to be the First Lady.

Her dress is perfection. Because of the recent death of her father, she is in mourning. But it is a graceful and becoming mourning, of soft black chiffon that falls in flattering lines about her slender figure. Her stockings are a sheer gun metal; her shoes are smart black oxfords; her hair is dressed in smooth waves and gathered in a small, soft knot at the back of her head, so that while it is still long it presents the close, fashionable line of the day. Her skin is remarkably clear, and the lines are those etched by experience and living and play of expression, and give no effect of age.

To a student of faces, as every newspaper reporter learns to be and must be, there is a strong line of power in the slight curve of the nose, a penetrating and critical intellect in the keen blue eyes under dark brows, an almost continual humor—a humor that might be a trifle biting, might be used as a weapon against incompetence or self complacency—about the unusual mouth.

No photograph can give more than a vague idea of her, because of the constant play of expression upon her face.

An old friend of hers, a classmate at college, said to me, as we watched her chatting with a slightly bewildered old couple who had known Mr. Hoover in his grammar school days in West Branch:

"I have never seen a photograph of Mrs. Hoover that pleased me. They do not seem able to photograph her personality."

It is difficult to photograph the mind, and Mrs. Hoover's personality is so wholly mental that the lens cannot catch it.

Her manner is gracious but—but expectant. That is the only word I can think of to convey her little air of hoping that the person to whom she is talking will measure up, that he will have something to say that is worth listening to, that he will give her some new idea or viewpoint. It is intensely stimulating, that expectancy of hers. If you were with her often, or working for her, you would want to prove your worth. You would want to do something that would win a flash of delight and approval, a "Well done."

But it isn't exactly *comfortable*. I do not imagine that Mrs. Hoover considers comfort very important or essential. She may even consider it dangerous, stagnating. The adventures of her adventurous life, to which we shall come presently, prove that.

Rather would she say with the poet,

> Let us, then, be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate.

© Harris & Ewing

Another study of the woman who has accompanied Herbert Hoover through his career as mining engineer, relief director, and Cabinet official.

Her conversation, even in a mixed group, even at so ordinary a function as an afternoon tea, is not commonplace, even when the topics must of necessity be somewhat commonplace. A sparkle here, a bit of philosophy there.

LOOKING over the low wall of the terrace upon the sweeping slopes of her garden, you say, "I have seen few more charming gardens, Mrs. Hoover. How lovely to have that wall break in between, and the trees behind it."

"It *is* nice," she says, with her quick, bright glance. "Only, of course—just now—" And then she breaks off with a laugh. "Isn't that always the way? If anyone admires your garden you must always say to them, 'But it isn't quite at its best now. It's just between seasons. You should have seen it a week ago, when the zinnias were really fine. Or you should see it a month from now, when the chrysanthemums are all in bloom in the borders.' I suppose that is because a garden has moments of perfection and we only see them when we are alone. Yet we always wish our friends might have shared them."

And she moves away to talk fervently with another group of old friends about Girl Scouts.

There were a number of women, come to say good-by upon the eve of her departure from Palo Alto for Washington, who had been with her in her early work of establishing the Girl Scouts.

Here comes out a fine example of her philosophy.

For her days in Palo Alto, shadowed by her father's passing, and containing the tremendous business of her husband's acceptance speech, the closing of her home, and campaign preparations, had been unusually full.

"I'm sorry not to have been able to do more

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[MRS. HERBERT HOOVER
Continued from page thirteen]

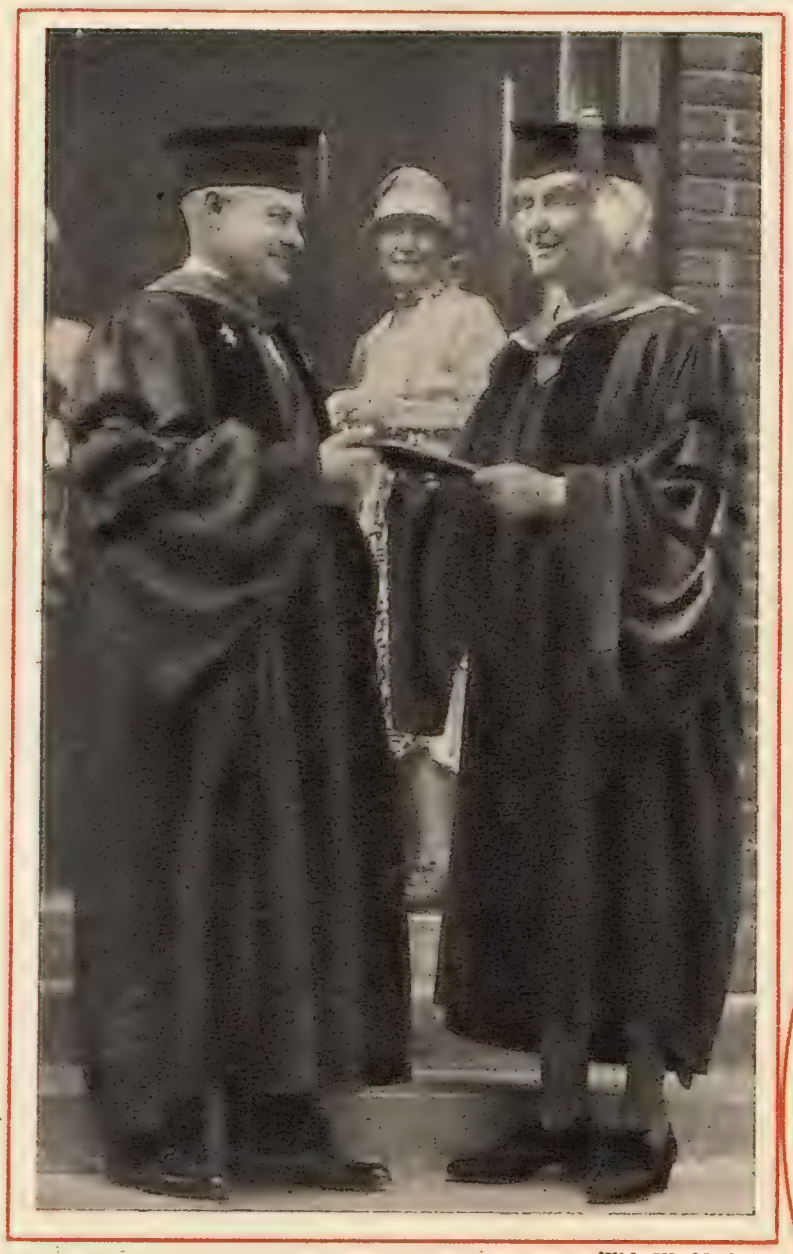
about that," she said to one fine looking woman who spoke of some matter of mutual interest; "but there has been so much to do, and I have found that one *cannot* do everything."

"If you've found that out," I said, "you've made a great discovery. I have known so many women at important posts who wore themselves out and undermined their efficiency by trying to do everything."

"Ah," said Mrs. Hoover, "I've gone farther than just not knowing I cannot do everything. I have learned not to be distressed by the things it is impossible for me to do. I once heard a very learned professor here at Stanford say that he never knew a student to break down from overwork; but he had often known them to break down from worry about the amount of work to be done or from fear that they had too much work and couldn't do it. I have always remembered that."

The matter of her graciousness became apparent in connection with the couple from West Branch, Iowa. They were a quiet, middle aged couple with eager faces, good, simple, unworldly folk of the kind editorial writers like to refer to as the backbone of the nation. They had been sitting quietly a little apart, and suddenly I was aware that Mr. Hoover had come in and was talking with them.

Mrs. Hoover left them and came over to sit down, just a trifle wearily, beside us on the broad stone wall.



Wide World photo

Mrs. Hoover receiving the honorary degree of doctor of literature from President Dexter of Whittier College at Whittier, California, her home town.

"I just broke a positive rule of mine," she said. "I dragged my husband out of a conference! I almost never do that, but"—her face softened and a very gentle note came into her voice—"those dear people were in school with him many years ago, and it meant so much to them. And it does him good, too, to see old friends."

Any house which a woman has built for herself is a priceless indication of character. Especially if you know that she has designed it herself or it has been designed to conform to her wishes. The Herbert Hoover home in Palo Alto is a "dream house" come true—a house thought of, planned for, talked about for many years. It is located upon San Juan Hill, which is part of the property of Stanford University, and it overlooks the campus.

Throughout their adventurous years, traveling all over the face of the earth, living in strange and foreign places, the Hoovers dreamed of some day coming back to Stanford where they first met—they are both graduates of Stanford University—and building a home that should for all time be their own, to live in when they could, to return to always.

The Hoover house on San Juan Hill is a gem, no less. Anyone who loves houses—and it happens that I do—could spend hours, days, getting acquainted with it. An adventurous house, a thoughtful house, different from any other house I have ever been in, and yet without one freaky thing about it, it is a perfect setting for the woman who planned every inch of it, Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

There are four or five levels to the house, for it literally climbs up the hillside, with a charming exterior of warm tan plaster that looks as though it had grown there. And it was built for the express purpose of living outdoors, in the unequaled climate of Palo Alto. From every room you step out upon wide stone terraces, bright with Indian rugs and comfortable wicker chairs and gay with potted flowers and plants. I should imagine that there is more floor space unroofed than there is beneath the roof.

Inside, old and polished wood paneled walls, gleaming floors, an air of space, full length windows, almost uncurtained, that give out on to ever changing vistas of gardens and terraces and distant views.

"Don't you hate to leave it?" I asked Mrs. Hoover, thinking of the trains and the crowds and the weeks of intensive work and strain ahead of her.

She glanced an instant at the house and then down into the garden, where her younger son, Allan, was strolling about bareheaded with a couple of his fellow students from Stanford.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I hate to leave it, in a way. But I always like it, wherever I am. I like to go where you can do the thing that is to be done."

She turned away to say good-by to some of her friends who had come up that afternoon for that purpose—women who had been with her during her college days at Stanford:

A bright young newspaper woman from Palo Alto who had done important work with her in the early days of the Girl Scout work. A very distinguished woman who had known "Lou" since she was a girl and had made the long trip West from her summer home in Maine to hear Lou's husband accept the nomination for President. A witty little woman, wife of a well known San Francisco business man and political leader, who told me she had known Mrs. Hoover for thirty years and who has been her closest neighbor on San Juan Hill ever since the new Hoover house was built.

It has often occurred to me that there is no test by which you can so well judge a woman as the quality and length of her friendships with other women. It reoccurred to me forcibly as I watched the real affection, the deep and honest good wishes, with which these women of her own age took leave of Mrs. Hoover.

The woman of fifty who has brought with her through thirty years the sincere friendship of fine women is herself a woman of high character, mental honesty, and much sweetness.

I live a few miles from the small California town of Whittier, where Lou Henry was brought up, and where, in the old Bailey Street school and the Whittier Academy, she received her early education. Whittier as a town has grown, but it doesn't change much. Many of the boys and girls who went to school with Lou Henry are still there, and none of them has forgotten Lou Henry. Nor has she forgotten them.

When, recently, the Republican candidate spent a day in Los Angeles, Lou Henry went back to Whittier and, in cap and gown, at the college that is the outgrowth of the old academy which she attended, received a new degree. There was much excitement in Whittier as the slender, black robed lady rode through the streets, as she stood in the college chapel and made a very warm and spontaneous little speech.

There was one old fellow there—a little bent and rather shy on teeth. He came up to speak to her, as old friends thronged about.

"Bet you don't remember me," he said.

Mrs. Hoover looked at him across the gulf of years, and her swift, quizzical smile broke out. "Oh, yes, I do," she said; "you're—" and she called his name.

"Well, I'm darned!" said the old fellow.

She had forgotten no one.

It is proof of her interest—and possibly of her diplomacy—that only a year or two ago she wrote to a dear friend in Whittier and asked for some of the oldtime pictures of the friends who still remained.

From Whittier the Henrys moved north to Monterey. In Monterey everybody seems to remember Lou Henry best on a horse. In fact, they don't seem to remember her much in any other way.

Now, Monterey in the '90s still held much of its Spanish tradition. Many of the old Spanish estates remained, some of the old Spanish families, and, above all, a goodly number of the best horses in California.

P. & A. photo

When Miss Lou Henry became Herbert Hoover's bride.

Horsemanship was one of the things upon which Monterey prided itself. And to be considered a superb horsewoman in that town in those days meant much indeed.

"Lou Henry," said an old friend of mine who lived there then and who knows all there is to know about horses and how to ride them—"Lou Henry was the best girl rider I ever saw. She could ride anything, and did. She didn't know fear, and she had the most beautiful seat and the finest hand with a horse of any woman in California."

Yes, you can still see that in Mrs. Herbert Hoover. She rides no horses nowadays, but she has the qualities that go with great horsemanship—the swiftness and the fearlessness and the surety. Somehow, I liked that better than anything else they told me about Lou Henry; for I am a Californian myself, and I know something of the character that must be back of such a reputation. It made her seem more human, less the bluestocking.

Monterey is only a few hours' ride from Stanford University. It was but natural that Lou Henry, eager for knowledge, a born student, should turn her eyes in that direction, though it was not the common thing for girls

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

SOUP

and the new housekeeping

EVERY now and then you will meet some woman who will tell you that she never, oh never, buys her soup. She will admit that she is often tempted to deprive her family of enjoying soup, because it is "such a bother to make". But don't think she is "uppety" or condescending because you *do* buy your soups —like most women. For she is dead in earnest. She has never even tried the soups you buy—soups made by skilled French chefs in famous spotless kitchens. Some few women still believe they have to make their own soup in order to have it good.

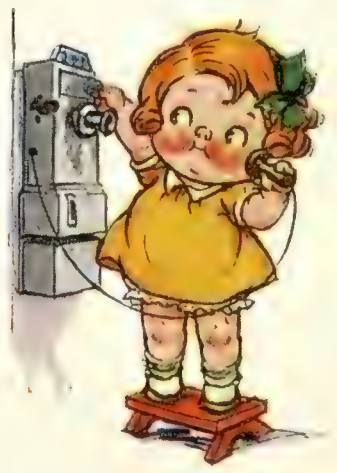
WE FORGIVE you your smile. It does sound absurd, we admit. Especially when you think of the sacrifice in time and work and expense by the fast dwindling, comparatively small number of women who make their own soup. But you must give them credit for their zeal and their desire to give their families the best. They certainly would not go to all this extra and unnecessary trouble unless they imagined they had to, in order to obtain the right quality. For our part we think they should be praised for their high standards.

Excellent housekeepers, these women who give up their whole lives to the tasks. Soon they, too, will "see the light" of the new housekeeping. Then they will join the ranks of the most intelligent, alert and resourceful women in the world—that vast host of American women who take advantage of every invention, every opportunity to raise their living standards and abolish useless drudgery.

THEY READ and they observe. And the more they have learned about the art and science of good food, the greater has grown the popularity of soup. Now it is used every day, not only just once in a while. Now it is known and recognized for its tonic effect on health, its aid to appetite and digestion.

And of course, soup to these modern housekeepers means Campbell's Soup. Quality with convenience. Adding an equal quantity of water, bringing to a boil, simmering a few minutes. That is all Campbell's Soups require in the home kitchen. Yet the proudest housewife admires their delicious goodness.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.



Mr. Grocer, you should know, sir
What I want today:
Soups delicious and nutritious—
Campbell's, right away!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MAYFLOWER

On April 15, 1621, the Mayflower departed from its harbor in the new land where it had remained during the Winter and Spring first following its historic arrival. It is a matter of record that the vessel sailed on its return trip to England without even one passenger, convincing evidence of the courage of the little band of Puritans, who although suffering from the privations of those first months, remained steadfast in their purpose to found a home and a country in the wilderness.

Cudahy's

Puritan Ham

"First in the Land - The Taste Tells"

Only the highest quality young meats pass the rigid standards established for Cudahy's Puritan Ham. The meats chosen for Puritan are *RIPENED NATURALLY*, cured slowly in savory condiments and smoked over pungent hickory embers, a process of selection and preparation, requiring one hundred days, which insures that tenderness and delicious appetizing flavor that will make Puritan a welcome addition to your menu. Puritan Ham is of mild cure (not necessary to parboil) and is a nutritious, easily digested food for everybody. Your dealer will recognize your preference for the best when you ask for Cudahy's Puritan Ham.

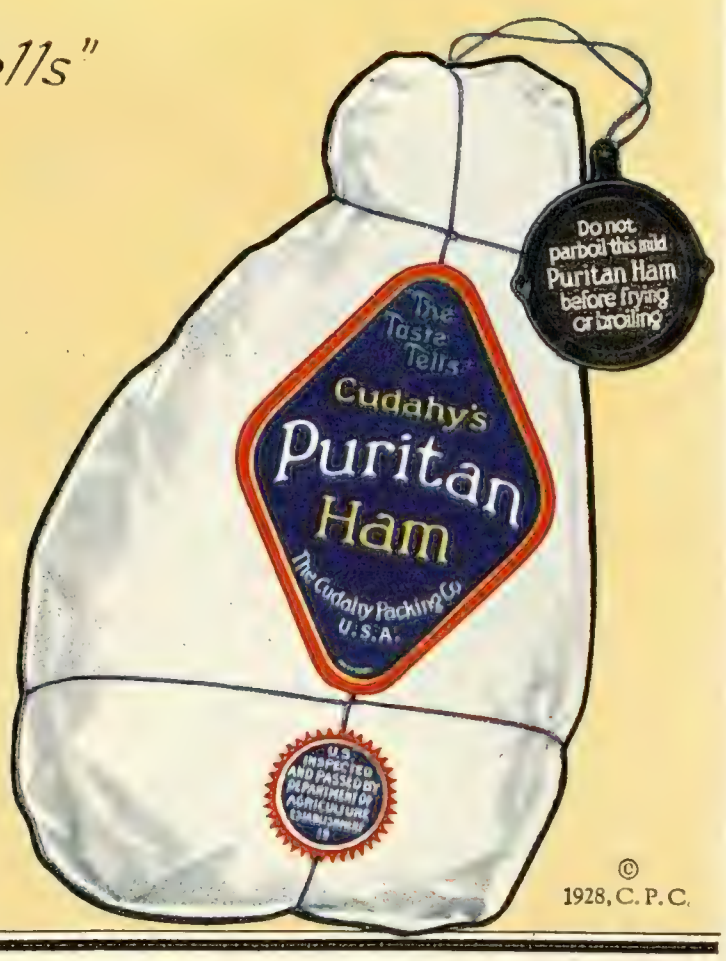
The Puritan brand is the emblem of excellence

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A.

producers of

Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard · Beef · Lamb

(A copy of the above picture will be sent free upon request to Dept. I, The Cudahy Packing Co., Chicago.)



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

to go to college in those days, that it is now.

It is odd and rather characteristic that the romance of Herbert Hoover and Lou Henry was brought about by their mutual though widely separated and then unknown desire to study geology under the same professor.

Herbert Hoover entered Stanford University with its first class, because he had decided to become a mining engineer and he wanted to study under Dr. John Branner, one of the finest geologists in the country. Lou Henry, three years later, was inspired to enter Stanford because Dr. Branner had given some summer lectures at her high school in Monterey and so awakened her enthusiasm that she wished to continue courses under him.

When she arrived at Stanford, a freshman, Herbert Hoover was a senior and the most popular man on the campus. Also, he was rated as the most brilliant student of geology in the university, and Dr. Branner's prodigy.

They first met in a geological laboratory. And, as is so often the case with lasting romances, their interest in the same subject drew them together.

By the end of Lou Henry's freshman year there seems to have been no doubt about the matter. The shy, rather quiet young Quaker and the slim, aristocratic looking girl from Monterey had united their hearts for all time. And to them it seemed fated. Both had been born in Iowa. Both had been brought to California by circumstances. Both had entered Stanford to study geology. Surely the stars in their courses had been arranged thus!

Old friends say that neither of them ever had another sweetheart, unless it was back in the red apple and book carrying stages.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Hoover in Washington with her two sons: Allan (left) and Herbert, Jr.

YOUNG Hoover went out into the world to make a living. He had worked his way through college and he started without a dime —with nothing but his fine education as a mining engineer and his own ability.

His work took him to many different parts of the world, but he left his heart with Lou Henry. Sometimes, when he returned to Stanford for a brief time, they talked about getting married. But discretion and wisdom prevailed. The girl wanted to finish her work at the university. It would better fit her to be his wife. And he wanted to get a start, so that the early years wouldn't be too hard.

At the time she graduated, in 1898, he was in Australia and he had just been offered a good position. He cabled her. And across the water came to him the one word that was all he wanted to make him the happiest man on earth.

These two dignified and important people, with their record of achievement behind them and their possible great career ahead, have about them an air of quiet assurance and steadfastness that carries little of what the world in general calls romance—though in truth there is little in life more beautifully romantic than two people who have loved each other for more than thirty years and built about that love a beautiful and worthwhile life.

Anyway, the marriage and the early years of Herbert Hoover and Lou Henry were romantic enough for the movies themselves.

Back he came from Australia, ready to return with his bride and take up his work, when, unexpectedly, a different and more exciting voice called to him from the Orient. Work to be done—big work to be done—in China. And remember that China was a good deal farther away in 1899 than it is now, and a great deal less known.

There was no question that his career called him there. But there was also no question that it was no place to take a bride. So it was decided, and wisely, everyone felt, that he should go alone and Lou Henry should continue to wait.

But even today it is easy to see that Lou Henry wasn't the woman to wait if there was anything else she could be doing. She isn't at all what you would call a waiting woman. Two days before he was to sail they changed all their plans, were hurriedly married in the little chapel at Monterey, and when Hoover sailed out of the Golden Gate, bound for the great unknown adventures, Mrs. Herbert Hoover stood beside him and Lou Henry was no more.

Adventures—one upon another; adventures to make any novel seem tame reading.

Strange peoples, crowding about to see the first white lady. Long and lonely rides on shaggy little ponies. Camps in deserted lands. Tiny native inns. Months of being the only white woman within miles. The thrill of helping in the work, of using her knowledge to act as her husband's assistant. The Boxer rebellion preceded by the plague itself, which nearly took Mrs. Hoover's life. Terrible and treacherous fighting. Bursting shells, raids, bullets flying, starving Americans and their Chinese friends to be fed, the sick and wounded to be cared for. Hand to hand encounters with looting Cossacks.

WHAT other woman ever boasted such a wedding journey?

Mrs. Hoover, slim and tense and capable, lived it and loved it; never faltered, served cheerfully, fearlessly, and found plenty of things to laugh at even in the midst of disasters.

Nor were the years to follow much more peaceful.

There is the perfect house in Palo Alto now. And she may become the mistress of the White House itself. But in those days there were strange houses in many quarters of the world.

Tokyo, Mandalay, St. Petersburg, London, Siberia, the Alps, Rome—there Mrs. Herbert Hoover made homes for her husband and for many another heartsick, homesick American. From these centers she followed her husband upon his long trips whenever it seemed wise. If it didn't, she stayed at home.

Two boys had been born to the Hoovers during this time. Mrs. Hoover took them with her when she could. As they grew older and their schooling demanded attention, she stayed at home with them. When Herbert Hoover became literally food dictator of all Europe, she settled in Washington.

Now do you wonder, glancing even so briefly at the life Mrs. Hoover has led as the wife of a mining engineer, that from her radiates something terribly *alive*, something that all the poised dignity of the Cabinet wife, all the pattern of a perfect lady, cannot quite hide?

Much has been said—and you can hardly talk with anyone about Mrs. Hoover without having it brought to your attention—of the fact that she collaborated with her husband in his famous translation of that great treatise on mining and smelting written in 1550 by Georg Agricola and entitled De Re Metallica.

No doubt it was a great work of scholarship. But I think we may take Mrs. Hoover's scholarship for granted. And somehow I cannot rate that translation on a level with her way of life during the exciting and difficult years of travel. It doesn't seem so important.

You will find, if you talk much with friends of the Hoovers, or with people around Stanford who have known them for years, or with those who have watched their work in Washington, that Mrs. Hoover is given much more credit for her husband's success than falls to the lot of most wives.

You will even hear it said, as it was said to me a number of times while I was in Palo Alto during the Hoovers' recent stay there, that she is responsible for his success.

That, naturally, is exaggerated. But there can be no doubt that those who know them best feel that without the stimulation of her expectancy, without the pressure of her active intellect, without the sustaining power of her presence, Herbert Hoover might not have gone so far as he has.

I imagine he would be the first one to admit it.

"I never knew any woman to change as little as Mrs. Hoover," said a friend of hers, a friend who had dined in the Hoover home the night before and who knew her well. "She is really a tremendously earnest and honest person, and as simple as she can be if you know her. There isn't anything put on about her, ever."

But I do not think she is simple. I think she is very complex. I think she has a many sided mind and a many sided character. And I think she has a tremendous driving force, a restless driving force, something like that which drove Florence Nightingale to clean up the awful hospital conditions at Scutari, though she had to battle the whole British army to do it.

You might, it is true, meeting Mrs. Herbert Hoover at tea in her own home, trailing her black chiffons, smiling her slightly ironical smile, call her the picture and pattern of a perfect lady.

But that would be far—very far—from the truth. It would leave so very much unsaid of this adventurous, forceful, possibly sardonic lady.

It is an odd thing, but an interesting one. When Mrs. Hoover smiles she shows her very white little teeth. The upper ones are separated rather widely in the middle—widely enough so that you cannot but notice it at once.

And I cannot tell you why, but I have been studying faces all my life, and the flash of those pointed, separated little white teeth within the humorous mouth suddenly convinced me that the Lou Henry who broke horses in Monterey, and followed her husband into China, and fought Cossacks, is still very much alive beneath the poised and stately and rather superior and altogether intellectual Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

THE END

Those Merry Studios

Show People, Dry Martini, and Heart to Heart Reach the Screen

A Page of Movie Reviews by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

EVERY now and then Hollywood pokes fun at itself. Not, of course, at the Magnificences in the ornate front offices. That would be lese majesty. But Hollywood fearlessly raps the dignity of stars and directors every now and then.

Show People, Marion Davies' newest, sharply roughs the ego of the cinemese. It is a back studio panorama, showing how the wheels go round. *Peggy Pepper* comes from Dixie to try her luck in the films. She gets an opportunity in slapstick comedies, but quickly emerges to the arty emotional drama. *Peggy,* acquiring a temperament, forgets all about her old sweetheart, *Billy Boone,* the unerring custard pie marksman of the old comedy company.

Peggy's dramas begin to flop, for the film purports to prove that the screen instantly reflects any falseness of personality. She comes to her senses in time, rejects a phony count in favor of *Billy,* and her films—now sincere efforts—leap back to public favor.

Show People is a three star picture because of its merry studio revelations. King Vidor, the director, has kidded everything, including himself.

Miss Davies, as *Peggy,* meets all the Hollywood notables, including *Marion Davies.* Be it noted, she pantomimes a phooey when she sees herself.

William Haines divides the celluloid billing with Miss Davies as the farce comedy buffoon with the breaking heart. The best bit, to me, is the slapstick comedy director, done in hilarious fashion by that Mack Sennett veteran, Harry Gribbon.

★ ★ ★

Dry Martini comes from the William Fox studios with the label Sophisticated. It was directed by H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast, who did those recent suave Menjou pictures.

This puts a reverse twist on the father and daughter story. Papa is an expatriated American dwelling in Paris comfort, chiefly in the shadow of the Ritz bar. Then his daughter, who hasn't seen him in ten years, comes for a visit.

Old *Willoughby Quimby* gets rid of a charmer who has occupied the guest room and prepares for the oncoming Puritan. But the flapper daughter has ideas of her own. One is to see Paris—completely. The other is to dash off on a weekend trip with a none too respectable philanderer.

Albert Gran gives a delightfully mellow portrait of the gay old dog *Quimby.* Mary Astor provides a shrewd portrayal of the daughter who takes the old rounder's breath away. And Matt Moore is amusing as a young American who emerges from a conference of years' standing with *Frank,* the Ritz bartender—only to be beaten up by the adventurer when he butts into the flapper's weekend flight.

Marion Davies being given a screen test by Sidney Bracey, the dramatic director in Show People.

Mary Astor and Matt Moore in one of the blasé scenes from the sophisticated film, Dry Martini.

★

Heart to Heart (First National) presents Mary Astor in still another rôle, that of a princess who comes back to her old Ohio home after her titled husband expires in Italy. Lacking fine feathers, she is not recognized, so she is persuaded to restage the coming in pomp and splendor—and Millerstown, Ohio, falls on its face. Miss Astor gives a pleasant performance and Louise Fazenda is excellent as a rural wife.

★

Home James (Universal) is another story of the blonde salesgirl who wins the wealthy store owner's son. Laura La Plante is the flapper of this flicker. The honors go to Charles Delaney.

Personalities—

Marion Davies, whose real name is Marion Douras, was a Follies girl in 1916—at sixteen. Her first film was Cecilia of the Pink Roses, and it was awful. Albert Gran was born in Bergen, Norway. He was on the speaking stage all over Europe and Broadway. H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast was born in the Argentine in 1897. He was in the French artillery during the war, and later served a film apprenticeship with Charlie Chaplin.

Do you know that—

They say Mary Pickford is not to do Coquette as a "squeakie," after all? . . . The films leading in bad exhibitor reports are Helen of Troy, The Rough Riders, Jesse James, Man, Woman, and Sin, Quality Street, Circus Rookies, The Whip, Woman, and Beau Sabreur?

The ancient University of Paris, which has made Dr. Rosenthal Laureate of the Academy of Medicine

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

Laureate of the Institute, and of the Academy of Medicine, and of the Academy of the Moral Sciences, Paris. Doctor of the schools of the City of Paris. Doctor of the Anti-Tuberculosis Dispensaries of the Social Hygiene Department, Paris. Assistant at The Pasteur Institute, where he has a laboratory for research work. Laureate of the Municipal Welfare Work of the City of Paris. Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Yeast keeps the body cells young

says Dr. GEORGES ROSENTHAL, *noted French specialist*

"*Yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the alimentary canal. It reduces the poisons which, penetrating into the blood stream, make the body cells grow old and wear out more quickly. Yeast is one of the best agents of intestinal purification. The continued use of yeast, by cleansing the organs, protects human health.*"

Dr Georges Rosenthal.

FAMOUS alike in Europe and America for his remarkable studies of the blood, Dr. Georges Rosenthal speaks with acknowledged authority.

This distinguished scientist and physician confirms the discovery made by thousands of Americans that eating fresh yeast prevents sluggish, poisoned intestines and—in his own words—"protects human health" from all the ills that follow.

"Yeast feeds on and absorbs the wastes," he says. "It deprives the disease microbes, which are always ready to develop in our bodies, of their nourishment. That is how yeast acts as the watchful policeman of the intestinal tract. At the same time it stops poisonous decay and thereby helps to a great degree the normal working of the intestine." Dr. Rosenthal's words reveal the importance of a healthy and *active* colon, shown at the left.

Where the trouble starts . . where yeast works

From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Here is where 90% of your ailments start, many doctors now say. Fleischmann's Yeast, a food as fresh as any garden vegetable, keeps this entire tract *clean*, active, healthy; it prevents poisoning; promotes health, youth.

Keep Young with Yeast

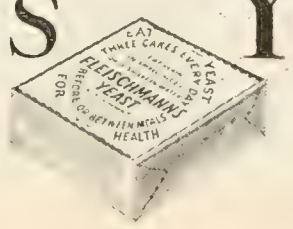
Clogged intestines are easily restored to normal activity when you eat fresh yeast which Dr. Rosenthal has shown to be so effective.

More than half the doctors reporting in a recent survey said they prescribed yeast. Thousands have found the joy of health and happiness by eating this fresh, natural food every day.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly—daily*—one cake before each meal, or between meals. To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. Cheeks will bloom; skin will clear; that tired feeling vanishes; happiness and success seem easy. All grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-61, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

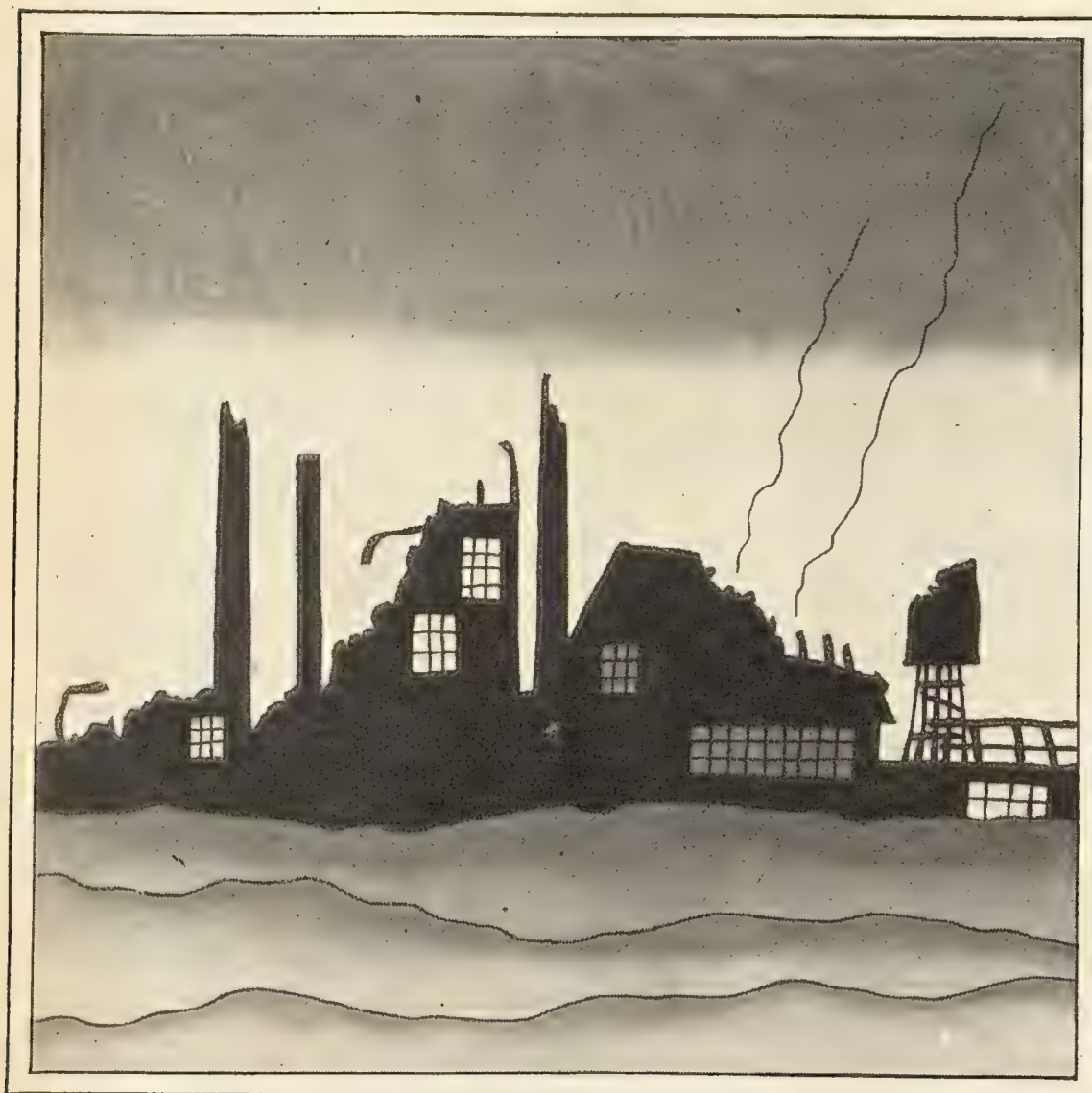
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH



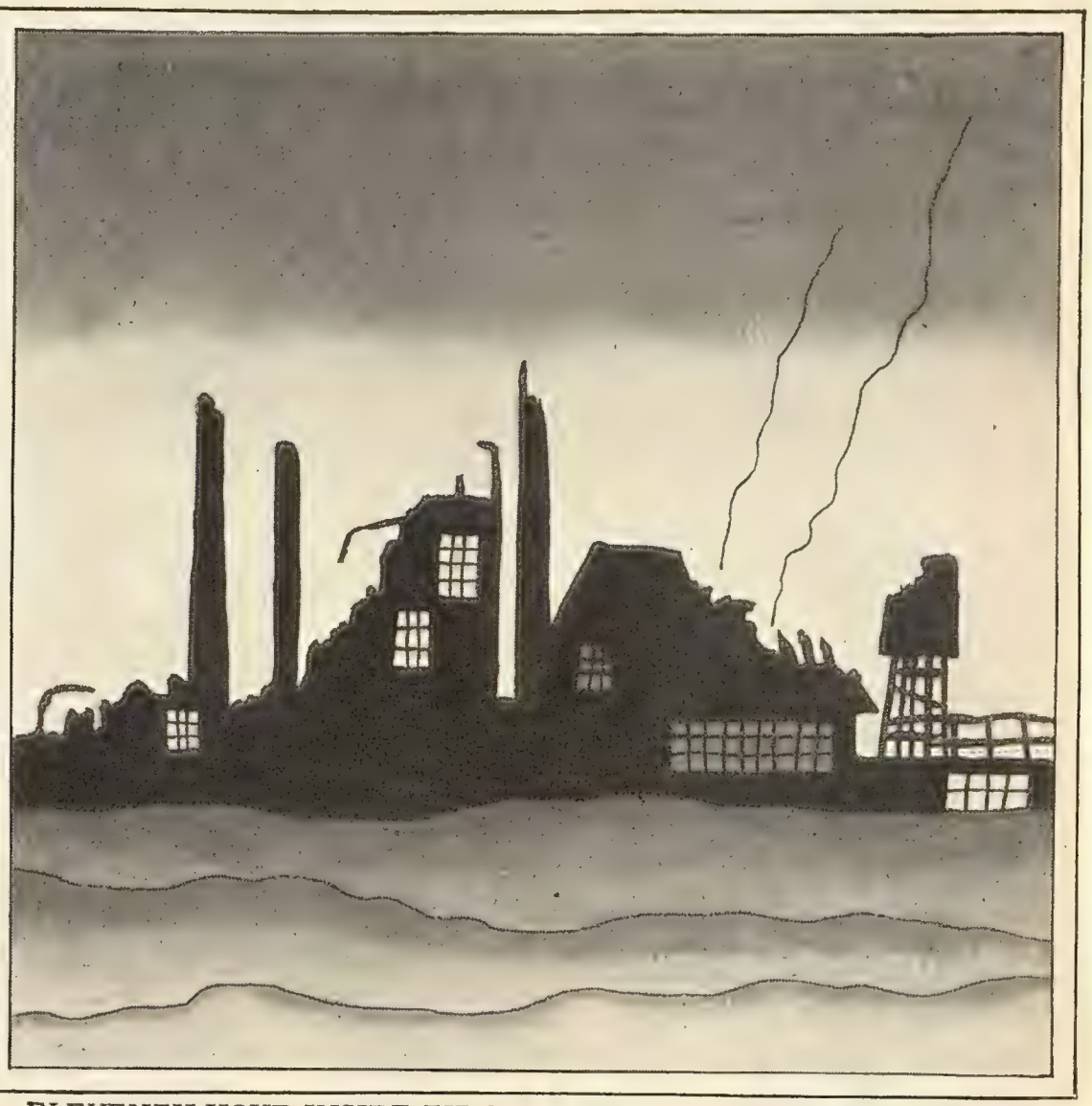
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



ELEVENTH HOUR INSIDE TIP from the Democratic Headquarters: What will happen to Business Prosperity in this country if the voters allow the Republicans to win.



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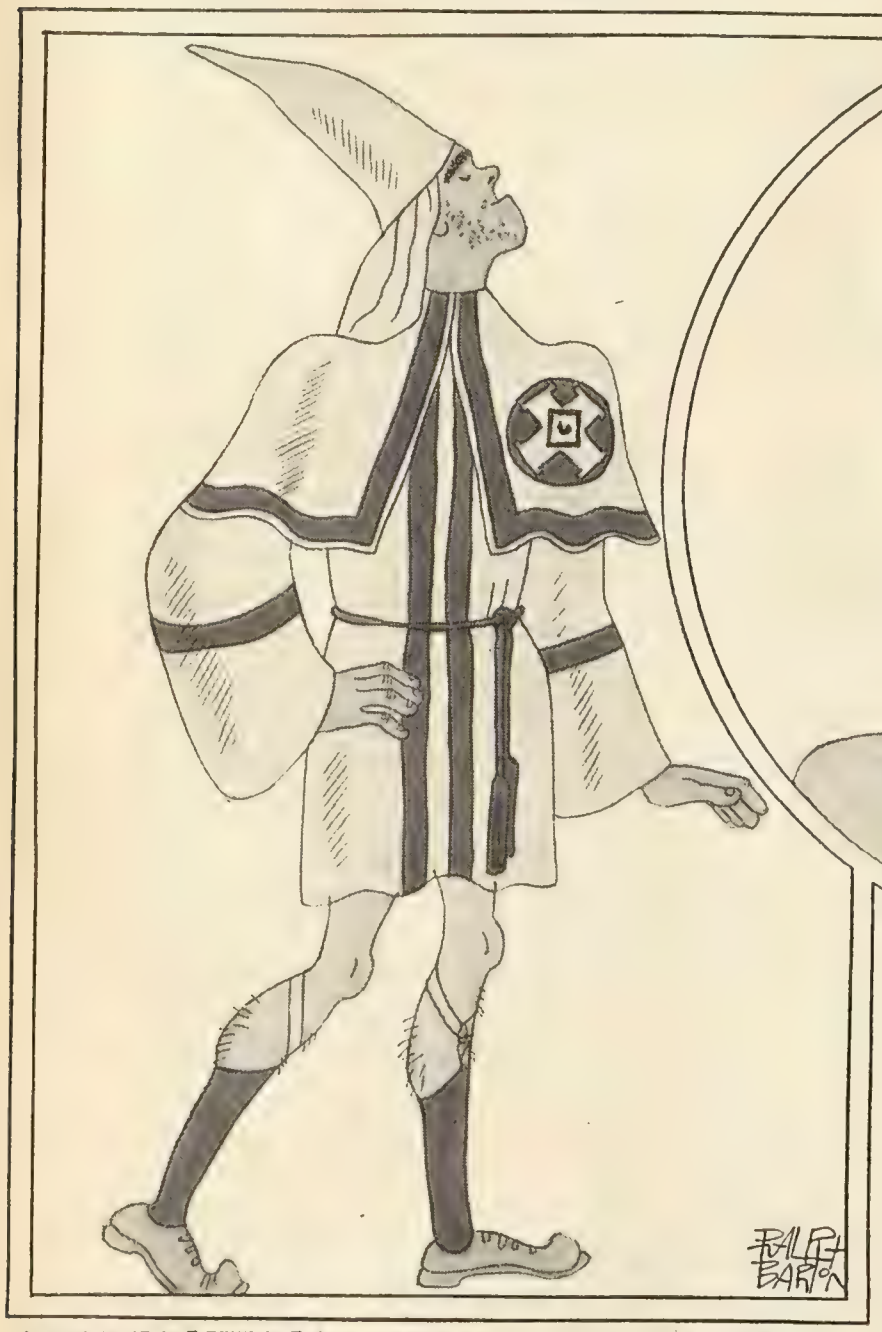
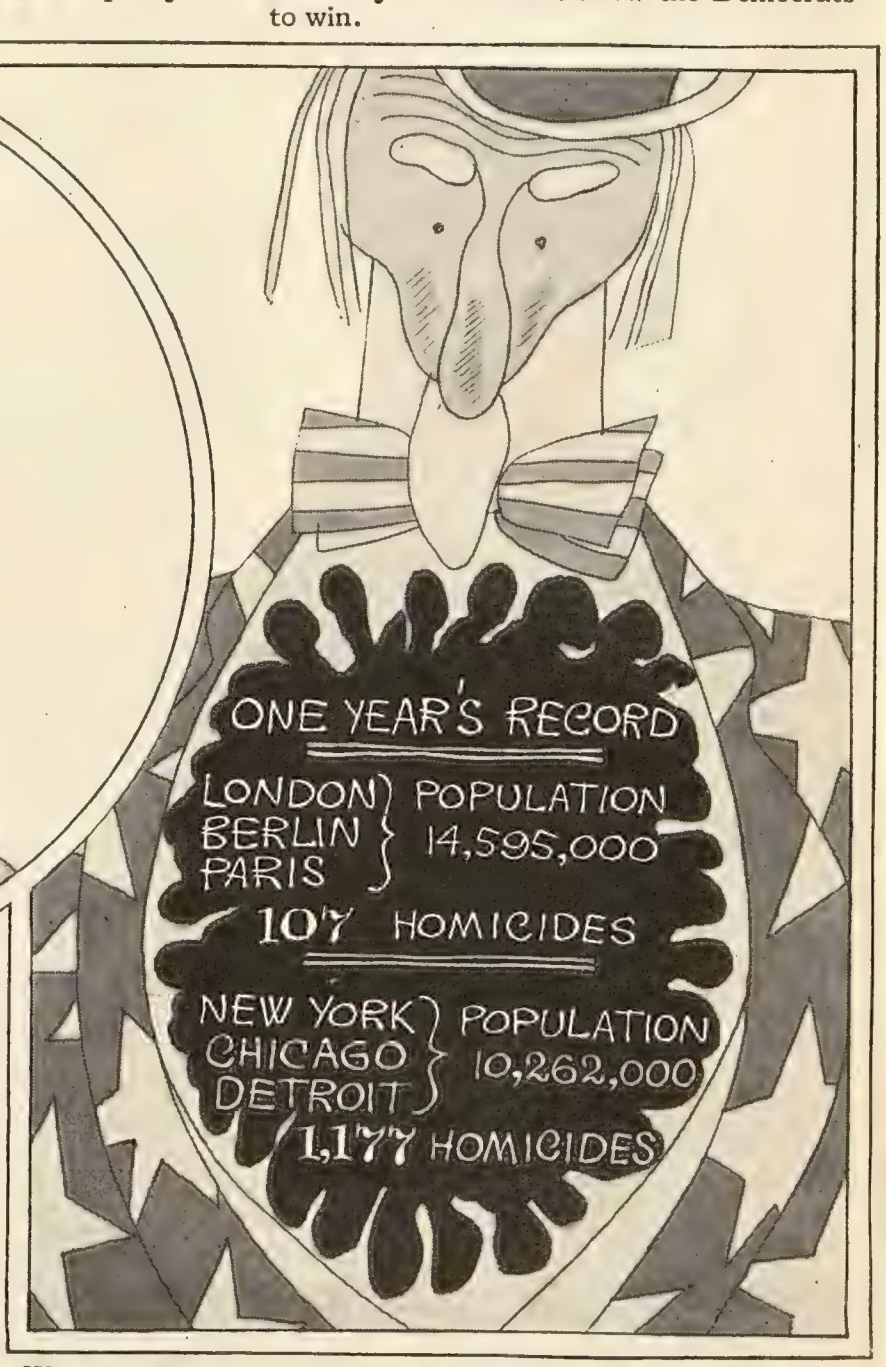


THE KU KLUX KLAN makes another move in the effort to keep up with the times and regain its lost strength. The mask having been abolished, Klansmen are now ordered to appear at meetings only in modish, knee length skirts designed in Paris.

THIS WEEK'S NATIONAL HEROINE: Miss Amy Appel, the first woman to swim the Channel in the largest barrel in the world while breaking the world's marathon saxophone playing record and chewing gum at the same time. Tabs were kept on Miss Appel's performance by radioing her photograph once every five seconds to an airplane overhead driven by the world's first bearded lady pilot.



WHAT ABOUT SIGNING A PEACE PACT with our own private army of 350,000 men and women who make their living entirely or in part by crime? Some disturbing statistics which show through the awful blot on Uncle Sam's shirt front.

Coopers

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Underwear Hosiery Nightwear

SMART Multi-Color Trim now establishes Coopers style-supremacy in Men's Underwear.

This is the one great improvement since Coopers originated the Klosed Krotch—the feature that made the union suit popular.

Among the many designs and fabrics is your favorite model.

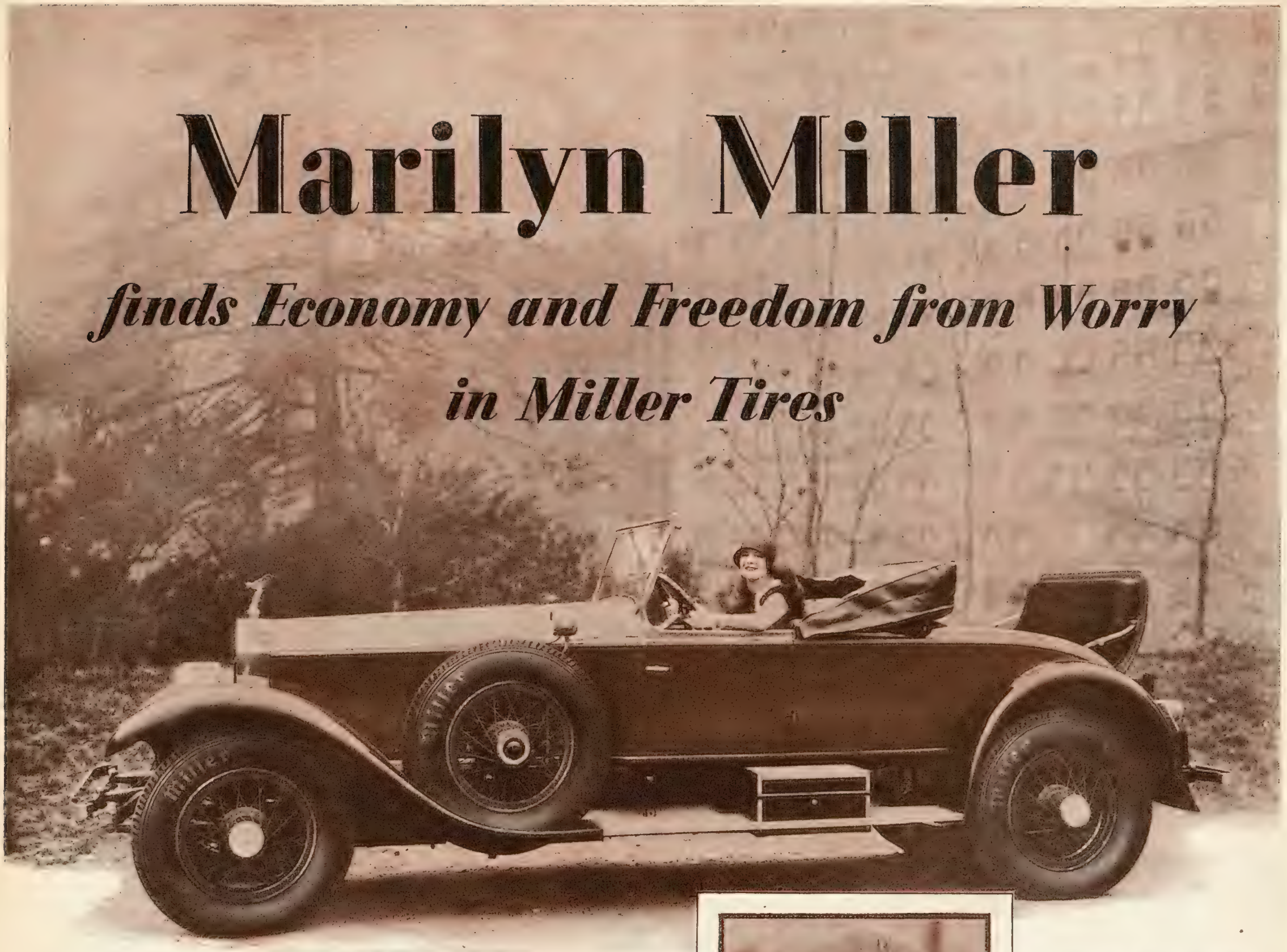
At Good Stores — Everywhere
Coopers Knitsuits - $1.00 to $10
Coopers Pajamas - $2.50 to $10
Coopers Hosiery - 50c to $2.50

Cooper Underwear Company, Kenosha, Wis.

C. U. Co. © 1928

Marilyn Miller

finds Economy and Freedom from Worry in Miller Tires



"If economy and freedom from worry are important to a driver, then one understands why Millers have gained such popularity. From the way mine are wearing, I know I am getting the most for my money."

Marilyn Miller

The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

IN acknowledging the splendid service Miller Tires are giving her, Miss Miller has hit the keynote of Miller's great growing popularity—*freedom from worry!*

To millions of women who drive, Millers have brought a new confidence—a new trust—in motoring by themselves.

And, in order to bring an entirely new significance to the words *"freedom from worry,"* Miller has created and perfected a new type tire—the De Luxe Balloon. It is built for those who want the best balloon tire money can buy, and who realize that the best is always cheapest in the end. It is for those who want thousands of extra miles with total freedom from road delays on long drives. It is for those who want a surpassing degree of safety and non-skid protection. And for all who want a tire in which the puncture hazard is practically eliminated.

The Miller De Luxe Balloon does not supersede Miller's fine standard product—the Geared-to-the-Road Balloon. It adds a super-tire of giant strength—and necessarily of higher first cost—for those who drive fast and show their tires no mercy. It will give you a measure of economy and *freedom from worry* such as you have never experienced—in fact, was created by Miller to last as long as the average driver keeps his car.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller

TIRES • TUBES AND ACCESSORIES • DRUG SUNDRIES • BATHING WEAR
SHUGLOVS • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

The Rubaiyat of an Address Book

The Story of a Gay Husband and a Wise Wife

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

During those five minutes he heard enough to welcome deafness for the rest of his life.

That book contained the weight and reach of every girl that couldn't walk more than two blocks.

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

I HAD lunch with Joe Gish at the club the last time I was in town.

"How's Hal Walker?" I asked him.

"Haven't you heard about him?"

"No."

"He's settled down."

"Settled down to what? Felony or misdemeanor?" I inquired.

"Neither of 'em. He's reformed. The boy has become a Christian."

"Has he gone John Roach Straton or got a gastric ulcer?"

"Neither. He's just a great big good natured boy that loves quiet home life. He thinks more of his carpet slippers and fireside now than he ever did of French hells and brass rails."

"The hell he does!"

"The hell he doesn't!"

"Well do I remember the address book that boy used to carry. It was the same size as the records of the Rancocas Stables. He had the telephone number of every girl in Greater New York that wasn't wearing mourning for Diamond Jim Brady. He had 'em classified like a directory—by complexions, habits, experience, neighborhoods, stances, and office hours. He had everything but their fingerprints, and the only reason he didn't have them was because he wasn't interested in their fingers. If Ziegfeld had that book he wouldn't need Ned Weyburn."

"Nor anyone else either," Joe cut in. "Yes, and it was that same address book that turned him from Casanova to Savonarola and brought about his reform."

"Reform?" I echoed. "Reform! Don't make me laugh. Nothing but rust will dull a blade. Only writer's cramp will ever reform Hal. That book sure was a masterpiece. It contained the weight and reach of every girl that couldn't walk more than two blocks and what widows mite.

"It was like Solomon's almanac. In it was the record of every silver thread among the gold diggers and every new accent among the gimme girls. It could tell you how many cocktails any given girl could take before she'd give way.

"God notes the falling of every sparrow; Hal kept tab on the falling of the squabs. It must have cost him a hundred thousand dollars to compile it. And at that it wasn't the original cost—it was the upkeep. What'd he do with the book—auction it off?"

"No. I'll tell you about it. I got most of the story out of him at odd times and Marie spilled the rest of it in between giggles."

Joe never tells a downright lie, but he could make a good story out of any obituary notice, and here is the tale as he related it to me:

HAL was working hard to keep the girls from complaining about the weather and the out of town customers from catching trains. Business was booming. As long as that book held the lucky numbers, it took six secretaries to take the orders and three trunk lines to take the telephone calls. Nobody knew whether Hal was doing well with his business or not; he was working day and night, but you couldn't tell what he was working at.

Then, right in the middle of a busy season, he got a new idea. He thought it was original, and he was so pleased with himself that he didn't consult a cost accountant. All he knew about matrimony was that wives were always misunderstood; but that didn't stop him. I went to see him promise that since God had joined them together, he must never let her slumber, and I thought to myself that he had about as much need for a wife as a Republican Senator had.

He married Marie Holt. You've met her—little girl with a big mouth. Girls with big mouths always have a sense of humor. That was the trouble—she laughed too much, and Hal couldn't laugh at anything but a joke. She gave Hal too much rope. He was sure to hang himself.

He was willing to sing Good-by, Girls, I'm Through, but he couldn't throw away that address book without losing all his customers. He'd organized his business along certain lines and now he couldn't change. And he had to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RUBAIYAT OF AN ADDRESS BOOK
Continued from page twenty-three]

keep the book up to date. It's a good thing he didn't have to return it for income tax, because it was the firm's biggest asset. But he seemed to get along all right, and he and Marie were both going their own way with mutual satisfaction. She played Park Avenue and he stuck to Broadway, so they never met. She was having just as good a time as he was. She wasn't pushing down any daisies, but there wasn't any grass growing under her feet.

Everything was so rosy that Marie decided to spend the summer in Europe with her aunt. Hal saw her off and for two or three days he moped around the club like a lost soul. He was lonely all right. Then his business had a boom and he had to work too hard to grieve over Marie. He'd barely have time to change his evening clothes when he came in for breakfast and dash down to the office, where he'd keep two ears and three secretaries busy getting numbers until cocktail time in the Flaming Fifties.

When Marie came back he welcomed her home joyfully with the assistance of three Turkish baths and a gallon of sauerkraut juice. I was touched by his affection. He gave every indication of being in love with the girl and he'd groan every time another visiting fireman would arrive in town and demand red paint.

The old address book still contained the *nom de guerre* of every Broadway débutante, with footnotes and glossary. It wasn't exactly a millstone around his neck, but it sure kept his nose to the grindstone.

Hal and Marie settled down to their usual pastimes, and all was well until one morning Hal spilled some egg on his vest at breakfast. He changed his clothes in a hurry and went on down to his office. Marie was sending his suit out to the cleaner's for him, and noticed the address book, which he had carelessly left in his pocket.

SHE sat right down and read it, from the Annie Oakleys to the flat tires. She'd never met anybody that was listed in it, but she'd heard of most of them. You couldn't read the financial columns of the tabloids without running into their names regularly. And the notations didn't appeal to her. She knew that B. B. meant beautiful but dumb, and R. S. V. P. indicated co-operation, but she couldn't figure out that G. T. meant gold tooth, K. K. meant knock-kneed, and T. D. stood for Two Drinks.

Marie was a girl of action and her sense of humor demanded that she look these geraniums over and see if they had anything she didn't. She just remembered that something had been keeping Hal away from home and now she knew it wasn't bridge lessons.

She started to laugh it off, but decided suddenly that it wasn't funny. A good wife can overlook her husband's buying lunch occasionally for a lisping blonde with a marshmallow figure, but she's not going to let him pinch hit for King Ben.

So she called each one of them up and said she was the nurse and that Mr. Walker was ill and wanted her, please, to come to see him at 3 o'clock.

Then she called up Hal and asked him to come up at 3:15 on an important matter.

He arrived and realized at once just how important it was. Marie was dressed up in the maid's clothes with a black wig, and the drawingroom was just full of women. And the women were full of arson, mayhem, and compound assault. They knew each other well enough not to be on speaking terms. Five minutes after Hal stuck his head in the door, they weren't on speaking terms with him either. But during those five minutes he heard enough to welcome deafness for the rest of his life.

"After you get your divorce the gold diggers will flock around you like lawyers at a wreck."

If they hadn't been so busy fighting among themselves, they'd have hung him on the chandelier, but in the confusion he sneaked into his room and locked the door while they fought it out. After they left, he came out to view the wreckage. Marie handed him his address book and a good laugh. He reached in his pocket and took out a wad of bills and handed it to her.

"You caught me red handed," he told her. "I can't even think of an alibi. But don't believe all the things they said. They were just a little bit annoyed at the trick and spoke hastily. Of course, I may have flattered some of them a little, to make conversation, but I never gave them to understand I was anything more than a friend. But not even a mother would believe that. I won't even ask you to. Here's the first installment of your alimony."

Then he moved over to the club and turned the matter over to a lawyer and told him to get Marie a divorce as soon as possible.

IT was pretty lonely for Hal at the club, but there was nothing he could do about it, as a telephone meant no more to him than an alarm clock to an Eskimo. His business was well shot, too, for without the ability to trot out the gilded lilies of the field for the visiting spinners, he faced an awful slump in orders. It looked as if Marie had ruined him financially as well as socially. And he was badly cut up over losing her. I was firmly convinced that he was in earnest about that.

He went to work in earnest and cut out the booze altogether. The women were no temptation now. He reorganized his business, changed his methods, and in three months he was doing better than ever before and almost had his health back as well. He worked so hard he was ready to hit the hay early every night, and if anybody invited him to a party, he'd glare at them like an early Christian martyr invited to visit the menagerie.

He used to be able to find just the right girl for Mr. A or Daddy Browning on five minutes' notice; now he didn't know where to get a manicure. In his heydey he could name the right girl to play a duet, a sucker, possum, the ponies, post office, the market, or strip poker; but now he couldn't find a fourth for bridge.

One morning his lawyer called him up about 10 o'clock and announced:

"They moved your case up on the calendar suddenly, Mr. Walker, and we have to get busy right away."

"All right," says Hal. "I'll be there. When will it come up?"

"This afternoon. So we haven't much time. You've got to be unfaithful to your wife before two o'clock."

"W-what?"

"You know. You've got to get caught in the act. That's the only grounds for divorce in this State."

"But I've never been unfaithful. I don't know how it's done."

"That's all right. You don't have to. All you've got to do is to let my detectives catch you and some girl in a hotel room with your coat off. You call up and reserve a room at the Blitz and I'll send the detectives down there before two o'clock."

Hal got out the old reliable and kept three phones busy for two hours. But all he got for his trouble was an earful of useless information about his ancestors barking at the moon and a number of suggestions about where he could go and what he could do after he got there.

In desperation he called Marie.

"SAY, you want this divorce, don't you?" he asked her.

"Certainly."

"Well, you've got to help me get it for you."

"All right. What'll I do?"

"You've got to meet me at the Blitz at one o'clock so I can get caught in a room by the detectives."

"Oh! We can't get a divorce for that. It's got to be illegal," she told him with a laugh.

"Well, the detectives won't know any better. Bring along that black wig you used before and pencil your eyebrows and it'll be all right."

"What's the idea?" she asked him. "Is this your idea of how to sing a swan song? It's hardly the thing to do before lunch."

"You don't understand. All I'm going to do is to take off my coat. The detectives will walk in and see us and you'll get your divorce."

"Well, if that's all you're going to do, it's hardly worth my trouble," she told him. "You can call up some of your pedigreed ladies."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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When good faces get together! Like seeks like. Faces old and young, that show love of sunshine and outdoors .... regard for sound face care that spells *Face Fitness!*

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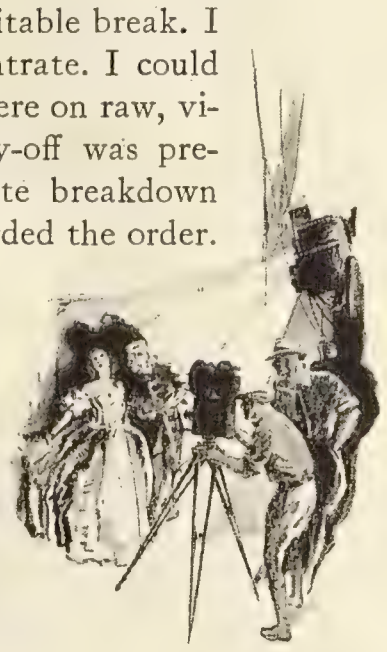
"Then came the inevitable break. I could no longer concentrate. I could not sleep. My nerves were on raw, vibrant edge. A long lay-off was prescribed, with a complete breakdown prophesied if I disregarded the order.



"I tried Postum as a sort of last resort, suspecting that caffein might be the real cause of my insomnia and 'nerves'. It was! After a few weeks on Postum, I was back at my desk—still at night—in the full swing of a serial novel to be published shortly. I have gained twelve pounds, and haven't felt so fit in a long, long time. And I am staying on Postum. Not only because it keeps up my energy *harmlessly*, but also because I like it."

—John Mersereau
1146 Cragmont Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Author of "The Checkered Flag", starring Elaine Hammerstein; "The Whispering Canyon", starring Jane Novak; and many magazine stories.

JUST as in fiction, an apparently upright character often turns out to be a villain, so in real life, the seemingly harmless habit of taking caffein with meals often proves to be a man's worst enemy, changing him slowly, slyly, from a healthy up-and-doing specimen of manhood to a rasping bundle of nerves.

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[THE RUBAIYAT OF AN ADDRESS BOOK]

Continued from page twenty-four

"Wait a minute. Listen. Be reasonable. I've already called them up and none of them would even wait to hear what I had to say. The telephone company will probably cancel my lines for obscene language. And the time is short and I've got to have someone. I'm afraid to try a strange girl."

"I didn't know there was any girl in town strange to you," she cut in. "So you called me as a last resort, did you?"

"What would you expect? You're the one that's getting this divorce, aren't you? You ought to be willing to go to a little trouble. I didn't know about it myself until this morning or I wouldn't have to bother you."

"All right," says she. "I'll do it. I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

HAL was waiting for her when she blew in with the black wig and a coat of duco. He said nothing, but took off his coat and sat down by the window to wait.

"Don't we scarlet women usually get a drink to start the party off?" Marie asked him.

"Sorry, but I didn't think to bring any along," Hal apologized.

"What's the matter? Does your Scotch blood keep you from wasting a drink? No work, no beer—is that it?"

"This is a serious matter," he reproved her.

"So I see," she agreed. "I had no idea that it was such a dreary affair. No wonder the girls insist on getting paid for it."

"Don't be common."

"I thought that was exactly why I was invited down here."

"Be reasonable. This is a legal matter."

"I'll say it is. From any angle it is perfectly legal—just a technicality, in fact. The joke is certainly on the detectives. How long before we are caught in the act?"

"They're due here in half an hour. I wish you wouldn't be so bitter. I'm not really the rake you picture me."

"No, you couldn't be. You'd have to be a whole reaper and binder. You give up too easy for a *Don Juan*, and I know you're no *Jurgen*. I guess I did flatter you. None of those girls could have meant much to you. For no woman ever really turns her back on any man who has moved her deeply. Did all your girl friends really put on their mad shoes and walk out on you?"

"Every one of them. You sure did ruin me," he told her.

"That's too bad. But there are plenty more. After you get your divorce the gold diggers will flock around you like lawyers at a wreck."

"But I don't want the gold diggers flocking around me. I was just getting settled down when you blew out the gas. Now I could never get a fresh start in this town, thanks to you."

"It was a dirty trick," she admitted. "But I had to look them over. I wanted to gauge my competition."

"None of them was ever your competition. None of 'em could hold a candle to you. And don't believe that I ever thought otherwise."

"Well, I notice you didn't have my name in your book."

"No."

"Well, after the divorce you can start a new one and put me in it. I'll do what I can to make amends for ruining the other. You can mark it W. I.—willing but ignorant."

Hal winced. Then he looked up to see her laughing at him.

"That'll be the only name in it. I tell you, I'm ruined in this town."

"Fine," says she. "I'll see you oftener than I did when I was your wife."

"Say," says Hal, getting his first idea in years, "why get a divorce at all?"

"I'll bite! Why should I? I can't very well refuse if you insist, but—"

And when the detectives broke in, all they found was a black wig and a torn hairnet.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page eighty-two.)

1—According to a Bible narrative, what unusual weapon did Samson use in a fight with the Philistines?
2—Who was Crœsus?
3—Who commanded the United States dirigible Shenandoah, and lost his life when it was wrecked September 3, 1925?
4—What line follows "I shot an arrow into the air"?
5—What is an alloy?
6—Which is called the Empire State?
7—What is the Mohammedan name for the Supreme Being?
8—Who is the present ruler of the Netherlands?
9—How did Joan of Arc die?
10—Who sought the Fountain of Youth?
11—With what theory are the names Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley identified?
12—For what historical event is Appomattox Court House remembered?
13—Where was the Dempsey-Gibbons fight held in 1923?
14—Who was called the Swedish Nightingale?
15—Who composed the opera Iolanthe?
16—With what is the name Wedgwood identified?
17—What is the Levant?
18—What is the name of the railway usually called the Soo Line?
19—What is a flageolet?
20—Who wrote The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?

Ten Years Ago This Week

Taking the Meuse-Argonne Heights

Men of the Eighteenth Infantry, First Division, fleeing from impending shellfire at Exermont, in Ardennes, France, during the terrific onslaughts of October, 1918.

U. S. Official photo

A Saga of Yankee Courage

By

FREDERICK PALMER

WHAT chance the Lost Battalion? Steel doors had to be burst open and torn off their hinges before it could be relieved. Yet its position was an incident—just as was that of hundreds of battalions—in the prodigious raging, straining whole of the Meuse-Argonne Battle's twenty-five mile front.

In other words, when each man was himself fighting to the death, the troubles of another man in the next county were of little concern to him. Few men on other parts of the line even knew that a battalion had been surrounded.

And what if it had? Considering the state of human affairs in that region, such a happening seemed as much in order as that a car would skid on a slippery side hill.

Although the Lost Battalion had the headlines at home, morning newspapers were not being delivered up in the fox holes of the front line. Nor the morning milk either. But there was plenty of gas, bombs, shells, and bullets.

It was just as the first stage of the battle was over—when in our exhaustion we had staggered to a stop before banking up German fire—that Colonel Whittlesey's battalion of the Seventy-seventh Division, unable to see that the rest of the line was not up, kept on advancing in the dense thickets of the Argonne Forest. The Germans got around them.

News from Whittlesey at first; then silence. His men had gone in with two days' rations. They ate one day's before they knew the Germans had them in siege in a deeply wooded ravine. Airplanes failed of their mark. The food they dropped fell into the German lines.

It looked like starve or surrender. When a German officer sent word that surrender was wise, it bored Whittlesey. He did not answer.

Before he went to a training camp he had had no military experience; but up in his New England hills they have a way of "waiting 'em out." So he held on. His doughboys had to learn how to diet. Hugging the ravine did not wear out much energy. A man may have strength enough to pull a trigger when he has not the strength to rise to his feet.

For his division, the Seventy-seventh, to attack in front to relieve Whittlesey was to put more men into the pincers. He must wait on the formation of fresh forces for our next general attack from the forest to the Meuse. In this way did the German defenses of hills and ravines and woods interlock. The hinges of a series of steel doors must be torn off.

Not only that, but Gouraud's French army on the other side of the forest must come up. And beyond Gouraud's army, remember, now that the Allies had the ball, was a live battle-front clear to the English Channel as Foch pressed his attacks. And in the Meuse-Argonne we were doing the slugging in flank to make the advance easy for our allies in the swing toward Germany.

It would seem absurd that a mountain forty miles away on the French front, or the blow of an American division there, would help the battalion in the ravine. But it was so; a deadly military fact.

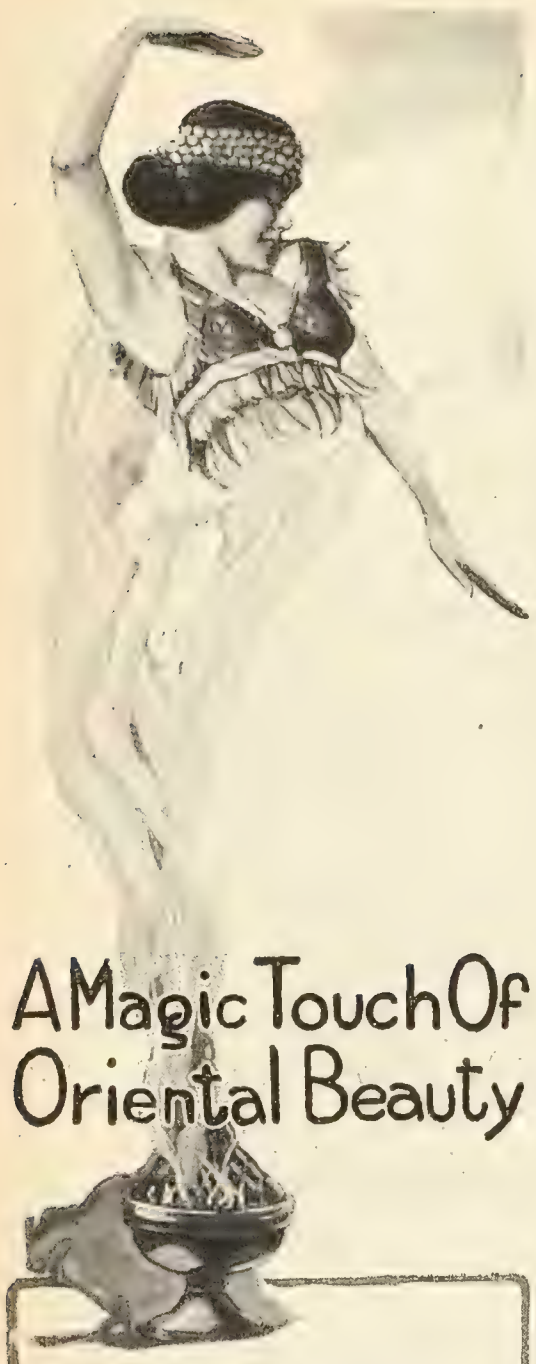
The mountain was called Blanc Mont. It was holding up Gouraud's whole army. It prevented him from taking Reims. His delay held up Berthelot's army on his left. Berthelot's delay in turn held up the other French armies and the British army.

Blanc Mont was supported by mazes of deep trenches cut in the chalk that lay underneath the surface soil of the region. Soldiers rubbed their helmets with chalk for invisibility.

THE veteran Second Division was on the way from St. Mihiel to the big family show in the Meuse-Argonne. It had been "deloused," had had some rest, good "eats" to put a little flesh on its bones, the wounded were back in the ranks, and the gaps of the dead filled with recruits.

In fact, it was a commander's delight, a shock division all fresh for business. Enough

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page twenty-seven

such shock divisions will make any commander a great and victorious general. And the Second looked good to Gouraud in sight of Blanc Mont. His hands itched to get it; he was as hospitable as a bank for a ton of gold.

The Second did not want to stop. It wanted to be with its own people. In answer to Gouraud's appeal to the high command—and Pershing recognized the relation of Gouraud's problem to his own—it gave the orders putting the Second at his disposal.

USED to hard jobs, the Second, with its veterans of Belleau Wood and Vaux and the July 18 drive. One brigade marine and one regular, as you know, in rivalry. Harbord, regular, who had been in command, had been accused by the regulars of leaning backward toward the marines. Lejeune, a marine, was now in command, and the marines thought he was leaning backward toward the regulars.

Thus the rivalry was kept keen between brigades, not to mention the veteran First Division. At veteran reunions I always agree that between the regular and marine brigades either was the better; also between the First and Second divisions either was the better. I do not want to be the victim of shock tactics.

If the Second had failed to take Blanc Mont, the First would have dropped an eyelid with the suggestion that it was a pity a really first class gang had not been given the job. The Second's gang took it—what a job they had, mopping up the Germans in the trench warrens!—in a three days' orgy which included having to turn and clean up the fire on their flank, as the battle weary French could not keep up with the ferocity of youth.

When they came out of the wrestle in the chalk they looked as if they had been dipped in whitewash. They had 4,700 casualties and 2,000 prisoners. Gouraud's army swept on, freeing Reims; and with it the Thirty-sixth (Smith), from Texas and Oklahoma, which had never been under fire before. In a longhorn rush they took 800 prisoners, an engineer depot with material worth $10,000,000, and had 2,600 casualties in their baptism of fire.

All good news for Whittlesey, if he could have got it. More important still to him in his plight was that a regiment of the Eighty-second on the other side of the forest was wading and swimming the river Aire in the night.

That would have been pleasant in peace and warm weather. But German machine gunners could spatter the river with fire from the high banks on both sides if the men of the Eighty-second were caught at this little outing. The temperature of the water was about fifty; and, when it was not raining, the air was too moist for clothes to dry.

The Pennsylvanians of the Twenty-eighth, working inside circles of machine gun fire, were still at their mountain goat side hill job in the valley of the Aire, through the thickets and over the rocks of the escarpments of the high bastion of the forest.

At last, foot by foot, they had got that—Chêne Tondu. At last, as the fresh men of the Eighty-second stormed a shoulder of the forest height, there were enough men of the Twenty-eighth left still able to stand to attack Hill 240.

So the pincers on both sides were torn away, and the Lost Battalion was relieved. Some snooty military critics say that if Whittlesey had kept in touch with the rest of the line he would not have advanced so far and would not have been caught. They have worm-eaten peanut minds. They would criticize a man who rescued a woman from a fire in her nightie because he did not put on her bedroom slippers.

One way for Whittlesey would have been not to advance at all—which is not the way that battles are won. Not all his men, or the Seventy-seventh as a whole, were now from New York City. It had become an East and West division. Recruits from the Sunshine Division of the Rocky Mountain States, broken up for replacements, had filled gaps. Whittlesey went in with 550 officers and men and came out with 194.

"That looks like a record of what men will endure under killing fire and hunger, a record in fortitude," is the first thought. Very, very fine, imperishable heroism.

But the point of it is that it was only an incident, an incident characteristic of the whole battle. Many battalions suffered as much, with faces toward the enemy. The record of what they did is hidden in the files of the War Department, a part of the day's work in the Meuse-Argonne.

U. S. Official photo

Troops of the Third Division moving up toward Hill 304 and Esnes, Department of the Meuse, to batter at the German lines.

Remember that, of the nine divisions which broke through the German trench system for great gains in the first general attack, only three had been under serious fire. They came out veterans who had met the tiger. Hollow eyed wraiths of men, they dragged their feet through the mud. Somewhere back beyond the shellfire zone was a place to lie down. There were eats and "seconds" too. Perhaps letters from home.

In place of "expended" divisions appeared fresh divisions. October 4 was the day of the second general attack. Hope was again calling. Again a shot at the stars. Take the crest of that whaleback of heights between the Meuse and the Argonne Forest's edge, and it was downhill then to the railroad—to rupture the line of retreat for the German armies.

If we had had time to re-form and bring up fresh troops, so had the Germans. They knew the stake. They had had time to dig in, to study how to make the most of every ravine, every slope, every clump of woods, every bush, to trick and hold us up in our uphill fight.

We must drive in human wedges. One wedge was to spread another's gain. Not wedges of masses of men asking for it from machine gun sprays and shellfire plotting every square yard. Thin lines following thin lines, sneaking groups following sneaking groups, as they sought dead spaces between lanes of fire or under sheets of fire.

CAME the pioneer First from its St. Mihiel dash, gaps refilled to make a full muster, with "Per Schedule" Summerall in command. It took the place of the Thirty-fifth, which had had the heaviest losses of any division yet in the murder pit of Exermont ravine. A taste of what was before the First was that it had 500 casualties in just "taking over" before it attacked.

Its lunge enabled the Eighty-second and the Twenty-eighth to clear the forest shoulders, removing Whittlesey from the pincers. For the First was against the heights on the other side of the little Aire River from the forest heights. Across the valley, back and forth, the Germans could shoot at any targets that showed themselves on either valley wall. And no getting the central heights of the central whaleback until we had torn off the hinges of the supporting steel doors in that Aire trough.

The First might make no excuses. It might ask no leniency. "Oldtimers, you know the game." The iron command of "Drive! Drive!"

Tired? No soldier of the First was supposed to get tired. No let up after a gain was made; it was only the purchase for quick action to keep the jump. An unbroken succession of attacks. Companies that had time to get their breath "leapfrogging" those who were breathless from the effort in front.

Oldtimers with wound stripes the mentors of recruits who had filled the gaps. Oldtimers who must show how; recruits who must keep up—"For you're in the First now." Officers who had proved themselves in leading; and "noncoms" who knew how through taking their places as they fell. All day and all night at it, day after day.

So the First wore itself out swiftly in blows that kept German counterattacks from making headway. It went through. It had the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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These singing comedians are famous from coast to coast for their radio appearances as "The Sealy Air Weavers." Cotton is Phil Cook (right), writer of musical comedies, and blackface comedian. Morpheus is Billy Hillpot (left), vaudeville, night club and radio entertainer. Their hottest sketch to date is "That's My Weakness Now," recorded on Brunswick Record No. 3969.

CHESTER GAYLORD

"The Whispering Serenader"

Gaylord is a versatile musician. He appears as pianist, saxophonist and tenor soloist at Station WTAG, Worcester, Mass., and is its chief announcer. He has toured as a concert pianist with Marie Tiffany of the Metropolitan Opera Company, another Brunswick recording artist. As a singer, his unique whispering style of singing to his own piano accompaniment has made him nationally popular. Hear his Brunswick Record, "I Don't Care" (No. 3948).

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[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
Continued from page twenty-eight]

heights above Fléville on the east bank of the Aire. Terrific losses, but losses that got results.

Remember, it had given the Eighty-second (Duncan)—the All American Division, draft men from all parts of the country—room for its plugging in the traps of the river bottom and conquering the heights of the other side. The Eighty-second had to become veteran in a day or it would not have got there. A long wicked siege before it as its part in that tricky business of wooded hills and river.

And in the Eighty-second was one Corporal Alvin York. His fame flamed as suddenly as a Lindbergh's. Marshal Foch said that his was the greatest individual exploit of all the millions of soldiers in that four years' war.

Alvin went back to his mother in his mountain cabin in Tennessee with all the medals for courage the Allies had to give, not to mention that he was kissed on the cheek by French generals, which was one of the customs of the country Alvin found very strange. But you have to take orders in the army and let a general kiss you if he wants to, especially when Pershing is standing by grinning with pride.

An incident of the great battle, Alvin's exploit—just as was a battalion of the Eighty-second losing all its officers attacking the Kriemhilde Stellung heights, and two companies of the Eighty-second losing half their number in crossing the river.

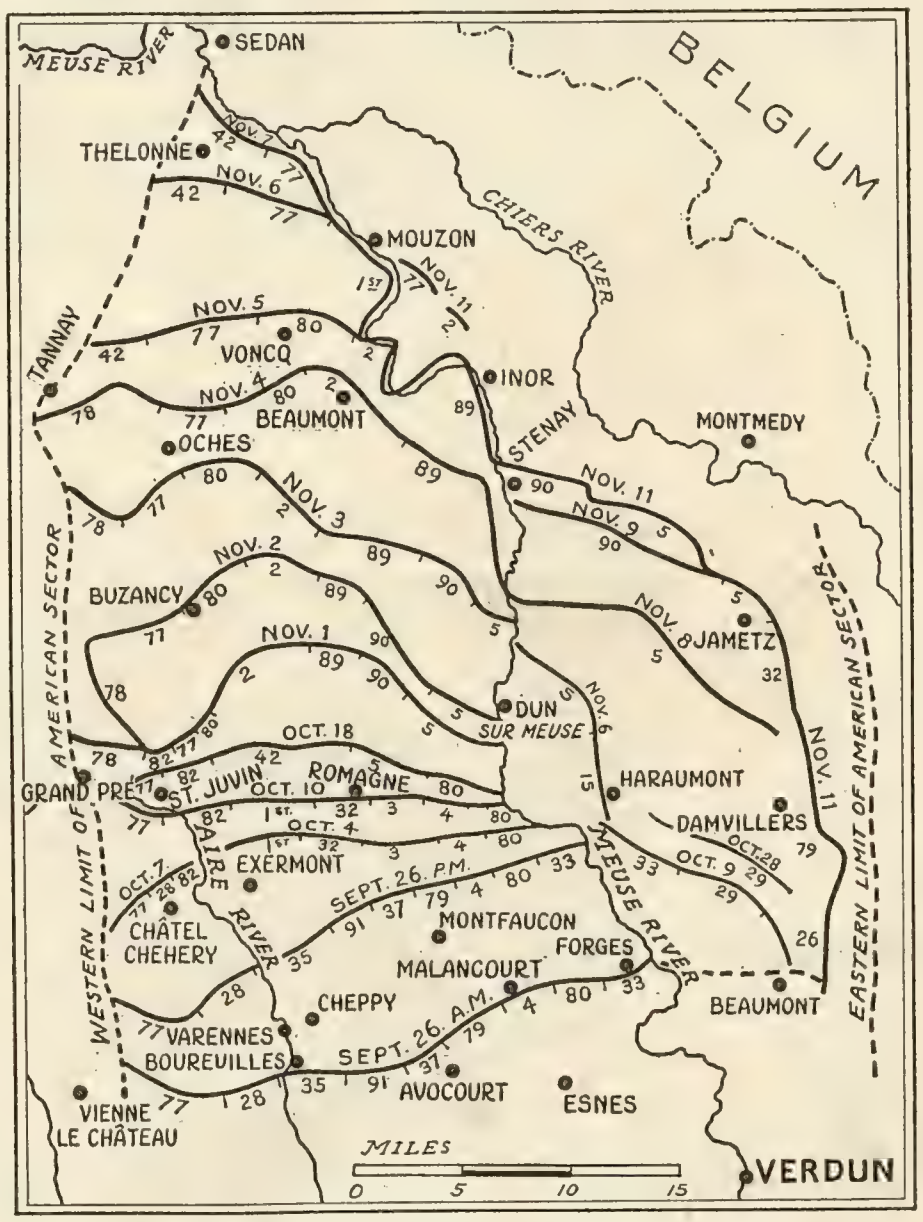
It helped the First in its part on the right and the Seventy-seventh in its part on the left. At last, flanking pressure removed, the Seventy-seventh saw the light at the Argonne Forest's end.

But that revealed the Grand Pré gap—and what was in store for the Seventy-eighth, which was to take its place. Here the Aire wound around the northern end of the forest between heights in broad bottoms which had to be conquered under plunging fire before the next forest bastion could be stormed.

MEANWHILE we have had only the part of the three divisions on five or six miles of the twenty-five mile front. What of the central whaleback of hills? No bursting the hinges there until the Aire trough was won. That did not insure the taking of the central heights; only opened the way. They were the arch of the defense.

The Ninety-first from the Pacific Coast, which had been in the battle from the start, was to have one more lunge on October 4 in the Gesnes inferno before it could take its stand on its record of nine days in and seven miles gained. Seven miles! We were not to gain by miles now, but by yards. The easy breaks between the hard breaks were over.

In place of the Thirty-seventh had come the Thirty-second. Old-timers too. They had stormed the heights of the Ourcq in the advance from Château-Thierry, and the praise of Mangin for their taking of Juvigny, fighting with his



A map showing the successive advances made by the American army in the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The numerals indicate the positions of the various divisions as they were shifted or replaced during the battle. The dates indicate the fighting lines as the Americans swept the Germans back and gained each series of objectives.

French army, was still fresh in their ears.

In place of the Seventy-ninth came the Third, the "Rock of the Marne," a regular division. It did not admit one, two, three with the First and Second. It was Number One.

"You Thirty-second, you say you are the best National Guard division. Prove it! You of the Third, you say you are the best regular division. Prove it! Go through!"—which always meant go as long as you were able to stand, and then get up and charge again.

A division's success was not in distance gained, not in length of time in. All depended upon what you were up against. Bunts and sacrifice flies helped win the game. A hundred yards might be worth more in the battle plan than a mile.

The Germans had built a clever defense line across our front, called the Kriemhilde Stellung. Not that they were going to sit and wait in it for us to come. It was just a rallying point in desperate cases. Supple machine gunners prowling around in front looking for good nests. Vicious counterattacks at every opening.

"Go through!" Not a plea. A command, of spurring insult.

More wedges and gouges when the wedge could not be made good. The Thirty-second took Gesnes, and found they were in a trough when they had it. Wooded hills on either side. Get into the woods—and they were thick with gas.

Shell and shell the woods, shell them all night, and the next morning the German machine gunners are there to meet you. They get out when we shell. They come back as we go in. Shellfire gets friend and foe alike in the mix up. The Arrow division, the Thirty-second, has become a sledgehammer division.

A miracle is expected of the Third. Machine gun fire from Hill 240 sweeps the bare irregular ridges of approach to Mamelle Trench. Duck in folds of the ground from the hurricane, reform, start up again to be swept back by fire from Hill 240.

Well, then, take that damned hill. An effort to storm it invites massacre, with any survivors who reach the top sure to be taken prisoners. Infiltrating groups try and fail. If we had that Cunel Wood it would help. Three lines of advancing infantry melt under its fire. A handful of men who get in are withdrawn to escape being surrounded. Yet we gain.

Pickett's charge repeated there on the whaleback; and also the Federal charge against the stone wall at Fredericksburg. Only no pitched Civil War battle, over in a day or two or three, but a siege battle. If you tried for a whole wood and got a piece, if you tried for the hill and got a slope, you were doing well. Terrace the slope, with fox holes to defend what you have won. Push farther, and dig more fox holes.

NOT much use in this period of the battle looking to see where much of the machine gun fire comes from. It is indirect from behind the hills, like the artillery fire. Heinie seems to have more machine guns than rifles. We were to capture 3,000 from him before the battle was over. He is doing a wholesale business in bullet sprays which make broken tooth combs of charges between the gaps torn by shellfire.

Officers down and maps become unintelligible. Soldiers get separated and lose their way. And human nature! We are all brave

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Your Plumber knows *why*— *do* You?

Ask Your Plumber about Fuel Saving

Whether you are planning to build a new home or overhaul the heating system of your present residence, you will do wisely to give heed to the advice of your local plumber and steam-fitter. He is a man whose business lifetime has been spent in solving the plumbing and heating problems of others (many of them possibly being your neighbors). He will bring to your home this lifetime of experience plus mechanical expertness and specialized knowledge which, for the sake of living comfort, you can ill afford to do without.

If it is a new home you are building he will apply to it the concentrated knowledge he has received not only through experience but through contact with all the makers of heating equipment—people you never see in the course of your daily business. He knows a certain size pipe is needed to carry a certain quantity of warming steam or hot water—and he knows Improved Asbestocel is the one insulation which, when applied to that pipe, will give the steam most generous safe conduct to your radiators.

MASTER *of* ASBESTOS

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ASBESTOCEL *pipe covering is an investment which pays satisfactory dividends in more heat for less fuel*

YOUR plumber knows that bare heater pipes cause uncomfortable homes. Bare heater pipes waste fuel and increase heating cost. Your house can be more comfortable for less expense if the heater pipes are insulated with Asbestocel pipe covering.

The reason for this is that the warmth generated in your heater must be carried to the spot where it is to work. If you send the heat along a leaking path, loss is certain.

Your plumber can easily reduce heat losses on your present system, or can start you right in your new home. He can do this by using Improved Asbestocel, the product of the world leader in the development of asbestos insulations.

Without protecting insulation on the pipes the huge power plants which furnish you electric light, or supply power for great industrial plants, could not operate. You *can* run your own heating plant with bare pipes, but every day that you do so means that you are burning more fuel than is necessary.

The Cost is Low—the Returns High

The price of a ton or two of coal, or its equivalent in oil, will put Improved Asbestocel on the heater pipes of the average home. Usually this whole cost will be saved in two winters. For the rest of the time you use the heater the saving is clear profit. Besides this, your house will be more comfortable because more uniformly heated. Write today for our booklet, "More Heat from Less Fuel."

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A-33-10

This Morning

one million men had cool shaves

Did You?

INGRAM'S . . . the pioneer cool Shaving Cream . . . is more than a Shaving Cream. It cools and soothes the torn skin of one shave and leaves it in good shape for the next.

Tender skins . . . dull blades . . . make no difference . . . because Ingram's *is* different. Your skin feels a cooling, soothing comfort that makes shaving ideal —not an ordeal. Men like its clean, pleasant odor.

Even the package is different for this different Shaving Cream. Ingram's comes to you in a neat blue jar . . . with a wide mouth. You can see that you are using just the right amount. No waste. The cap keeps the cream properly under cover when you are not shaving . . . and does not roll under cover when you are.

Over a million men now enjoy cool shaves with Ingram's Shaving Cream. Twice as many as last year. Three times as many as year before last. It won't cost you anything to try Ingram's.

FREE: *7 Cool Shaves For You*

Most of the million men who now use Ingram's every day tried it first —at our expense. Be sure before you buy. Let Ingram's prove itself on your face. Just send the coupon and your 7 free shaves will go to you at once. Or, buy the full-size jar that will give you 120 shaving treats for 50 cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and as you* SOOTHES *shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
Established 1885
1062-10th St., Detroit, Mich. *Also* Windsor, Can.
I want to find out what goes on when my beard comes off . . . when I use INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. Please send me the 7 FREE *Cool* Shaves

Name .....

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.....

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page thirty

in fair weather with stomachs full after a bath and shave and the crowd cheering in the first flush of a charge. But when under fire for days men have been lying in gas saturated fox holes—like being shut up in a foodless refrigerator with a skunk and a clawing wildcat—the will may grow weak.

The veteran Fourth, which was in at the start, is still in on the right of the Third in the same kind of fighting, worn down to gristle, hardened to whalebone, dog weary, blear eyed, full of cusses, knowing this is an "ornery" business and determined to be in style.

The Fourth takes Fays Wood and holds it. And the Blue Ridge men of the Eightieth are in for the second time. Their job that Ogons Woods in charge after charge until they got it; and when they had it Heinie's guns kept it full of gas.

WITH Ogons at their back at last, two companies did a neat trick which would have rejoiced Colonel Mosby, the Civil War guerrilla leader who came from their part of the country. They sneaked into the village of Cunel and brought back two crestfallen German battalion staffs—thirty officers and sixty men—taken completely by surprise.

Revenge for Heinie the next morning. At dawn, just as our line was formed and about to attack, the German artillery broke a hurricane of shells upon it that blasted two companies nearly out of existence and two others into disorder. Fresh men up, and on with the charge. Ding—dong!

And remember that the assassin Hill 378 is on the job night and day. Out of reach of our own shells, the big German guns on this height on the other side of the Meuse River look down on the Fourth and the Eightieth as a procession passing at their feet. They search the ravines where we try to find cover.

"Why don't they send someone after those —— guns that have been raking us for days?" is the cry. "Haven't we enough to fight without this?"

Soldiers are not expected to stand cross fire. To bring it to bear is the aim of all strategy which forces retreat and confusion. The Fourth and Eightieth were warranted in quitting. But "Keep on driving!" is the iron command.

And that brings us back to the general situation of our twenty-five mile front fighting up the whaleback of hills between two rivers. We are the extreme right of the long Allied battle line in which the attacks are like pushing back one folding door after another.

But no folding back on our own right. There the wall of the Verdun hills remained. At first that lofty, supercilious, mocking Hill 378 had our men only in flank. The farther we advanced the heavier the fire, the broader the range of targets, until they were firing into us from the rear flank—"kicking us ahead into the machine guns in front."

However, some army must have the extreme right in the battle plan; somebody had to storm the heights of the whaleback. Ours was the task. The only way to stay the assassin's hand was to get on the other side of the river and take those hills.

Another division, with only quiet trench experience, was to have its turn. Enter the "Blue and Gray," Twenty-ninth (Morton) National Guard of Virginia, New Jersey, and Delaware, on the other side of the Meuse. The Thirty-third, which had held on from the start of the battle, facing the river bank, made a skillful crossing to aid the Twenty-ninth in getting a purchase.

Again a shot at the stars! "Go through, Twenty-ninth! Get Hill Three Seventy-eight!"

Obviously the Germans knew what the Twenty-ninth was after, and just the reception to provide for it out of their experience in having fought over those hills in the long Verdun battle. They had choice pickings in the pit of "the bowl." Here in a basin, ridge surrounded, the men of the Twenty-ninth must form for their charges.

In their ardor they fought their way up its slopes, they took 2,000 prisoners, suffering more than 5,000 casualties, and still German machine gun fire banked up on other hills which had to be taken before they could begin on Hill 378. And their food, their artillery support, their ammunition had to come along two miles of soft earth road —"Death Valley"!—raked by plunging shells that mashed trucks and dug fresh holes to be repaired under fire before traffic could move again.

U. S. Official photo

Men from the Lost Battalion of the Seventy-seventh Division, resting near the Argonne Forest in October, 1918.

But, anyway, the Twenty-ninth was laboring in famous country. Through the centuries armies had fought for the possession of this Verdun bastion of France. And, anyway, just as the slugging by our whole army was drawing off the fire from other Allied armies, so the slugging by the Twenty-ninth and also by the Twenty-sixth was drawing off some of the fire of Hill 378 from their comrades on the slopes of the whaleback.

For the veteran Twenty-sixth had also come in on the Verdun side of the Meuse.

The part of the doughboys of New England's Twenty-sixth was to broaden the wedge of the Twenty-ninth. They had the extreme flank of our flank and of the whole Allied fighting line, with back to the line of our general attack.

They were driving through belts of woods up slopes of oily mud, in which care had to be taken that when you gained a step against a machine gun nest you did not slip back two.

ALL the way from the Verdun hills to the Grand Pré gap under a slate, overcast sky that matched the muddy, gas soaked earth there was no color except that of the planes, no light except shell flashes and bayonet flashes, and no heat except hot gun barrels as the weather grew colder. Soaking chill mist. Rain. The fighters were the tint of the earth. Faces were ashen. An ashen business.

Man driving himself and driven by all the powers of discipline. Men cracking; men down in the convulsions of shell shock. Officers cracking. As a superior starts to pound on an officer for not taking a position, the officer falls forward on his face, and the next day the superior himself cracks.

Generals, colonels, majors had to go "blooey." Surviving lieutenants were commanding battalions; sergeants commanding companies. Cruel eliminations; quick promotions to responsibility if not rank.

Summerall and Hines, who led the First and Fourth divisions respectively, get corps commands. We make two army commands, as the power of America comes to a head, with almost 2,000,000 men in France. Liggett gets the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne and Bullard the Second in the St. Mihiel sector—Pershing over both.

Pershing's face is drawn with strain, ashen like the battle fields, but his shoulders are back, his jaw is set, as hope re-enforces his purpose. His voice catches at the thought of what his men are enduring, then steadies in resolution.

"How hard it is to have to keep driving them in!" he said. "But it is war. It is the way to the quicker end, to victory with less loss of life, the sooner to have them back home. I should fail in my duty if I did not demand all that all of us can give at this time."

The effect of our blows is being realized. High opportunity calls for the limit of iron pressure. The chance that we may end the war in '18 now beckons, though no commander suggested it at the conference that planned the battle.

Germany's ally Austria is crumbling, and ally Turkey and ally Bulgaria are already out. Alone Germany's worn and buffeted veterans face the world. And the German army is still the German army.

Once back on a shorter line, with the winter for reorganization, it may hold a long time before its Appomattox. Its effort centers, the gauge of battle tightens against time to hold the heights of the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

All the popular hits for your phonograph—*paid for by your tooth paste*

Figure it out this way: by using Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube, instead of ordinary dentifrices costing twice as much, your average saving per year is $3.00. With this $3.00 you can buy at least half a dozen phonograph records. That's merely one suggestion. There are hundreds of others.

Great new dentifrice at 25¢—supplants costlier favorites

Now, with 50 years' experience to guide us and new methods of manufacture to cut costs, we are able to produce a perfect dentifrice at a price that appeals to all.

The name is Listerine Tooth Paste. Your druggist has it. The price is 25c for a large tube.

Using a tube a month, you pay $3.00 less per year than you do for costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. Think of what a saving there is when there are several in the family.

Listerine Tooth Paste contains sixteen different ingredients that meet every requirement for healthy teeth, gums, and a sweet condition of the mouth. It whitens teeth as never before—with less effort and in less time because of a new polishing ingredient contained in no other paste.

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Get a tube at your druggist. Note its large size. Try it. See how it makes teeth gleam. How good your mouth feels. How little polishing is necessary. You will be delighted. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE Tooth Paste

Revel in this new Menthol-iced lather!

Here's an entirely new Mennen Shaving Cream. Blended a new way. Denser, moister, creamier. And Menthol-iced with a bracing dash of cooling menthol that adds new delight to the pleasure of the perfect shave.

Dermutation is quicker. Softens your beard in half the time. Tames it so the razor cuts clean and close without yanking or pulling. Smooths the skin mounds around the hairs so the razor glides through without nicking or flaying the face. No free caustic to parch or smart. Works in any water. Freshens and tones up the skin. Longer life and better shaves from every blade.

YOUR SHAVE IS ONLY AS GOOD AS YOUR LATHER

MENNEN

the *dermutized* shave

Try it at our expense!

To let you in on this new Mennen lather, we're giving this big free tube of Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream with a full-size tin of Mennen Talcum for Men—both for the price of the talcum alone. Get this special package and try out this even better shave—today. 25c at your dealer.

[TEN YEARS AGO THIS WEEK]
Continued from page thirty-two

whaleback lest its retreat to the shorter line be cut off.

One side strives for the knock-out blow, the other to stall it before the winter gong rings. The Germans put in more shock divisions and outfits of picked troops. Among some of the batches of prisoners taken, half are machine gunners or sergeants or corporals.

ANOTHER general attack on October 14. Hardly two more miles to go and we shall be over the crest, downhill to cut the railroad. The Fifth, the Ace of Diamonds Division, is in line for its first heavy action. The prestige of regulars to uphold; a place beside the veteran regular divisions to win.

It is sideslipped in a wicked maneuver, shot into a shambles, a trough between hills, piling up its dead in Rappes and Pultière woods. Machine gun fire from the woods, from the slopes, and not only shellfire right and left from nearby guns. The big guns on Hill 378 across the Meuse see here a fair target at a most vital point that calls for all the shells they can fire.

Ground gained and lost, but some ground held. In two days the Fifth is down to a fourth of its rifle strength. Was it to go out? No. Rest a little in the chilly fox holes, rest while shivering. Big Hanson E. Ely takes over command in the crisis. At it again until the woods are taken—but still more trouble ahead.

On the Fifth's left are two proud rivals, the Thirty-second and the Forty-second. The Thirty-second had enough guts, after being in ten days, to go against the Dame Marie Ridge in the attack of the 14th. Pound machine gun nests all night with shellfire, and as you charge, the machine gunners, who have withdrawn while the blasts were on, rush back to their places. But oldtimers must make good one way or another, and they keep at it until they get the ridge, before they are "expended" and withdrawn.

U. S. Official photo

A gun crew of the Sixth Field Artillery, First Division, in action near Exermont.

Oldtimers of the Rainbow Forty-second Division, who have come from St. Mihiel, are fresh. They need to be. And it is not in human strength that they should be for long. Their bit the taking of Châtillon Ridge, another part of the Kriemhilde Stellung which has lashed our front for three weeks. In three days the Forty-second had the ridge.

These three divisions had to get forward together. Their units became mixed in the weaving scramble to encircle machine gun nests. Gains by hundreds of feet, but they had the Kriemhilde Stellung. Ahead was the Banthéville Wood and the Freya Stellung, the last defensive line.

And the three could not get forward unless progress was made against the heights beyond the Grand Pré gap where the Aire trough broadens and bends around the Argonne Forest's end. Twenty-five miles away, across the field of grinding ordeal, from where the Twenty-ninth was plowing toward Hill 378 on the other side of the Meuse, another division was marched from quiet trench training into hell's mouth on the extreme left flank.

Yes, so there was a Seventy-eighth Division (McRae). Nobody had heard much of the Seventy-eighth. It had been hidden away over on the tranquil front near Switzerland. It was drafted from New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and took the name of the Lightning Division from "Jersey lightning," which has an applejack kick.

And, Seventy-eighth, here is the little town of Grand Pré on the slope of the long ridge of the Bourgogne Forest. Its main street runs parallel with the front of the slope. Two days of very intimate business with Heinie across that main street before the houses on the other side were cleared.

BEYOND them a narrow causeway—a clear target for the machine guns above—had to be crossed before the lightnings got to work scaling the rocks of the "citadel." Vertical warfare, the Seventy-eighth called this very properly.

That was only one part. Another was against the holed walls of stone farmbuildings, farther to the right; another against Loges Wood.

The Seventy-eighth put that little heralded division on the map in gold letters on a very red ground. All the while its back was to the broad open river bottoms swept by fire. No brigade, no division, no corps reserves left. So the Seventy-eighth kept on with what it had, gaining bit by bit, and paying the price of 5,240 casualties.

And the Eighty-second, Alvin York's division, was still hard at it in the same kind of struggle on the Seventy-eighth's right. It supported the Seventy-eighth in the charge on Loges Wood when it had only 4,300 men left effective for duty.

The commander of another regiment reported that 80 per cent of his men were unfit for duty and 20 per cent ought to be on the sick list.

Such the fighting last week, the week before, and this week and the week to come, ten years ago.

How peace was won—the last week of the two hundred and twenty-five weeks of war—will be described by Frederick Palmer in an early issue of Liberty.

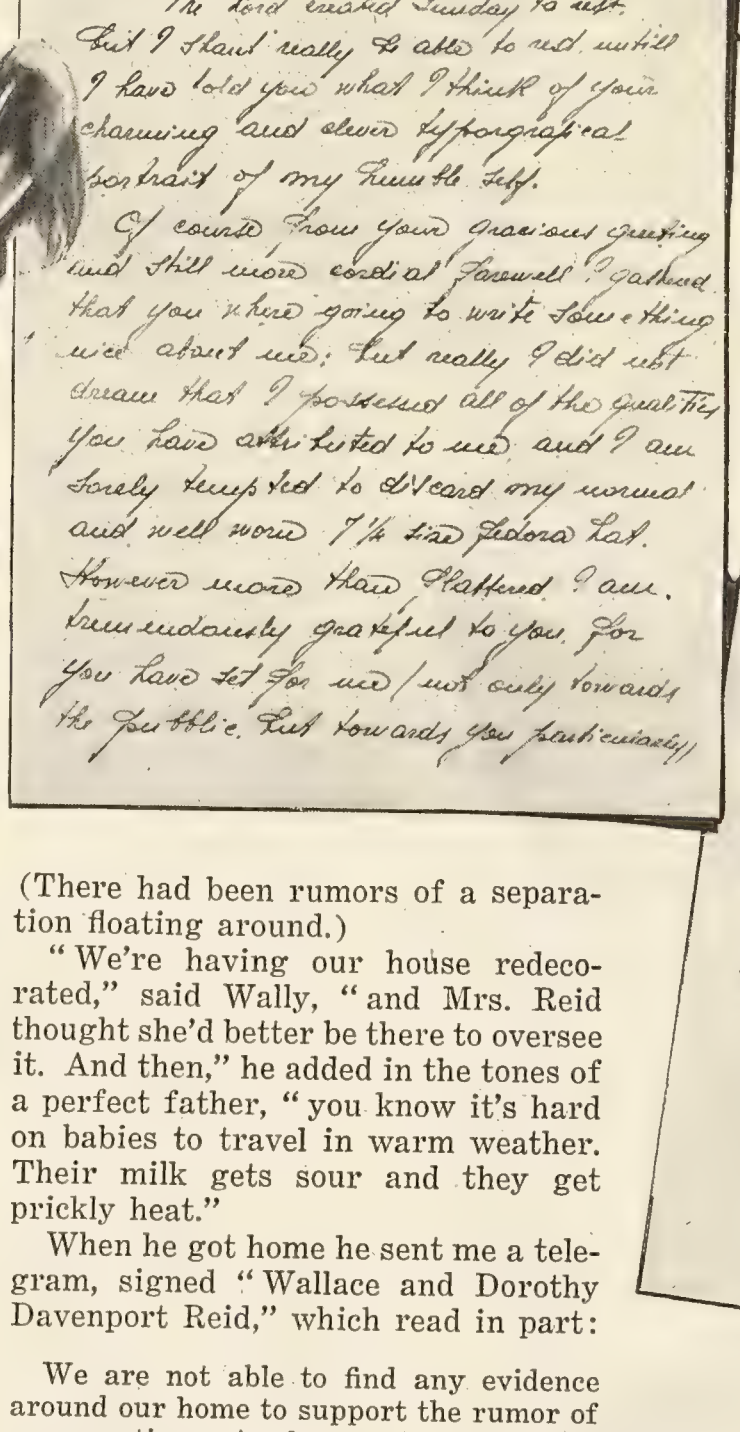
Memoirs of a Movie Critic

Some Highlights of a Joyous Job

By MAE TINEE

Eugene Hutchinson photo

Mae Tinee, the author of these memoirs, and, below, the letter from Valentino to which she refers on page 38.



RUDOLPH VALENTINO

Sunday the 7th

My dear Miss Tinee

The Lord created Sunday to rest. But I shant really be able to rest until I have told you what I think of your charming and clever typographical portrait of my humble self.

Of course know your gracious greeting and still more cordial farewell I gathered that you where going to write something nice about me; but really I did not dream that I possessed all of the qualities you have attributed to me and I am sorely tempted to discard my normal and well worn 7¼ size fedora hat. However more than flattered I am, tremendously grateful to you for you have set for me / not only towards the public but towards your particularly a standard / and quite a hard one / to which I must live up to or at least come to it as near as it is humanly possible. I do sincerely regret that our interview was to short and across such an unromantic thing as an office desk. But I live in hopes that the next time I am in Chicago you will dine go to the theater and sup and dance with me. So that we may really come to know each other. For I really and sincerely would like to know you better since I have had the pleasure of meeting you. So don't blame me for liking you. Hoping to see you very soon.

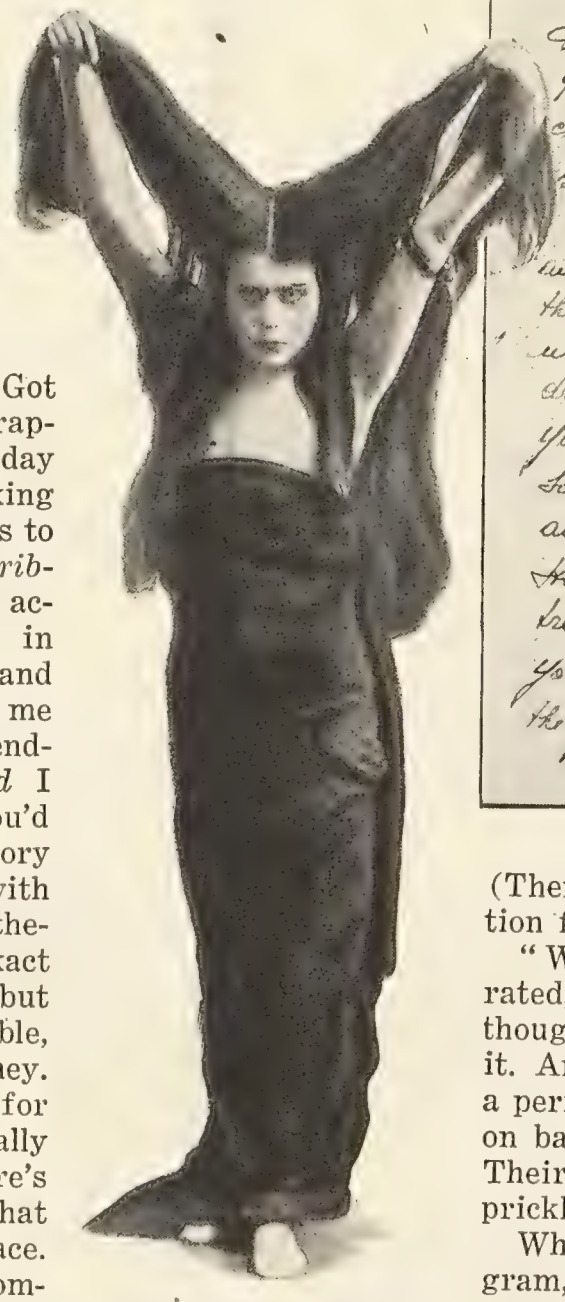
Very sincerely

Rudolph Valentino

It is a feat
To keep conceit
When writing for
the masses.
Bouquets are few
But th' air is blue
[red]
With bricks
thrown by all
classes.

Well — I've been reminiscing! Got hold of some old scrapbooks the other day that took me trekking back over the years to 1913, when the *Tribune* first became actively interested in motion pictures and started grooming me for the job of attendant on them, *and* I thought maybe you'd like to take a memory jog right along with me. Not a mathematical one of exact dates and places, but just a comfortable, gossipy little journey.

Reviewing films for a great daily is really a lovely job. There's so much to it that isn't on the surface. Through a great common interest one gets to know so many people and so much about them. My mail brings me all sorts of stories. I have sat in on love affairs, tragedies, and comedies—real ones. I receive letters from jails, hospitals, and all sorts of out of the way places.



Theda Bara, the first of the screen vamps.

Often, when passing through the city, the movie stars stop in for a chat. Few there be who have not sat beside my desk in the Sunday room at some time or other.

If they can't come in they usually phone. I recollect the time when Wallace Reid, who seldom failed to drop in for a visit when in Chicago, called up to explain aggrievedly why Mrs. Reid and his baby son were not with him. (There had been rumors of a separation floating around.)

"We're having our house redecorated," said Wally, "and Mrs. Reid thought she'd better be there to oversee it. And then," he added in the tones of a perfect father, "you know it's hard on babies to travel in warm weather. Their milk gets sour and they get prickly heat."

When he got home he sent me a telegram, signed "Wallace and Dorothy Davenport Reid," which read in part:

> We are not able to find any evidence around our home to support the rumor of a separation. As far as we know, there isn't a word of truth in it. We are still doing business at the same old stand and getting ready to celebrate our eighth anniversary next month.
>
> Mrs. Reid did not go to New York on my recent trip because it was so doggone hot, and she could not leave her new swimming pool all alone, to say nothing of little Wallace Reid, Jr. We will send you a picture of us taken in our home to show you just how happy we look and are.

When I started "doing" the movies, Goldilocks and the Vampire were all over the screen. Goldilocks' tears and curls were flowing, and the Vampire, in the shadows, stalked her (Goldilocks') man, and, without fail, *got* him.

True, Rose Red usually did meet with a sad end, but rarely before she had worked horrible havoc.

Will you ever forget Theda Bara, with her black, black hair and her black, black eyes, and —her black, black mouth!—as she wrought the ruin of her victims?

At this time the moving pictures were practically confined to the downtown theaters, and most of them were frankly made to appeal to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TIMING
Today and Tomorrow

Today — tomorrow — through the years — a Winton will tell minute-time and style-time with double accuracy. For the Winton is a wrist companion to rely upon — in smartness and in sure, dependable service. Wear a Winton and you wear a watch as fine, as distinguished as hand and brain can produce — master made in design and movement — the creation of one family for over one hundred years. Just go to the better jewelers and compare. You'll instinctively choose — a WINTON.

"Wrist Magic," — the interesting Winton booklet — will be sent to you, without charge, upon request.

The Winton Watch Division
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22 West 36th St.
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Winton
WATCHES
GUARDIAN OF THE FLIGHT OF TIME

[MEMOIRS OF A MOVIE CRITIC]
Continued from page thirty-five

the not most admirable instincts of the male. The exhibitor who was able to get a pink permit for an offering—which meant that the censors had found it dreadfully wicked and had let it loose with the stipulation that only those "over twenty-one" might see it—considered himself a lucky fellow. He had not much faith in the future of the industry. His prayer was that it would last long enough for him to get his.

The neighborhood theaters sat down firmly upon his budding dreams. When the movies moved from the Chicago Loop and its equivalents throughout the cities of the country, they were no longer only in the province of the men. They were out among the girls. The American housewife stepped forth — and there was fire and determination in her eye.

P. & A. photo

Rudolph Valentino, the screen idol, as he looked in 1925.

She turned thumbs down on the gunning vamp—horrible creature! And as for *Goldilocks*—ridiculous! The idea of any sane girl or woman running around with her hair down! Rose Red she damned. Snow White she panned. And in due time drove these extremes of Passion and Purity completely off our screens. Once in a while one of them pops up, but it's a weak pop and a short one.

The biggest thing about the movies in those days was their mystery. Everybody connected with them scuttled about under cover and sh-h-ed you when you asked a question. The true names of the favorites were kept dark, and, if by chance you ran one to ground, you were, as a rule, asked to take an oath of secrecy.

Your questions were met with evasions or wild flights of imaginative oratory, and the tales unloaded to the press were probably the most remarkable hodgepodge of all time—strange and wonderful concoctions mixed in the brains of the sort of press agents who were *très* (French) popular with the producers in the good old days.

ON a trip I made to New York for the *Tribune*, I felt like a Mrs. Sherlock Holmes.

On this occasion I had letters of introduction to the heads of the various studios, Lubin, Biograph, Edison, Vitagraph, Thanhouser—remember those old ones?—and they were awfully nice to me, but in my interviews with Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, John Bunny, Maurice Costello, Mary Fuller, Pearl White, and those others you used to love so well, I realized I never got beyond certain barricades. "Just so far shalt thou go and no farther" was the unspoken understanding of all of them.

Up in New Rochelle, where I stayed for several weeks while the *Tribune's* big prize winning serial, The Million Dollar Mystery, was in course of production, I fared better. I traveled around with directors and screen folk while they worked and played, and visited some of the principals in their homes.

I shall never forget the delightful hospitality of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow, who was then his wife, nor the fun I had playing about with their baby, Julie. But even the Cruzes were not pleased when I spoke of their marriage. Both thought it "bad for business."

You remember sweet Florence La Badie, don't you? She was so pretty—so gay! I interviewed her one day at the old Thanhouser studio, and asked her the stock question:

"What do you like to do best when you're not working?"

"Oh," she answered, with that lilt she had in her voice, "anything with the element of danger in it appeals to me. And I *never* expect to be so thrilled again as I was not long ago when I took my first ride in a speed boat!"

(How mad she would have been about airplaning!)

She adored motoring, and it was in an automobile accident that she met her death. Died doing a thing she loved.

AT this time the movie writers' unpardonable sin, as seen by the players, was to mention matrimony as connected with them. To make an inference regarding offspring was to bring on a paper's devoted head threats of libel suits, and to its door angry pantomimists demanding to *see the editor!*

The feminine player entertained the delightful delusion that every man, married or single, sporting his first long pants or doddering about in his last, wanted her for his own, and would in jealous rage refuse to patronize her shows were he to learn that there was a husband in her life. The male star strutted the same mental stuff, even trying his charms on the lady critics.

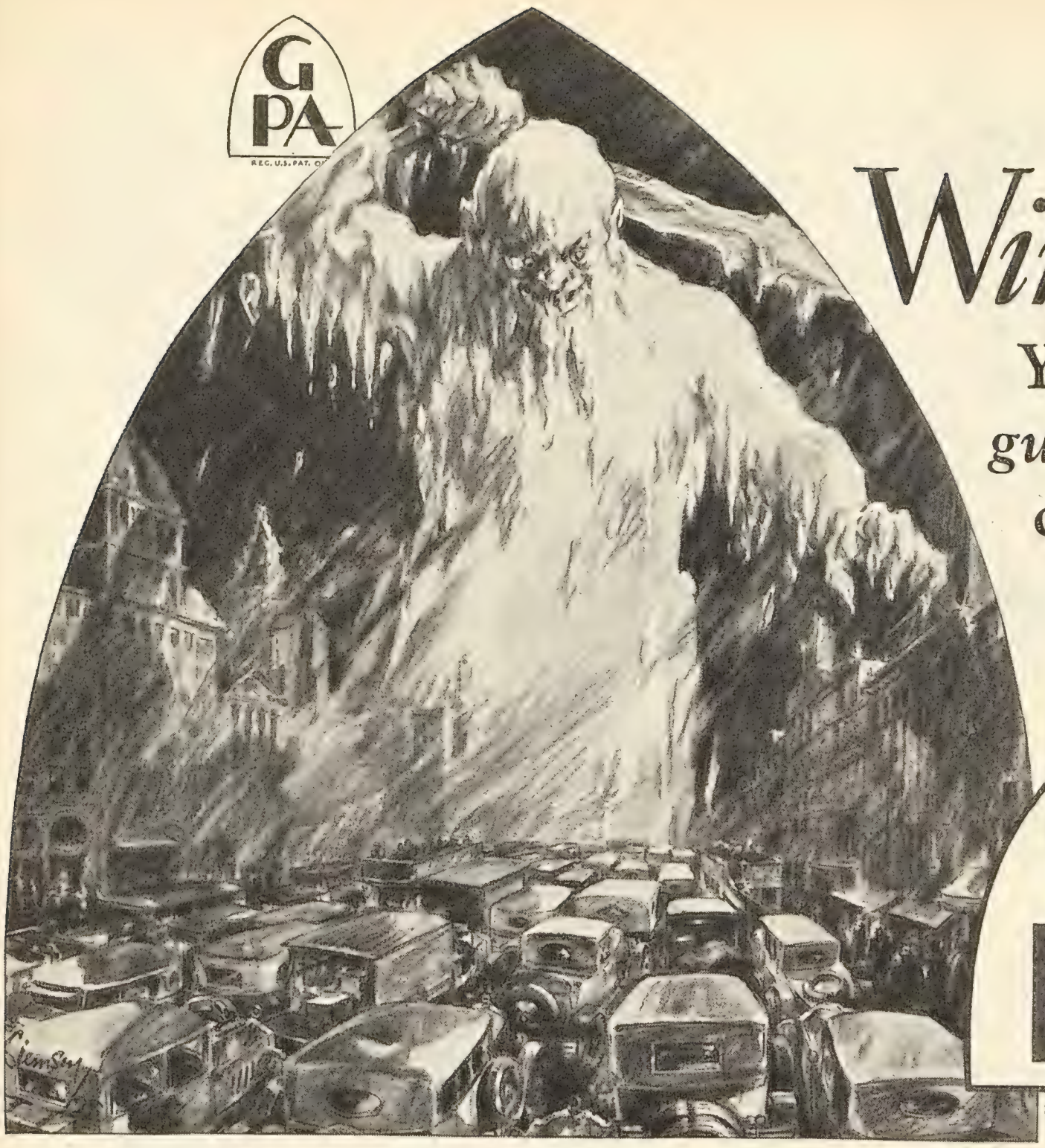
Three whose names I could mention—but will not—made complete asses of themselves in this quarter: one from the Far West, one from the Middle West, and one from the East. Not, you understand, because they were in any sense bowled over, but because they thought a sure way of making love to the paper was to subjugate the heart of her who wrote for it. Far East and Far West were a bit more subtle than Middle West, who upon being introduced exclaimed tensely:

"*You* are SHE! Little girl, it is YOU! All my life I have been looking for you! Tell me—you come from the South?"

"No," I said; "I come from Colorado."

"What matter!" the gentleman

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]



Winter ahead!

Your car—do you *guess* it's protected or are you SURE?

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This seal protects you against substitution. It appears only on standard glycerine solutions vouched for by the Glycerine Producers' Association.

Give your car this permanent, safe, anti-freeze protection.
No evaporation, no odor, no constant worry. Harmless to car and finish.
Does not boil away.

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THE SAFE ANTI-FREEZE

Can't evaporate—one filling NOW ends freeze-worries all winter

Why gamble with an anti-freeze that evaporates? "I guess it's safe" has cost motorists many thousands of dollars. For unless you use a *permanent* anti-freeze you never can be sure of safety. You can't *see* evaporation. That's what fools you. Silently, stealthily, your protection slips away without your realizing it. Then a sudden cold snap and you're caught—radiator frozen, perhaps a cracked engine block or broken pump.

With Radiator Glycerine you *know* your car is freeze-proof all winter long.

Put it in your car NOW

It is a simple matter to make your car freeze-proof for the winter with one filling of Radiator Glycerine. It is far simpler than the constant worry and replacement that ordinary radiator solutions require. See that your car is properly serviced with Radiator Glycerine now and you can leave the tea kettle in the kitchen and stop running to the garage for more solution every time you have a cold snap.

Radiator Glycerine means permanent protection but, better still, it means safe protection. You know what glycerine is. You know it is so bland and harmless that it is even safe to eat. You take no chances with electrolytic corrosion, blistered car finish, inflammability, or unpleasant odors.

Radiator Glycerine is merely this old friend glycerine adapted for radiator use. Amundsen used it in his flight to the North Pole. Motor car manufacturers recommend it in their instruction books. It meets the requirements of an ideal anti-freeze set forth by the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

Have your car serviced for Glycerine

Remember that Radiator Glycerine is a "one-shot" anti-freeze—it should last at least one whole winter without replacement. Obviously it is a sensible precaution to make sure that you do not put it in a leaky cooling system, or that it is not wasted by carelessness. That's why we ask you to have your car properly serviced—a cleaning and tightening of the cooling system is all that's necessary. Make sure this is done—our servicing instructions tell how. Then enjoy your car this winter as you never have before.

Send for this book

If you drive a car in winter, be sure to send for the Radiator Glycerine booklet. Be free to enjoy your car without worry this year. This booklet will show you how. Write for it today and it will be sent immediately.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION
45 East 17th St., New York City.
I'd like *real* anti-freeze protection for my car this winter. Send me the booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

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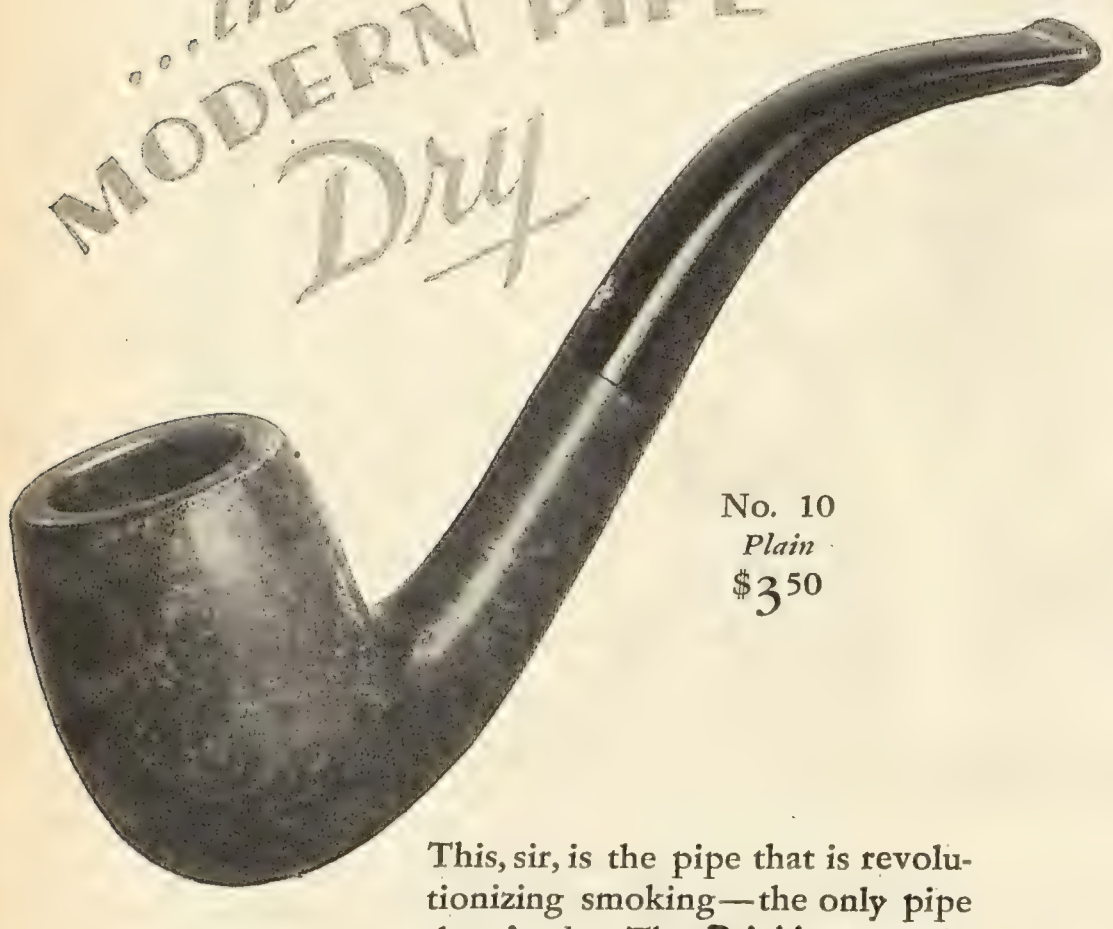

No. 10
Plain
$3.50

This, sir, is the pipe that is revolutionizing smoking—the only pipe that is *dry*. The Drinkless attachment stops moisture from the bowl like a dam stops a stream. Choicest imported Bruyere roots, 100 personable styles, smooth or thorn; for all fancies and faces. $3.50, $4, $5 and $7. Write for illustrated booklet.

Insist on GENUINE Drinkless KAYWOODIE

There is only one *genuine* Drinkless KAYWOODIE pipe. You'll have no trouble in identifying it. It must have the Drinkless attachment and the KAYWOODIE clover leaf inlay on the mouthpiece. The word Drinkless is stamped on the attachment. Any other pipe offered you as Drinkless KAYWOODIE is an imitation.

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Established 1851 120 Fifth Avenue, New York
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In England—Civic Company, Ltd., London

[MEMOIRS OF A MOVIE CRITIC]
Continued from page thirty-six

exclaimed, heaving a sigh that expanded his chest all of four inches. He dropped on one knee—right out in a public office, mind you; I have witnesses!—and, seizing my astonished hand, gazed raptly up at me, muttering, "Those eyes! *The* eyes . . ."

I said, "Oh, get *up!*" And he did; but, undismayed, pursued the idiot tenor of his way all through that interview.

I conducted, at this time, an Ask Me column, in which I endeavored to answer truthfully the questions put me by fans. And the principal query was:

"Is he married?"

I used to get around it as best I could; for my heart is tender and, strangely, I *did* hate to cause suffering on the part of the actor. So, in one case especially, though I knew the man to be married, to be the father of several children, and to be living with his family, and though his conceit gave me a pain in the neck, I would reply to this question:

"He *says* he is not married."

HOW was this delicate consideration rewarded?

The gentleman and his manager and his publicity agent and, I believe, a photographer came right downtown one Monday morning to —well, get a lot of things. First—job; they must have my job. Then —apology from editor. Then—denial in paper. Then—

Well, the editor wasn't in, but his secretary lived to tell the tale with relish.

But today—how different!

A player asks nothing sweeter of a paper than to "take" him, back in his own back yard with the Little Woman, his own children, and such of the neighbors' as he can ring in for good measure. He loves to be photographed with the lawn mower, or just starting out with wifie for a little ride in the lizzie (Lovers Still, These Two! suggested as caption for picture), or painting the trellis, or feeding the asparagus. Your movie star now is a *Home Person*, and anxious to advertise the fact.

Lillian Gish when she was a Griffith heroine in True Heart Susie.

And gone is the circus minded publicity man of other days. He who imagined things in the past is now the practical business man who brings them to pass.

One time he would have whispered to a movie writer that he had *heard* Valentino was going to fight a duel over Greta Garbo. In a newer day that challenge was actually uttered in a crowded dining room. Did it make the papers? DID it!

And of course you remember the time when the players—not all, but many of them—were absolutely unmanageable?

CULLED from the highways and byways because they possessed what then was considered the only absolute essential for a screen star —looks—and visited with more money than they ever dreamed existed, they went drunk with power, and reports of their orgies filled the papers.

This, by the way, was never good publicity, and producers with vision knew it. They had felt the swat of neighborhood theater power. They knew that the neighborhood theater would kick out in short order pictures featuring Daisy Darling, who in real life took drugs, or those in which played the apparently noble he-man who, actually, was a wife beater and a home breaker. They tried to stop the affairs that were becoming so infamously famous.

They couldn't. But the death and destruction of one dearly beloved, and the neighborhood theaters, *have*. The industry is surely establishing itself on a clean cut business basis. Education has taught the producers that good looks, merely, are not sufficient to put a player across.

Optiences, too, you see, have been getting educated. They have grown critical with the years and devote much more attention to the picture. Beautiful Bedelia can no longer drink out of the finger bowl.

In ye olden days the male star *had* to be a pretty fellow. But no more. We have with us today, ladies and gentlemen, Emil Jannings, Victor McLaglen, Lon Chaney, and others who would never take a prize in a beauty contest. Adolphe Menjou and a dozen more unpulchritudinous but bright are going strong.

Why? Because they look and act like human beings. There may come, some day, another Valentino to sway us by the sheer glorious romance that was an intangible part of him, but till such visitation does descend in our midst I am quite sure we shall ask of our cinema heroes to be just themselves, for the love of Mike.

It occurs to me that you might like to see a letter I received from Rudolph Valentino shortly before he died. It appears in facsimile on the opening page of this article. Such a friendly, boyish letter! It was written upon his return to California after a brief stop in Chicago, during which time he came up to the office to see me.

It was a great day. Everybody for buildings around passed through that office, I do believe, to get a look at him. Goggle eyes were at every crack in every door, and you

would never believe me if I told you how many busy business men made the apparent discovery that the Sunday room clock was the only reliable one in the neighborhood, and came in ostentatiously to set their watches by it.

Somehow, I had never thought I would care to meet Valentino personally. A mistake. I found him charming. When he came to town next time, he called me up, but it was impossible to accept the invitation he tendered.

I was looking at a picture in a projection room when the operator came down from his booth and said:

"A gentleman to talk to you on the phone, Miss Tinee."

It was Valentino.

"I am in town," he said blithely, "and we are stepping out tonight, are we not?"

I told him no—and why—and how sorry I was. He was flatteringly regretful. We chatted for awhile, and then he rang off with a gay *"Au revoir!"*

But it was—good-by!

P. & A. photo

Remember this? It is Mary Pickford selling Liberty Bonds in 1918.

Item: Speaking of demanding that people on the screen be themselves makes one cogitate a bit over pictures like Sadie Thompson, and another that I saw recently, Stormy Waters, in which a thoroughly naughty lady is the heroine. Never anything like that when the movies were young!

Vamps and sensationalism there were, yes. But honest issues were *verboten.* I know that if these two pictures had ever hove in sight of the Chicago censor board, which was mostly composed of maiden ladies, at the time it was dominated by the late Major Funkhouser, there would have been a great fluttering and squawking. Heavies, never heroines, were made those days out of women like *Sadie.*

Isn't it nice that we're being honester? Thrashing things out? Letting the daylight in?

OUR bottle movies were the serials and the Westerns and, of course, the society play, which will always be popular with the masses, because it is the romance of wealth and ease. It says to the crowd what the spiritual expresses of the Negro's thoughts:

Golden slippahs Ah'm agoin' to weah
When Ah join de hebbenly throng.

Silks and satins! Butlers and bathrooms! Perfumes and palaces! Maybe for the crowd some day! If not, wonderful to contemplate, anyway. The society play will always be with us. As will the Western.

Right there, I know, you think I'm wrong. You have heard that Tom Mix isn't so popular as he used to be, and that ol' Bill Hart is sulking somewhere in California because his last picture rolled over on its back and meekly died with its legs in the air.

This market *has* slumped, it's true—because of overproduction. "Quickies," made on the same location chosen for the big pictures, have been flooding the country.

But—and don't forget it—the American cowboy is the most romantic figure the screen has ever known. There he rides, the gallant fellow, sombrero down over his reckless, steady eyes. His neckerchief flows in the wind. His horse's mane and tail are flowing. Mountains in the background; plains all around him. The prairie wind sings as he flies. Why, he's magnificent!

A vivid picture on memory's wall is a visit William S. (Shakespeare) Hart paid to Chicago at the time when he was the hero of all boys and men, and extremely popular with many women. He came up to the *Tribune* to call on me, all nice and modest in a gray suit and blue tie; and everybody on the paper was quite as thrilled as the kids surging about in the street outside.

I SHOWED him all over the place, proudly introducing him right and left. And when we got to the office of a man who would slay me were I to mention his name, there was—a shrine!

On a chair by the wall stood a vase of flowers—somewhat withered, it must be admitted. Over the chair hung a very bad picture of Mr. Hart, hurriedly commandeered from the "morgue" and draped with a flag for the occasion.

And the man I shall not name and a boon companion—both, heaven knows, staid enough citizens most of the time—teetered about, red faced and pleased with themselves, and told Mr. Hart, who looked just as foolish as they did, what a swell actor they thought he was and how they *always* went to see his pictures.

Ah, the good old days!

Do you remember all the war pictures? And how the movie stars came to the front and sold bonds?

I'll never forget the rainy Saturday I spent with Mary Pickford—lovely, gracious, earnest little person, never for a moment spoiled by adulation and prosperity—whose ready smile and warm hand belonged that day to any who would have them, as she campaigned in Chicago.

And there was another memorable occasion when I went all about Chicago and vicinity with Douglas Fairbanks, who bounced whole heartedly into the midst of things

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THESE MODERN, COLORFUL

RADIO TABLES

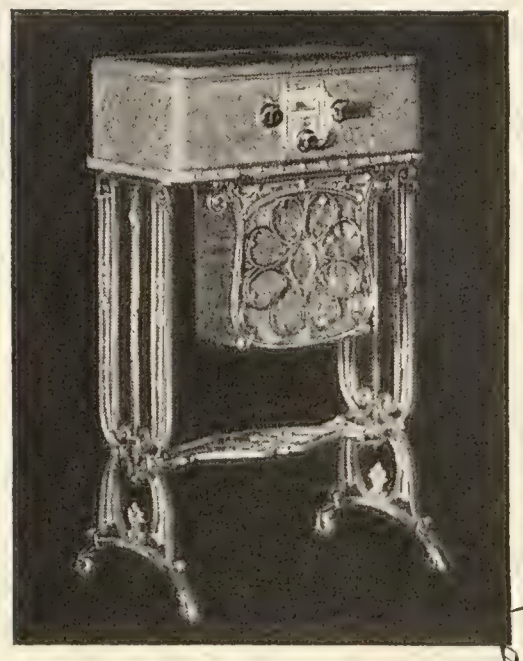
with Benches to match complete the decorative ensemble of your radio corner

MARKEL has captured the spirit of the modern receiving set in these new tables and benches—and he has wrought them in metal in designs and finishes that complete the decorative ensemble for your radio corner.

Distinctive, modern—but in thorough good taste for any home: colorful, harmonious—to match the beauty of the new sets and to complement the decoration of your home.

Priced so moderately that you will recognize the sound business judgment of insisting that your receiver be mounted on a Markel Table with Bench to match.

Ask your dealer to show you the two models illustrated. If you have a satisfactory speaker he is equipped to supply you with your choice of table without speaker assembly. Or write direct to Markel Electric Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



A MARKEL Product

Illustrated above Heraldic Model B; below Conventional Model A. Benches to match both models. Sizes to fit the most popular radio sets including Atwater Kent, Crosley, Freshman, Fada, Kolster, RCA, Spartan, Steinite, Stewart-Warner and others. Prices without Speaker $17.50; with RCA Speaker $47.50; with Peerless Speaker $45.00; Utah Speaker $32.50. Benches to match in red or green velour $9.50. Slightly higher west of Rockies. Beauty, durability at a negligible cost!

The Gift that only you CAN GIVE

EVEN the fortunate few who have "everything" will treasure your photograph as a distinctive gift that defies duplication. You can confer no greater compliment than to give *your photograph* to your friends. Arrange *now* for your appointment for Christmas.

PHOTOGRAPHS *Live Forever*

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

THIS emblem is the mark of a master photographer; a craftsman who embraces new-fashioned ideas, old-fashioned ideals.

VISIT YOUR FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHER ONCE A YEAR

[MEMOIRS OF A MOVIE CRITIC]
Continued from page thirty-nine

and lured much money into the coffers of Uncle Sam. (That was long before he and Mary were married.)

Marguerite Clark braved the mumps to plead for the Third Liberty Loan. And so it went.

Those were the days when bands were playing, hearts were breaking, *all* were giving. And none more generously of their time and money than the movie people.

After the war—and the enactment of the Volstead act—the jazz picture came into its own, callioping wildly. It is still with us to some extent, but we're yawning in its face now and demanding sane food for a saner day. The war comedy has succeeded the war film, and the society play has taken unto itself sophistication.

The underworld movie is, of course, our latest and strongest meat, and probably will continue to be such till Chicago's world famous slogan, "Johnny, get your gat!" has resolved itself into something more civilized. Under a rotten régime of which she is at present cleansing herself vigorously, our great packing center has proved a fertile feeding ground for scenario writers.

Hollywood never, by any chance, makes just *one* picture of anything. It is a great sheep community.

PEOPLE have asked me lots of times, "Didn't they ever try to bribe you?"

No, never. "They've" tried to get my job, but nobody has ever suggested that I'd *get* something as a reward for doing or not doing something. I will say, though, that some folks *did* hate me like poison because of reviews unfavorable to their productions. If the "knock" came after I had seen the picture in a theater, they would voice the opinion that either I hadn't seen the film or else had been in no condition to see it when I had. Indigestion, possibly. Possibly something worse.

If "they" had shown it to me in a projection room—why, *that* was the reason. How could I judge a picture seen in a projection room? Properly to appreciate their work of art, I should have had the "crowd response." And they would act something terrible and refuse to show me pictures in projection rooms any more.

Delegations would appear at the *Tribune* requesting my immediate removal.

But all that has been over for years. Producers today value honest criticism. They have come to see that if *all* criticisms were favorable it wouldn't be criticism. And that if all criticism were favorable nobody would read it. They have learned how much the *Tribune* policy of never permitting advertising to interfere with editorial opinion has meant to them. They can't buy a review—and neither can their competitor.

Did you ever stop to think how subtitles have changed since the old days? The "Came the dawn" brand used to be decidedly the berries. But just let anybody spring it today and try to get away with it! No can do.

The movie optience, once so uncritical that, in a death scene, the mourner, with tears rolling down her cheeks as she bent over the dear deceased, could say, wringing her hands, "For the last time, *what* did you do with my curling iron?" and never get a rise, is now an educated gathering. It reads lips readily, and demands that its subtitles be snappy and to the point. Today clever title writers receive large salaries—and, if you ask me, their day has only begun to break.

As I write this we are confronted by the "talkie." The Vitaphone and the Movietone have decreed that the silent drama need be silent no longer. *Need* not be. Whether or not it will remains to be seen. Jesse Lasky thinks that the talking movie is the only one the future will know; but opinions differ. How much of the success of the cinema has depended upon the restfulness of its absence of sound?

The motion picture industry has spent billions perfecting itself for its appeal to the eye. Great theaters have been built round the idea of providing the eye, as it translates, with sensuous surroundings and music. When it is all different—when shadows speak with loud voices, when the peaceful twilight silence is shattered—will the motion picture call to us as it has done in the past?

I don't think so—now. But then, I do often change my mind. And the sound inventions are, as yet, so far from perfect. Perfected—well, we shall see.

As for the subtitle writer we were speaking of, he must now write "lines." If the talkie is to prosper, they must sparkle. A great field here, and one, it is to be feared, that will never be filled to capacity.

MENTION of great movie theaters of today reminds me of the hot, smelly little houses where I saw my first pictures. They weren't so bad in winter; but in summer—a lot of exclamation points!

Now, it is indeed the "good old summertime" for the motion picture critic, for most of the places showing "first runs" are ice cooled and delightful havens from sizzling heat outside. And in winter they are cozily warm and excellently ventilated.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Liberty Will Pay $50 APIECE

for ideas for the continuation of Leslie Thrasher's remarkable series of Sandy and Lil covers.

Every one except LIBERTY employees is eligible to compete. Address your suggestions to Leslie Thrasher, Cover Contest, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

No communications will be returned, or correspondence entered into relative to this contest. Mr. Thrasher will determine who gets credit for the ideas he uses.

And so a million men have switched to MOLLÉ Shaving

"A million men can't be wrong" say the college chaps. So give your face a "break" and buy MOLLÉ. Get the giant half-buck tube from your druggist—or send a dime for the seven-day tube that has shown a million men the way to quicker, smoother shaving. Now we're working on the second million—come on along!

A whale of a tube for 50c—your druggist has it

The MOLLÉ Company, Cleveland, Ohio

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY,
Dept. 72A, Cleveland, O.
Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which please send a week of MOLLÉ Shaves, to:

Name.....

St. No.....

City.....*State*.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

Here are some news notes, selected at random from old scrapbooks, that may intrigue your memories:

Lillian Gish came to town, and she told me the reason she wiggles so much in her pictures is because Mr. Griffith tells her to. He says all young things wiggle and jump up and down.

* * *

Gossip has it that Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan are soon to marry.

* * *

Edith Storey has adopted an owl.

* * *

Adéle Rowland, envied wife of Conway Tearle, says she not only darns her husband's socks but she helps him—answer his mash notes. Girls!

* * *

Mrs. Sidney Drew is collecting hatpins for the convalescent soldiers at the United States army base hospital, so the boys can make bead necklaces of them and thus secure pin money while waiting for pay day.

* * *

Set your mind at rest regarding Constance Talmadge. She declares she positively won't marry for years to come. "The dear public," says Constance, "has a positive mania for marrying me off, but I don't want to marry till I'm sure I've got the right man. I want to steady down and keep my eye on the only one, when I get him. Haven't even cast an eye on him yet."

* * *

Elsie Janis has begun work on her first Selznick picture.

AND this, written in July of 1919:

The poor old pictures are going to have an awful time getting along without their booze! No more will we be allowed to see:

Prize fighters beating their helpless young; beautiful ladies gratifying an inherited taste for alcohol; maudlin youth in the cabarets; infants staggering under loads of hard cider; prohibition lecturers slipping from the paths of virtue; murders committed by him or her who tells the court that "My God, I was drinking and didn't know what I was doing"; the maid induced toward her first false step by a thimbleful of rum; the mining camps, desert oases, lumberjacks' hangouts, soldiers' drink dens, and all the other places entered periodically by our stalwart screen heroes on missions of rescue.

What's Bill Hart going to do? What's Douglas Fairbanks going to do? What's Monroe Salisbury going to do?

For if without red liquor
No one commits a crime,
As soda water experts
Inform us all the time,
Without our picture heroes,
Alas, how soon we'll be!
For they'll have nothing left to save
When the whole world's drinking tea.

(Writing this has been so much fun! I could just keep on and on . . .!)

THE END

THIS year National Bellas Hess celebrates its 40th Anniversary with a big fall and winter sale. This is not an ordinary sale, but a stupendous money-saving event during which you can buy your wearing apparel or children's wear, or piece goods, or household necessities at the lowest prices you will find anywhere. This is an honest statement of fact that you can verify by comparing our prices with what you have to pay anywhere else for equal quality. National Bellas Hess, during its 40 years of business life, has earned an enviable reputation for style leadership and quality merchandise. National Bellas Hess does business on a strictly money-back basis. You must be satisfied or no sale. Accept with our compliments this huge, two-pound, 40th Anniversary Style Book, beautifully printed in Full Colors, Rotogravure and Black and White Half-Tones, and if you are not convinced that you will make greater savings at National Bellas Hess than anywhere else this fall and winter, you are under no obligation to buy. Listed below are several examples of our exceptional money-saving values.

Women's Silk Dresses	*from*	$6.98 to $25.00
Women's Coats	*from*	$4.98 to $59.95
Women's Wash and Sport Dresses	*from*	$1.00 to $10.98
Millinery	*from*	.89 to $7.50
Women's Shoes	*from*	$1.98 to $7.98
Girls' Dresses	*from*	.98 to $6.98
Boys' Wash and Woolen Suits	*from*	.44 to $15.98
Men's Suits	*from*	$13.50 to $29.50
Men's Work and Dress Shirts	*from*	.89 to $6.89
Children's Shoes	*from*	.98 to $2.98
Hosiery	*from*	6 pairs for 59c to $1.95 a pr.

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO. INC. *New York and Kansas City*

Clip *and* mail this Coupon *which* brings you FREE *our huge* 2-lb. *Book of Bargains*

NATIONAL BELLAS HESS CO., Inc.
267 West 24th Street, New York City
638 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York headquarters—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City Store.) Kindly send me my free copy of your Huge Two Pound, Fall and Winter Style Book of Anniversary Sale Bargains.

Name.....

Address.....

P.O.....State.....

Chester

MILD *enough for anybody*

What a cigarette meant there

Down from a starless sky . . . and after hours of utter strain, a moment of utter relaxation. Safety after peril . . . rest after struggle . . . companionship after lonely vigil . . . no wonder the solace of a friendly cigarette has a place of its own in men's hearts.

What a cigarette means *here*

Up from the sun-drenched earth—drowsily nourished under smiling skies, the tender leaves of tobacco ripen into gold or bronze.

From what soil and rain and summer sun prepare, we *select* the prize lots. Aroma and fragrance from Turkey; from old Virginia and the Carolinas, rare mildness; mellow "body" from Kentucky. We "age" it and blend it . . . and from earth's choicest tobaccos we give you Chesterfield.

And about six million smokers tell us it's more than worth all the trouble we take!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Harvesting a fine stand of "bright" tobacco and hauling by sledge to the curing barn.

field

. *and yet* THEY SATISFY

AUTOMATIC Motor Protection *on these fine cars*

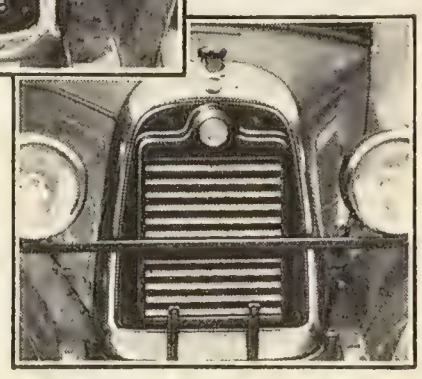
Dictates Automatic Motor Protection for Your Car

AUTOMATIC MOTOR PROTECTION has been accepted by the automobile industry to guard costly motors against the great danger of cold. These makers have already adopted it. They are through asking their owners to pay the price exacted by the enemy cold.

They had their choice of two ways. The one—a method that leaves this vital operation to memory and guesswork. The other — one that works positively—dependably—automatically and with scientific precision.

HUPMOBILE 8
CHRYSLER 75 *and* 80
DODGE SENIOR SIX
CADILLAC
LA SALLE • LINCOLN
PIERCE-ARROW

Illustrating the Willys-Knight equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront



Illustrating the Whippet equipped with Pines Automatic Winterfront

They chose the latter. And in their choice lies the biggest reason why you, too, must choose automatic motor protection — if you want to avoid the damage of cold.

Pines Winterfront stops the damage of cold

Pines Automatic Winterfront completely covers the radiator, and remains closed until the motor is warm enough to operate without damage to vital parts. The shutters then begin to open, *automatically*, allowing the entrance of exactly enough cool air to maintain a scientifically correct temperature.

When you park your car, Winterfront closes completely while your motor is still hot. You cannot walk away and forget it. There is no chance for dangerous neglect.

With a Winterfront on your car, you "warm-up" in seconds. The "choke" habit disappears. Your motor starts quicker and easier with less battery strain. Your car is warm inside—your motor runs with summer smoothness and flexibility.

Winterfront is easily installed

Your dealer will equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront in a few minutes. Moderately priced — it will pay for itself many times over — and will give you years of service. Thermostats are guaranteed.

Equip at the first sign of cold weather

You get the warning signal in coughing, spitting noises and delayed starting. You reach for the "choke"—and instantly a flood of raw gasoline hits ice-cold metal. Oil is washed away from glass-like surfaces. Metal grinds against metal at a terrific speed, producing friction no motor can stand. Excessive dilution follows, fouled spark plugs, extreme carbonization, corrosion and rapid cylinder wear. This is the damage you pay for in the spring. *Damage that can now be totally avoided.*

Motor Protection Must Be Automatic

Accept no substitute. Pines Winterfront is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. Pines Winterfront Company, 404 No. Sacramento Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

249

PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

"There'll Be a Hot Time *in the* Old Town Tonight!"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

AN Indian summer breeze whisked through the window and dropped a leaf upon Lil's mopped before breakfast kitchen floor. It ruffled the yellow net curtains, coaxed the southeast corner of one into the windowsill flypaper, and then whisked out again laden with the domestic odors of soapy dishwater and coffee.

It was one of Lil's I'm glad I'm married to Sandy mornings. She'd sent him off with lips still smacking from her salty kippered herring, butter sauce, and gloriously brown popovers. She'd tucked a golden pippin into his overcoat pocket between an extra handkerchief and a $100 first mortgage bond he'd bought with business bonuses during October.

The baby's stomach still ached from being held à la seesaw across the fire escape rail while waving to papa. Uncle Ulysses was wreathed in the smoke of his 10 A. M. stogy.

This week's cover picture

"By December we'll have enough cigar and soap certificates to buy a high chair," Lil murmured.

"I'll buy it myself!" Uncle Ulysses told her. "The very next time I'm downtown near Flynn's. That is, I will if you'll give me a kiss."

"A kiss?" she giggled. "Did you say *a* kiss? I'll give you one for each year of my age." And she gave him sixteen pecks!

"I'll miss you two young love birds," he said. "But I think I'll be going home soon. Then I'll run down again Christmas so I can dress up as Santa for the baby. I've opened a checking account for him in the Central Capitol. Just draw on it for any little necessities, my dear, and I'll keep it up to five hundred."

"Uncle!" exclaimed Lil, with a pig squeal. "Of all things! Why, the baby will be spoiled! But you are the dearest thing in this world, and please stay visiting us until after Election Day anyway."

"I will, my dear," he told her, deciding to give her some of the family diamonds in his safe deposit box, "if you'll permit me to pay the November rent." He had a subtle sense of humor!

"You'll have to decide that with Sandy," Lil smiled. "You've done too much for us already! I'll cook you buckwheat cakes and hermits for lunch so you'll have strength enough to march in the parade this afternoon. I'm going to watch from Ma's piazza."

Yes, Great Uncle Ulysses Grant Simpson was marching with the Veterans of Foreign Wars in the big political parade that afternoon.

The man was very excited. All the thrills of his life had been centered around his two banks and the hillsides of Cuba in 1898. He prided himself upon a nervous state resulting from confining bank routine—before the popularity of golf—and a lung that had acted queer since it was inflated at San Juan Hill.

"One of my indigestion powders, please," he begged after lunch, not meaning to include the *in*. "Those hermits were deliciously delicatessen, my dear, but I ate too many." He didn't mention their weight or the one hard ball of unmixed soda which his tongue had distastefully discovered.

A smell of camphor and tar paper. A drab brown coat. The glint of a sword. A squashed in hat. Uncle U.'s Spanish American War uniform, which had been shipped down from his own home town.

"Let me fit the hat over my small double boiler," Lil offered. "It'll get back into shape while I help you dress up. You'll look like a Rough Rider again and I'll be so proud. We women respect a man more in a uniform. Take movie ushers—"

"Take a tuck in the band of these pants," her uncle directed. "My stomach has decreased. My waist used to measure forty. And talk about chest expansion! Say, down in Cuba the men would stand around after mess just to watch my chest expansion. By the way, I think I smell burning leather."

Lil rushed to the kitchen and rescued the limp hat from her hominy filled boiler.

"Remember the Maine!" Uncle U. yelled a few minutes later when he was all dressed up ready to kill imaginary guerrillas. "Santiago! Jungle fever! The North and South, brothers in arms! El Caney! Damn the tropics! Where's my medal?"

"Right here," Lil whispered, wondering if the baby had understood this uncouth war talk. "And let me pin your hat up on this side so it will tip down over your weak right eye."

"Rain! Mud! Yellow fever! El Paso! Good-by, Spanish onions! There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight!"

(Next week's cover adventure: A Shaving Skit)

A voice sounded near him when the song was done. "Lovely," it said. "What is it? I don't know the piece."

Total Disability

The Story of a Romance in the Dark

By

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Pictures by J. W. SCHLAIKJER

FOR a year he had been in darkness. He had begun to feel he couldn't stand it much longer.

Major Loughlin and Captain Hughes and other members of the hospital staff still lied to him cheerfully.

"There's always hope, old man," they said.

But he knew better. The staff had worked so many miracles on him, they liked to think they could fix this too.

Shell shock; incipient T. B. from gas, bullet smashed legs, a fragment of a G. I. can in his left hip—he clicked them off. How many years? How many visits to the butcher shop? It didn't matter. All these were empty triumphs, since that slug behind his eyes had got him in the end.

The light had started to grow dim at the base hospital in France; it flickered and was gray and then went out, despite all the doctors could do. Finee, and here he was—First Lieutenant George Jellife, Thirty-fifth Machine Gun Battalion, A. E. F.

Classification: total disability.

Total disability. For a while he had tried to stick it.

"Well, what do you want to make of yourself, young man?" the occupational therapy director asked him with hearty optimism.

So he had piddled around with their raffia and wicker reeds and broom straws. But the old morale was pretty well shot. The petty noises of the work got to him in a week. After a long sulk he asked for a typewriter; at least, that had a clattering liveliness. He learned the touch system and a line count for pages and how to handle the margins; he was very good at it. The boys in the ward dictated letters to him.

Colonel Sellers, the commanding officer, tried to fit him into routine at the hospital office; but he realized he was slowing things up there through inability to copy reports or use shorthand, and quit.

"PERHAPS someone who can dictate directly or has a dictaphone would take you on, Jellife," the colonel said kindly. "Let's run an ad, eh?"

They were all so darned nice about it, he took a brace and agreed. Four times an advertisement reading as follows had been in the papers:

> Blind war veteran can do typing from direct dictation or dictaphone. U. S. Veterans Hospital, Box 735.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Firefly never caused a fire

Not a house or a barn or a forest has ever been destroyed by a Firefly Lighter. Not a single fire has been started accidentally either inside the pocket or out of it.

A Firefly is the safe lighter for the pocket and the house—safe from little fingers that know no better or from careless older ones that throw away supposedly extinguished matches.

Even among lighters the Firefly is the safety lighter. It is impossible for it to fly open in the pocket and burst into flame. Yet when you *need* it, a quick touch of the thumb gives you a sure unfailing light. And because of a patented cap that seals-in the vapor and fluid, the Firefly gives most lights for each filling.

Firefly Lighters, in a wide variety of metal, leather and specialty finishes, sell at prices from $4.50 up. If your local shops are unable to show you a range of Fireflies, write for an illustrated circular.

CLARK LIGHTER CO., Inc.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York

FIREFLY

A CLARK LIGHTER

ALWAYS WORKS

[TOTAL DISABILITY
Continued from page forty-five]

There had been more than a dozen answers. He had tried out jobs offered by an American Legion post, a women's club, and an elderly Rotarian; but, one after the other, they turned out to be charity offers. Acutely sensitive, he saw through the good hearted lies by which his benefactors endeavored to persuade him his help was really needed. His pride rebelled.

HE didn't want to be in the way. Back at the hospital, he fell to brooding. He told himself that if he ever did land a job outside he'd have an opportunity to get himself out of the way entirely. Here in Ward D he was watched too closely. Besides, it was too much like the firing line here; he couldn't show yellow at the front. He knew how his buddies felt about him. During blue spells each man said to himself: "Well, there's Jellife. If *he* can—I ought to be able to."

Perhaps that was the hardest part of all to bear. Their pity. It was in their voices, in their handshakes. They didn't thump his back any more; they patted him on the shoulder. Even Rudy Marks, paralyzed from the waist down, and Tom Bigelow, so cracked up he'd have to spend the rest of his life in a cast, pitied him.

They played grand opera music for him on the phonograph, when he knew they liked Two Black Crows better. Music? It was a bitter delight. Long ago he had had an ambition to be a composer. But the symphonies he dreamed had been lost ages back in ether rumbles. Or was it Jerry's barrage that had drowned them out?

No matter. He must not think about that or he would have another period of self pity and act the baby once more. The tear ducts in his eyes still worked, confound them.

With well meaning but cruel persistence, his friends at the hospital suggested that he answer some of the other letters.

"Here's a girls' school, George—listen, let me read you what they say." A pet for sentimental flappers, eh? "Why don't you try the wholesale house, George? They say most of their work is dictaphone stuff." In a big office stumbling over everybody's feet? "Listen, George—a friend of mine knows a guy that has a jazz orchestra. You could toot a sax by ear—sure you could." Jazz?

He hated himself for snarling at them.

To put an end to it, he sent word by an orderly one day that he wished the advertisement withdrawn. The letters stopped.

He told himself he was glad. He called himself all kinds of a fool for expecting he could fit in anywhere.

Total disability? It was total, all right.

Let's see, what did Milton say? And, oh, yes, he must remember about Helen Keller. And then his throat would ache.

It was particularly bad the day he had a caller.

"There's a woman to see you in the sun parlor, Mr. Jellife," said an orderly.

Jellife growled, but his heart pounded. He told the orderly to get his uniform blouse, and when he had put it on he tapped his way (forty-six steps, and watch out for the medicine table at the count of thirteen and a half) to the end of the corridor. (You know you're in the sun parlor because on a bright day you can feel the warmth on your face.)

A voice said:

"Mr. Jellife?"

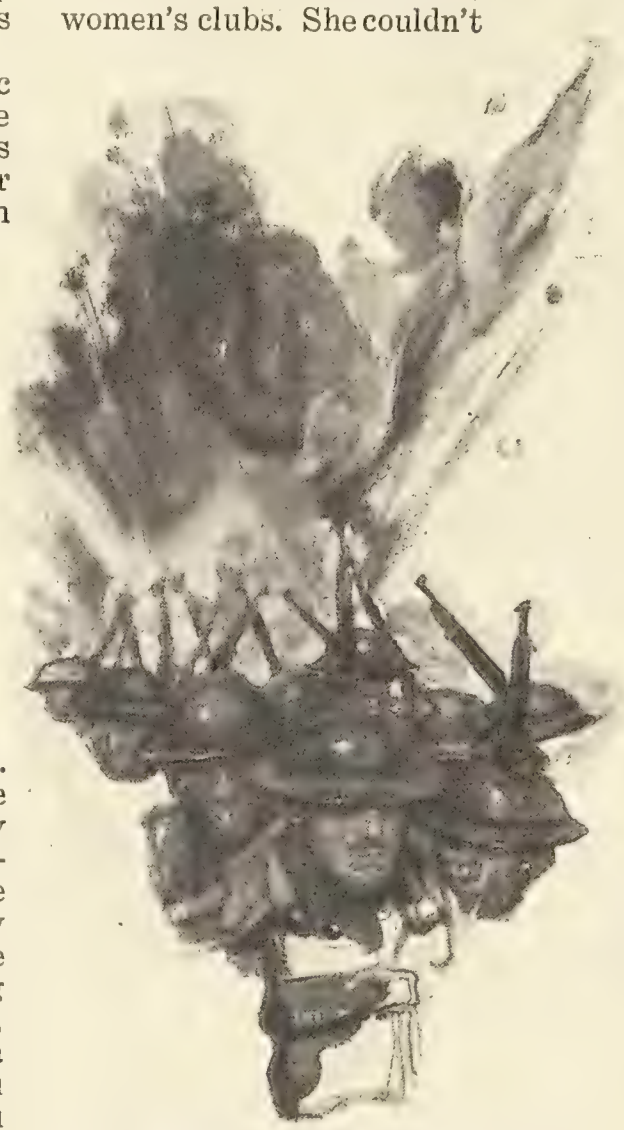
"Yes," said Jellife.

"Here is the chair." A hand at his elbow guided him into it. "We saw your advertisement in the *Post*. I am Mrs. Marion Johnson and I am calling in behalf of my niece, Shirley Reeves. She needs someone to help her with her work and thinks you would be just right for the job. You have heard of her?"

"I'm afraid not. My reading necessarily has been rather limited."

He liked her voice. There was directness in it and no pity.

"Shirley does a column for the *Express* and music and book reviews," she said with noticeable pride. "She also talks over the radio and addresses women's clubs. She couldn't



He couldn't show yellow at the front.

come with me today because she is behind with her work. She is working herself to death and she really ought to have help, and we thought that perhaps you would take the job. She could pay well—"

THE woman seemed to have forgotten about him. He attempted to remind her.

"Miss Reeves can get much better stenographers," he said bluntly, "if she can pay well. All I expect is work that doesn't pay well enough for anyone else to take. Please thank her for her philanthropy—"

Her laugh interrupted him.

"Shirley said that was exactly the attitude you would take. She told me to tell you she isn't one bit sorry for you. Whatever she pays you'll have to earn; and, believe me, Mr. Jellife, you *will*. That girl is a human buzz saw."

STIFFLY, "I still do not understand why she is offering the job to me."

His visitor hesitated a moment, started to say something, held it back, and finally, in the voice of a cautious person who is quoting a young and reckless spirit, said:

"Shirley heard about you from an American Legion man. She says she thinks you are a big baby—she told me to tell you that—and, well, I'll use her own words. She said: 'You just tell him to snap out of it and stop feeling sorry for himself. He's lucky to be alive at all. Ask him if those doctors slipped one over on him and removed his spine when he wasn't looking.' Her idea was to get you mad, of course. She is terribly clever."

Jellife felt himself reddening.

"Oh, I can tell that," he said.

"But you will take the job, won't you?"

Well, he wasn't going to be stampeded by some callow wisehead of a girl. All this up and at 'em, bloody but unbowed optimistic stuff left him very cold. Miss Shirley Reeves could afford to be a sunshiner. Lucky to be alive, was he? Pretty cheap and hollow, that sort of talk.

"No," said Jellife, "I won't take the job. Miss Reeves and I couldn't get along two minutes, I'm sure."

Mrs. Johnson laughed again.

"Shirley said you would say that, too. She said your first reaction would be one of angry resentment. She said you would think her unfeeling and shallow. Just before I left she told me, 'He'll call me a *Pollyanna* and dislike me intensely. Men say they don't want pity and sympathy, but they do. They like to brood. They want to drag the whole world into their personal tragedies, and when the world won't be dragged they sulk.' Shirley is so analytical. I declare, that girl reads *my* mind so well I'm afraid to think when she's around."

Jellife was stirred to words in his own defense.

"She's got me all wrong," he said. "I'm not asking for pity or sympathy. I advertised for a job because I want to get away from all that. I found that I couldn't. The advertisement has been withdrawn. I'm grateful for Miss Reeves' offer, but—"

"Oh, don't say 'no' before you've talked to Shirley. She wants you to call this afternoon. She will send a car for you. Won't you do that much?"

After all, he couldn't be a boor. He would call and listen to the proposition. But that was all.

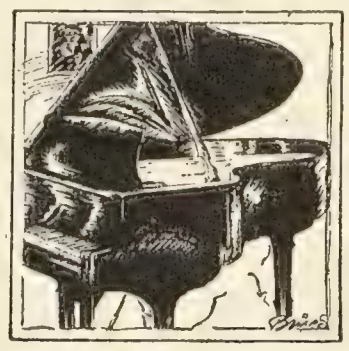
That was positively all. He thought he knew Shirley's kind. One of these plain spoken, bustling spinsters with a hankering for experimentation in social service theories.

"Thank you; I will call," he said.

"That's fine," said Mrs. Johnson, triumph in her voice and enormous pride. "Shirley said you would. You'll like Shirley. She is so *extremely* clever. She lives with me, you know, so I will see you this afternoon."

The car Shirley sent for him was a limousine. By its deep upholstery and soft purr he knew it for a wealthy woman's equipage. A Negro's voice had said: "There's the step, boss."

It was late November, but there were flowers in the tonneau. Roses. He fumbled for them and touched them with delight.



The journey was quite long. He recognized Mrs. Johnson's voice at the coach door. There were soft rugs in the hall. Mrs. Johnson said: "We go down two steps into the living room. There! Shirley, this is Mr. Jellife."

Two tiny heels clicked on the floor. A slim, warm hand grasped his. He caught a faint perfume fresher than the roses.

"I'm awfully glad you came," she said.

IT was a young voice, he guessed. He had come to be a connoisseur of voices. Against his prejudice, he found himself thinking it was the loveliest voice he had ever heard.

"Let's sit by the fireplace," Mrs. Johnson suggested.

Both women walked close to him, guided him.

"Do you know anything about music?" the girl said when they were seated, and then hurried on: "I told myself that you did. I was just sitting here anxiously waiting for you to come. Auntie and I have been arguing and I want a referee."

This beginning, spoken in a tumble of words, landed Jellife in a place prepared for him, and appeared to take for granted that he knew all about preliminary arrangements.

"I know a little about it," he said, "but I couldn't possibly act as a referee."

"You play, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Hooray! Prepare, then, to hear the case—"

"It's about a review of the 'pop' concert of the symphony orchestra she is going to write, Mr. Jellife," Mrs. Johnson broke in, using a tone which said: "Don't be alarmed. This is just her usual way of greeting perfect strangers as if she had known them all her life."

"Wait. Don't burden Mr. Jellife with a lot of unessential detail, auntie. Stick to the point. The point is whether Galinari wrongly interpreted Till Eulenspiegel. I say he bungled it frightfully, and auntie says I shouldn't pan him for the composer's own vagueness. Auntie thinks Strauss was a chucklehead. I say the troubles of *Till* are pathetic and the violins and trumpets should be tender. Galinari turned the piece into a raucous harlequinade. The principal theme, announced first by the violins, you remember—"

"Shirley is so intense about everything, Mr. Jellife," put in Mrs. Johnson.

"Auntie, will you please not interrupt? I demand a verdict from Mr. Jellife."

Jellife moistened his lips at this first taste of something which soothed an old hunger. Till Eulenspiegel; Strauss. How had Stowkowski—ah, he remembered.

"I think you're right, Miss Reeves," he said; "there is a wistfulness in the theme that oughtn't to be slaughtered."

She clapped her hands, said, "Bravo! There, auntie!" and was off on another subject. There was music in her voice. Somewhere near was a bowl of narcissi. The fire crackled and had a cozy warmth. A clock ticked.

Suddenly she said: "Oh, I forgot. We were to talk about business, weren't we?"

"I told Shirley what you said, Mr. Jellife," he heard Mrs. Johnson remark, "but she wouldn't believe me. She simply will not take no for an answer."

"Of course not," said Shirley. "I've just got to have Mr. Jellife as a coworker. We're two great minds that think as one—on Till Eulenspiegel, anyway! And besides, Mr. Jellife, it will be a good chance for you to brush up on your playing. I've a piano that Rachmaninoff liked when he came here to visit one time. I've got a Strad, too."

Sitting there, he saw through this job as he had the others. He didn't kid himself. It was charity—more adroitly offered than before, but still charity.

What help could he be to this girl? She or her aunt or each of them had money to hire a dozen stenographers and secretaries. Moreover, granting the sincerity of the offer—which he did not—what a job it was! Stenographer to a girl. And he—once upon a time—

"I can't take it," he said roughly. "I'm sorry, Miss Reeves—but—" he fished for an excuse—"I've halfway promised to do some other work."

"Oh, you must!" exclaimed the girl. "You must." And in her eagerness she forgot to be adroit. "I've got lots of things to talk to you about."

Talk of music and books; contact once more with the world that had become lost in the night. And in this room somewhere beyond his reach was a keyboard.

He weakened, hating himself for it.

WHEN she said: "Won't you try it for just a week, even?" and when Mrs. Johnson said: "You gave all the other jobs that much of a trial, didn't you?" he agreed to work for Shirley Reeves one week.

He didn't tell any of the gang in Ward D about his latest job. He just said: "I'll be working out next week."

The Johnson automobile called for him promptly at 8 o'clock Mon-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GENERAL ELECTRIC BATTERY CHARGERS

Be sure your *battery set* is at its best for ELECTION

Many a time a radio set is worth its weight in gold—but for this election it will prove absolutely priceless! Don't take any chances with your batteries. Have a General Electric Charger and be *sure* they'll be at their best. No fun to have them peter out just when the returns come pouring in!

General Electric Battery Chargers—Tungars—can be installed permanently. Then a mere turn of a switch at bed time produces fully charged batteries in the morning. No fuss or bother. And no uncertainty about having your set when you want it most!

More than a million Tungars are now giving good service. Ask your dealer which model will be best for your own set, or write to Section L-10, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

$14 2-ampere Tungar

$24 5-ampere Tungar

$10 Trickle Charger

(EAST OF THE ROCKIES)

GE Tungar REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Before Shaving

HINDS CREAM

After shaving,
Does your skin
Feel dry,
Stretched, and tight
As a drumhead?
Want to have that
Nice relaxed feeling,
And look well groomed
In the bargain?
After you shave,
Simply rub on
Hinds Cream
Till it dries in.
Borrow the wife's
Bottle and try it
Or send coupon.

Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

Then lather right over the Hinds Cream while it is still wet. Boy! what a clean, smooth, easy shave!

After shaving, rub in a little more Hinds Cream until your fingers cling. Your skin will feel soft and relaxed all day.

After Shaving

HINDS CREAM

©L. & F. INC., 1928

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Sole Distributors

Dept. 1538
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, so I can enjoy a smooth shave for once.

Name.....

Address.....

(This coupon not good after October, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

[TOTAL DISABILITY
Continued from page forty-seven]

day morning. Shirley had insisted on providing transportation to and from work. Wilce, the family houseman, led him to a small room off the living room, seated him at a desk with a padded swivel chair, and carried in his own typewriter.

He had just got settled when Shirley said "Good morning," from the doorway. She introduced someone else who was with her as "Miss Meyer," and Miss Meyer said in a prim voice: "How do you do?"

Shirley then explained, laughing: "She's my chaperon. Auntie won't let me gad about at night alone."

She seated herself in a chair by his desk, and Miss Meyer's footsteps receded.

"Now—" said Shirley, and her tone became crisp and businesslike. "Every morning from nine until eleven I am Mary Lou of the *Express*. I deal out advice to the lovelorn. I'm ready if you are."

"Go right ahead," Jellife said.

"Blue Eyes is the first today. Semicolon. This is a girl who wants to know if her boy friend loves her. They've been keeping company three weeks. He has taken her to the movies six times, but has not offered to pet. From what I gather, Blue Eyes would be quite willing. What would you advise, Mr. Jellife?"

Jellife started, then grinned, then considered her question gravely.

"It seems to me," he said, "that the boy friend is a mite bashful."

"Couldn't it be that he really loves Blue Eyes and respects her too much to become familiar?"

"That is what Blue Eyes would like to be told, anyway."

"Well, supposing it isn't so," said Shirley defensively, "it wouldn't hurt Blue Eyes to think it was, would it?"

"She might have a shock later on," said Jellife. "But, see here, *I'm* not Mary Lou."

"I prescribe the following for Blue Eyes—" The girl's voice sounded hurt and stiffish.

Jellife typed carefully as she dictated, thinking all the while, "What tripe!"

THEY worked without conversation through the next four answers. Broken Hearted was advised to give her erring husband one more chance; Bachelor Girl was told she mustn't steal her best friend's beau; Johnny B. got advice against squandering more than a quarter of his savings on the ring; Alice Ben Bolt received warning she must repulse the advances of the married man next door. Then Shirley came to J. H. B's letter. She hesitated.

"This man," she said, as if she had memorized the letter and was not consulting it, "is hopelessly paralyzed. He has a small income. He loves a girl and she wants to marry him. He asks if he should ask her to make the sacrifice. What do you say to that, Mr. Jellife?"

"I say he is a scoundrel to think of such a thing," said Jellife flatly.

"Why?"

HE tried to keep his voice impersonal, but he knew it sounded bitter and harsh:

"Because he's out of it. He doesn't belong. He can't live a normal life. If he had any manhood left he wouldn't think of imposing on some silly, sentimental girl's pity."

"I'll never agree with you," he said. "Very well," she replied, "we shall put the letter aside until tomorrow."

"Nonsense," said Shirley sharply. "They could be very happy if they loved each other enough."

"Happy? Rot! Could she be happy tied to a worthless hulk who is no good to himself and a burden to others?"

They argued the subject heatedly.

"Go on and dictate," he said after a time. "You're Mary Lou, you know."

She pounded a fist on the desk.

"I'm not going to dictate a word until you agree with me."

"I'll never agree with you," he said.

"Very well," she replied; "we shall put the letter aside until tomorrow."

She was still arguing with him when Mrs. Johnson came in to announce lunch.

Shirley went off somewhere with Miss Meyer, and Mrs. Johnson said to Jellife:

"How did you two get along?"

"Well enough," he said. "That is, we didn't fight any more than I expected."

"That comes from Shirley's red hair," she laughed. "Shirley is inclined to be bossy. She's always had her own way here. She has been with me since her parents died when she was a little girl."

"I lost my parents when I was young, too," said Jellife. Then, irrelevantly: "Is Shirley pretty?"

"Very," said Mrs. Johnson. "Sh-h—"

They were in the dining room.

After lunch he was caught up in the full swirl of Shirley's activities. She dictated women's club notes for an hour. Then she started on book reviews. One of the books was a novel by the popular author of The Pink Dress.

Shirley's voice had an acidulous quality. "So-and-so," quoth she, "is back at his old game of sentimentalizing sin. He's just as spurious in his way as the sunshiners are in theirs, only they exalt virtue and he exalts vice."

That started another argument, Jellife murmuring that, as a matter of fact, sin was much more glamorous than virtue.

"I say," retorted Shirley, "that if the same harsh realism is applied to unconventional behavior as is used nowadays in the treatment of conventionalism the effect would be twice as devastating."

The upshot of it was that Jellife put his tongue in his cheek while Shirley pitched into the popular novelist.

"That's sound," said Shirley, when she finished dictating. "You know it is."

"It's not," said Jellife. "My dear young lady, you know nothing at all about vice."

"I suppose you've been a regular devil."

"I've been to war."

Her voice softened in a twinkling.

"Let's not fight any more," she said.

"I deserve to be fired for arguing with my boss, anyway," said Jellife gruffly.

The end of the day came swiftly. He found himself regretful to be leaving.

"Tomorrow," she called after him as he was going out to the car, "there'll be music. I have to cover the Philharmonic, and you can listen on the radio and we'll compare notes."

They did not quarrel about the music.

"GREAT! Wasn't it?" she enthused, as he waited for her in the living room. "Van Goss is a real conductor. Did you notice how he handled Vaughan Williams' Pastoral? Lovely. No noise. No pyrotechnics. He's one of the few men who get out here who realize that sound is relative, and a simple forte chord can be as explosive as a triple f."

Jellife nodded delightedly.

"I've heard that thing butchered until it was a monotonous waste of

half obliterated contours," he said. "But Van Goss knows how to handle his pianissimo, even with the short themes and evasive rhythms Williams uses."

"Thomas Hardy put to music," the girl said. "I sat there and thought of The Return of the Native—mists and moors and the sad whisperings of the Fates."

Miss Meyer, who had accompanied Shirley, put in: "You'd better get right at your review, Shirley. It's got to be at the *Express* office by seven o'clock, Mr. Manion said."

Shirley and Jellife worked together on the review. When she searched for a phrase, he ventured to supply it, and was enormously pleased to hear her say: "That's it."

They debated, toward the end, on a characterization of Enescos' Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1. She was all for a genial dismissal, but he said: "See here—that's a blithe and agreeable thing, but unimportant. It's for groundlings. Say so." And she did.

"Oh, but you must stay for dinner," said Shirley, when the review was finished. "And afterward you must play for me."

He fought down the temptation. The afternoon had been enough. He must not bring to life too many memories. When this week was over and he was back at the hospital in a corner chair, he wanted no awakened melodies to haunt him.

"No," he said with bad grace. "Your stenographer is going home right now. He doesn't work overtime."

Going back to the hospital, Shirley's little cry of disappointment rang in his ears and he bit his lips hard.

WEDNESDAY morning she said: "Well, do you agree with my advice to J. H. B.? I must answer his letter soon. The poor man wrote a week ago."

Jellife banged the keys of his typewriter.

"Tell him if he marries that girl he ought to be horsewhipped."

She sighed. He felt her warm and vibrant nearness.

"You don't think men who are — handicapped — have any right to live, do you?"

Bitterness welled up in him.

"No, I don't. Certainly they haven't any right to marry."

"They're no different from anybody else."

"You know better than that."

She stamped her foot in impatience and twisted in her chair.

"Oh, can't you understand? *You're* no different."

"I'm no use."

"You are. You could do great things in music."

"Rot! I haven't played in ten years. As for composing—"

"You're just a big baby."

"All right; let it go at that. I'm ready for some more dictation."

Shirley was scheduled for a speech that afternoon before a women's club. Jellife said he might as well go back to the hospital if she had nothing for him to do.

"Do you read Braille?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, you're not going to get the afternoon off, then. Miss Meyer will bring you some books. Stay right here and read them. I may have some dictation when I get back."

THEY were quite recent books. He wondered where Shirley had got them and if she had bought them especially for him.

He read a long time—until his hands ached. Then, finding himself alone in the living room and the house silent, he was seized with restlessness.

He knew what he wanted. Twice he got up and started to search for it, then sat down again. The third time he tapped with his cane across the floor, and after visiting two corners of the room and knocking over a floor lamp, he found the piano.

Hot tears were on his cheeks as he fingered the cool keys. Haltingly, and softly, he began to play. He was surprised at the readiness with which he struck the notes. The Chopin E Minor piano concerto—how did it go? Ah—he was getting it—no, he had forgotten. Grieg next. It came a little better. Something simpler — Beethoven's Minuet. Then the Spring Song. Why—he could do it! If he'd only quit this damn snuffling. And what was that—coming out of the night?

The melody swept back to him. He had played it last in a Y. M. C. A. hut on a piano with three keys stuck. He remembered now. His fingers trembled. But he'd stopped snuffling. He dried his eyes on his coat sleeve and began the little song.

A voice sounded near him when the song was done.

"Lovely," it said. "What is it? I don't know the piece."

He turned toward Shirley, knocking his cane against the piano bench. He felt the hot blood in his face.

"I forget the name of it," he muttered.

"It's yours, isn't it?" she asked.

He hung his head.

"I wrote it when I was young and foolish," he admitted, with an attempt at flippancy. "I shouldn't have started all that again."

"Why?"

"It was hell even then," he said. "Now—let's get back to the typewriter. Will you please show me the way?"

"I won't. Stay right there and play some more."

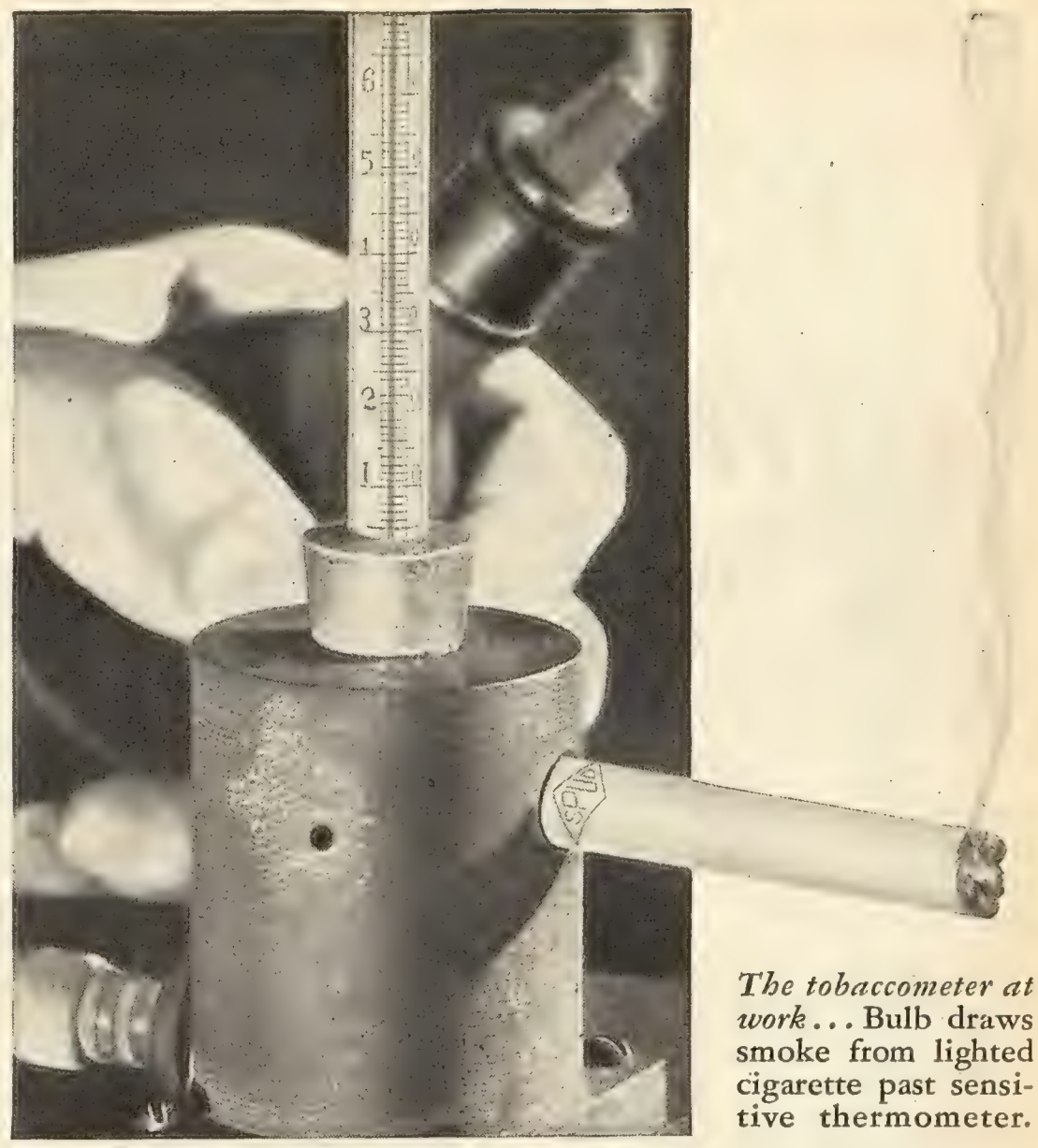
"Not another note," he said savagely.

His dreams had been for the daylight. By God, he'd not screech over them like an owl.

Before he recovered his self possession she was on the piano bench beside him. She put an arm about his shoulders and tried to turn him back to the keyboard.

"I didn't know you could do any-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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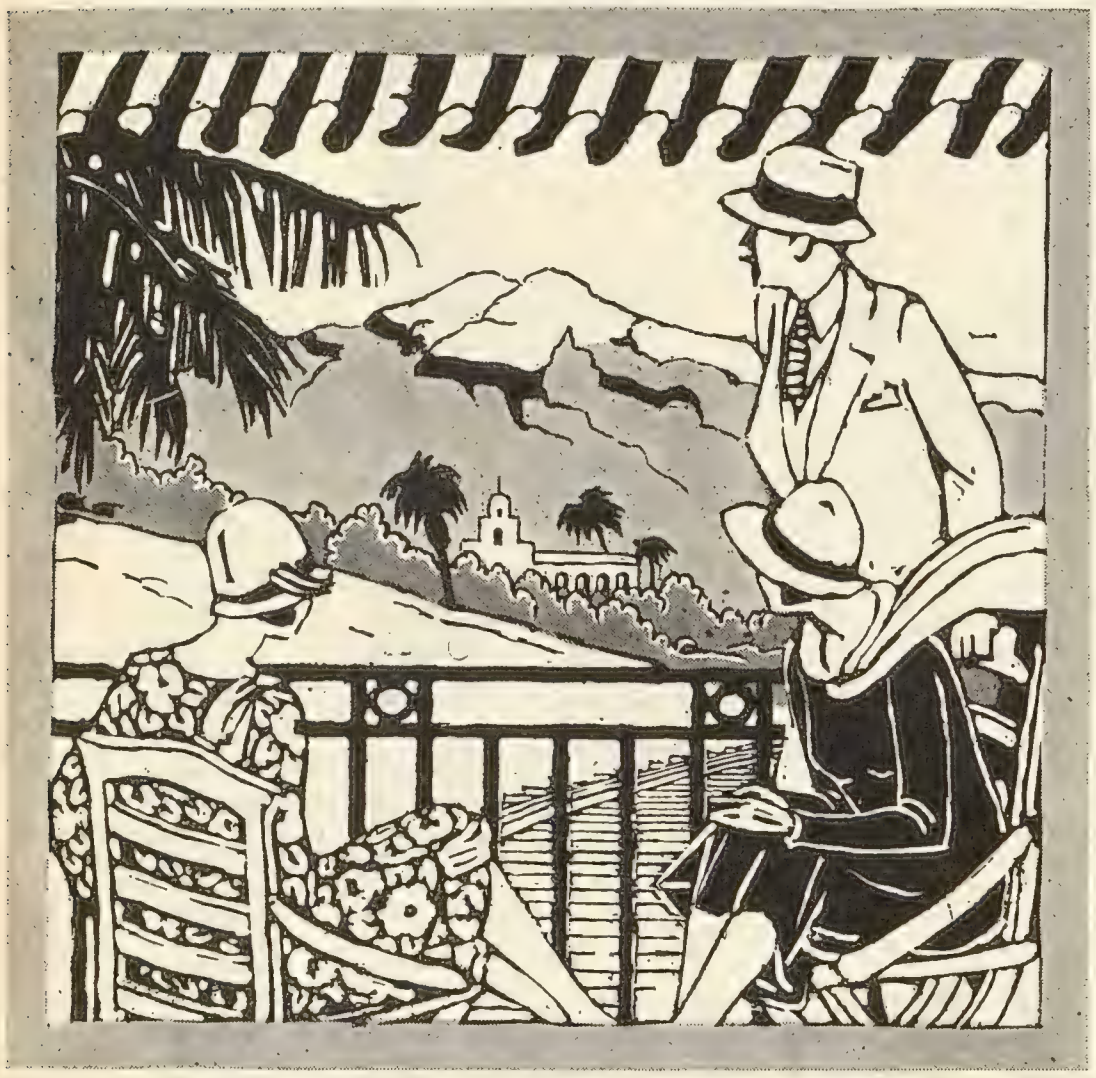

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

[TOTAL DISABILITY
Continued from page forty-nine]

thing like that," she said intensely. "I didn't *dream* you could. Show me how it goes."

He jerked away from her roughly and stood up.

Mrs. Johnson entered the room just then, or perhaps she had been there all the time—he was not sure. She said:

"Here, you young people, stop quarreling. Shirley! If Mr. Jellife doesn't want to play any more he doesn't have to. Don't be so dictatorial. I declare!"

She placed a hand on Jellife's arm and walked away with him to the divan by the fireplace.

Shirley, in a rage, hurled snippy remarks after him. "Big Baby," she said. "Big baby. I didn't want to hear your silly old piece, anyway."

Going back to Ward D that evening Jellife told himself he was a fool for ever agreeing to try this job even as long as a week.

It would take him a year to get over these last few days. They had spoiled him. He *was* a big baby. There he had sat snuffling over a few silly tunes, pitying himself for the career he had lost. Poor, blind, broken fool. Oh, yes, he'd be a composer, would he?

He could see himself tapping after a world that was somewhere in this vast blackness before his eyes with a sheaf of music under his arm and a government pension in his pocket.

Greetings, Mr. Jellife, and will you take the baton for your own symphony?

What?

Oh, you have a little difficulty in seeing the orchestra?

So sorry. And the tunes? Well, let's play them once for the poor chap. He's blind, you know.

BUT these were not the bitterest thoughts that came to torment Jellife in Ward D that night. He felt Shirley's arm about his shoulders again; the slim, soft warmth of her young body close to him.

Vivid, intense, and *normal,* Shirley was.

Why had he allowed her to waste so much as an hour of her full life on him? Why had he been unmanned by the temptations of hothouse flowers, soft rugs, a girlish voice, limousine rides, and interesting work to do?

They were not for him. They were Shirley's. If he kept going back to that house, he knew what would happen. He'd fall in love with Shirley.

The gang kidded him at bedtime.

"Pretty soft for you, Georgie," yelled Tom Bigelow across five beds. "They tell me you've been adopted by a rich uncle."

"Not an uncle, buddy," said Rudy Marks. "I hear there's a girl who's going to be a big sister to him."

Jellife winced at Rudy's chance shot.

Tomorrow would be his last day at Shirley's. Absolutely his last day.

But when tomorrow came, Shirley gave him no opportunity to make the break. She met him at the door and said:

"Turn right around. You and I are going for a ride. I've a big idea. I'm going to write a life of Beethoven. I want to talk to you about it and fight with you about it where auntie isn't always around to rescue you. I've got a plan for you, too. William, help Mr. Jellife into the car."

William, the Negro chauffeur, helped them both in.

Shirley said: "To the country, William."

The windows of the car were down; it was a crisp, wintry day, and she snuggled against him under a rug.

"You should be doing concert work and writing music," she said. "I want you to write a symphony on the war."

He knew, with a sudden sick aching in his chest, that with Shirley beside him like this he felt capable of doing both the things she suggested.

But Shirley would not ride with him again into the country.

Soon he would have to tell her that he must go away. Here she was, wasting more of her precious hours on him.

He wondered, in a flash of uneasy thoughts, if Shirley had many suitors.

Red haired and beautiful, with a voice like hers? Of course Shirley had suitors. Strong young chaps who could look at sunsets with Shirley and see her eyes and watch her smiles. How he envied them!

"Tell me about the book," he said, when he could trust himself to speak calmly.

THEY rode nearly all day. At noon they stopped at a roadhouse forty miles from the city, and William brought them sandwiches and coffee.

They rode and talked, but she could not get him to say he would have a try at concert work or composing.

"I would only be a curiosity for people to gawk at," he told her. "Nothing I did would be taken at its face value. They would make allowances out of charity."

"They wouldn't. They wouldn't," she repeated many times, and at last tearfully.

So he had to change the subject. He couldn't have Shirley crying.

When they got to Shirley's house in the late afternoon, she said: "Come inside and play for me. Please."

He knew it was the time to say "No, Shirley. This is the end. I am quitting my job tonight. You won't be bothered with me any more."

The words stuck in his throat, where the lump was; and, at her command, William steered him into the hall. Wilce took his coat and hat.

He felt her hand on his arm. She walked with him very slowly into the living room.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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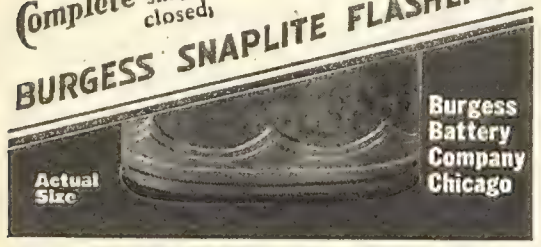

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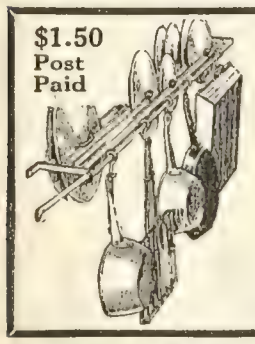

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

She let him bump into the piano bench quite hard, and apologized, saying:

"I'm not a very good guide, am I?"

They sat down together.

"Now play," she commanded. "Something of your own."

He started a little known sonata.

"That's not yours," she said. "Play something you wrote."

"I was young," he said in a choked voice. "I only wrote love songs."

"Play me a love song," she whispered.

Well, he played the love song, which he shouldn't have done. It left him trembly inside and drunk with the fragrance of Shirley's hair.

They sat silent, while a clock ticked in the hall.

Shirley put out a hand to the keyboard and caught up the last refrain. It echoed sweetly in the room.

When everything was still again he felt her turn toward him.

"You love me, don't you, George?" she asked.

The question did not startle him. It seemed part of the music.

"Yes," he said, "I do."

Clumsily she put her arms about him, and brought her forehead against his chin, and rubbed her face upward until her lips were on his.

He pushed her away with frantic hands and stood up.

"No," he said. "No. I'm going away. You mustn't do that, Shirley. You mustn't do that. Remember what I am."

HE must get away, quickly. He lurched in the direction of the steps leading up into the hall. His stumbling feet found them, but he took the wrong turn and brought up against a wall.

"George!" she called. "George! Where are you? Come back. Come back. Oh, George! I must find you."

As he fumbled along the wall for an opening, he heard her moving in the room.

"George!" she said again, and his acute ears caught uncertain, stumbling footsteps.

Suddenly there was a crash.

He remembered that a vase stood on a little table near the living room door.

In the clatter of its broken pieces, he knew.

Shirley was blind, too.

Before his sightless eyes there seemed to be a white radiance.

He turned from the wall and said:

"Oh, Shirley!"

They found each other by the hall steps.

"Shirley," he said, "why didn't you tell me?"

Her arms tightened around his neck.

It was a long time before she answered.

"I wanted to prove to you that it didn't make me any different from other girls," she said, "so you could realize it hasn't made you any different, either. Don't you understand, dear? Sunlight isn't the only light in the world."

THE END

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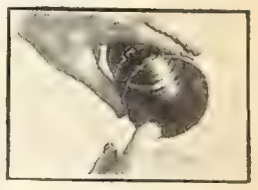

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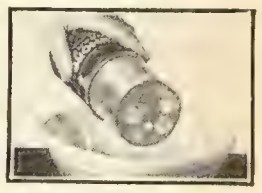

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VOX

That Nobile Story

BOSTON, MASS.—Someone should take this Knut (k silent) Stubbendorff in tow before he becomes a national joke. The very savor of his "Inside Story of the Nobile Tragedy" shows that he is restricted in practical knowledge, narrow, and prejudiced.

Being an American I am sure that my countrymen will not take this enlarged superfluity of words seriously, and will await with unbiased minds the uncovering of the whole story regarding this polar expedition.—*George F. Gaglini.*

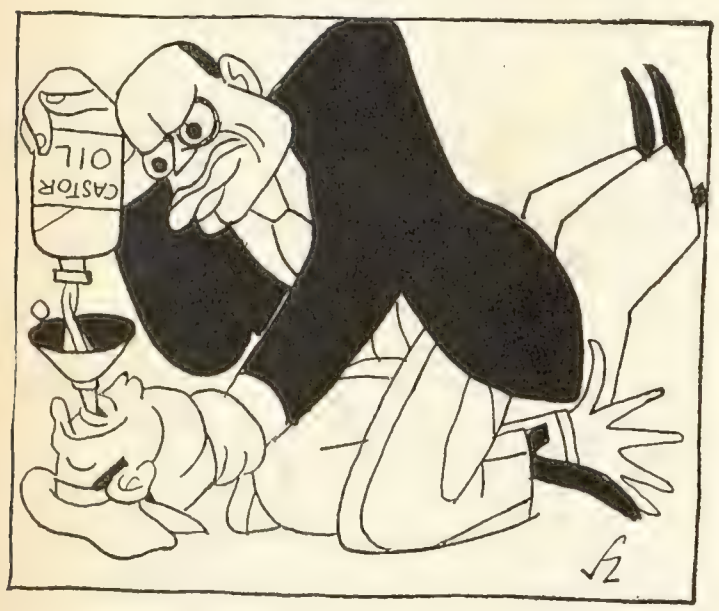
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Hurrah for Knut Stubbendorff! At last an article that will take some of the conceit out of Mussolini.

I have read a few of his (Mussolini's) articles in another magazine to find out about the man himself, and talk about the capital I's all the time! Oh, boy! ! !

No wonder he ordered Nobile not to say anything.—*W. P. B.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Tell Knut Stubbendorff, who wrote "The Inside Story of the Nobile Tragedy," that he's safe as long as he keeps in northern latitudes. But if he goes to Italy, oh, boy, the chase will be on!—Knut breaking the speed record and Mussolini in hot pursuit.

If Benito caught him, I shudder to think that his fate might be that reserved for other anti-Fascist journalists: a quart of castor oil, forcibly administered.—*Hater of Castor Oil.*



It's All Quite Simple, Isn't It?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your editorials convey the impression that we have prohibition, and are seeking to return the country to a wet condition.

Such is not the case.

We have a prohibition law, and the government is attempting an impossible enforcement, but the country is wet; and wetter than it was before the Eighteenth Amendment was ever thought of.

How can we return to a wet condition when the country has never been dry?

We were nearer a dry condition when the Volstead Act was passed than we are now, for the people have educated themselves to a point where they make their own wine and beer, gin and whisky, and never expect to be without it.

I have watched the daily grind in the Federal Court as the bootleggers receive their fines or sentences, but few are reformed. As long as there is a demand, they will make and sell it. If one is permanently estopped, it is like killing one ant in a hill: there are a hundred to take its place.

If the people really want prohibition, they have only to cease drinking and the law will enforce itself. It can never be accomplished in any other way.—*I. H. V.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your editorials are full of horse sense. We need more decentralization in this country. More individualism. Each State should decide whether or not liquor is sold within its borders.—*Tom.*

Political Document

NEW YORK, N. Y.—

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Preach
Klean Kut Kampain
But They
Kant Kome Klean
Like A
Katholic Kan Kome.

—*John C. Murphy.*

We Repeat, Firmly: It's a Magazine

DALLAS, TEX. — You fling together a couple of short stories by unheard of writers; a fistful of life stories of second rate prize fighters, ball players, worn out actresses, soldiers, and what not; a recipe for chocolate cake; a six months old movie review, and a page of "styles."

Then you have the nerve to call the mixture—of all things—a *magazine!*—*Sid B.*

At 60c, You Ought to Get an Opinion Free with Every Ticket

DALLAS, TEX.—Your new system of rating the movies with one, two, three, and four stars is great. We see so many rotten pictures that we like to get your opinion before laying down our sixty cents.—*J. C. H.*

O. K.

DALLAS, TEX.—Have been a reader of LIBERTY ever since it was first published, but Viña Delmar's story, "The Grandmother," is the most human story I have read in your magazine so far. Give us more like it!—*Louise.*

This Desirable Location Reserved for Mr. Smith

KANSAS CITY, MO.—This talk about the liquor question having nothing whatever to do with the coming election is a lot of bunk. Everybody, I believe, including the hypocrites, religious fanatics, etc., realizes that the prohibition amendment can never be enforced and that it is nothing but a big joke, pure and simple.

I wish to state that all Americans with German names are going to flock to the polls this November and they are going to cast their votes for Governor Al Smith, 100 per cent.

Gesundheit, Al!—*L. Meyer.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I have been reading with gradually increasing indignation some of the contributions from persons opposing Mr. Alfred Smith.

Passing over their ridiculous remarks about the "Church of Rome," of which they apparently know nothing, I would like to ask if they are aware that there are five times more Protestants in the United States than there are Catholics? If they don't want Smith elected they can vote against him. That's simple.

Perhaps, though, they don't even know *that* much.—*L. B. Ross.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Mr. H. S. Read, in a recent issue of LIBERTY, said the Pope will rule here if Smith is elected—which he would be if my vote could carry the election. How *can* the Pope rule this country when he cannot rule the one he's in?—*P. W. L.*

TOPEKA, KAN. — Question: When Hoover goes to the White House, what's the first thing he'll say? Answer: "Hello, President Smith."—*Bud.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—D. S. Whiteman of Indianapolis, in his letter published in Vox Pop, stated that: "Every lawbreaker is in full sympathy with Al Smith and every criminal who has abandoned decency and follows his criminal inclination is whole heartedly for Al."

Is it possible that Whiteman is so dumb that he does not *know* that the lawbreakers and criminals he describes—whose ranks include bootleggers, hijackers, speakeasy proprietors, racketeers, grafting officials, extortionists, etc. — are all for Hoover and the Volstead Act? It's Hoover and not Smith who gets the gangster's vote.

The criminal element has made millions since prohibition—it is just their dish. They will fight hard against any change in present conditions. Consequently they are for Hoover and will vote dry.—*Arthur King.*

SPOKANE, WASH. — J. W. S. of Covington, Kentucky, said in Vox Pop that Hoover would keep America White, Protestant, and Dry. Where does he get the *keep* at?—*A. Smither.*

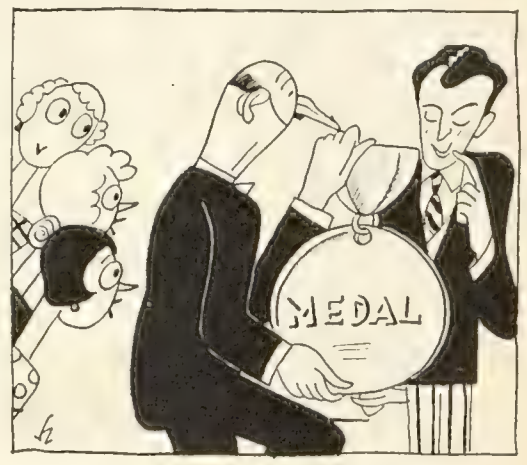
Speaking of "War Bugs"

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—The story entitled "War Bugs" running in your magazine is rightly characterized as a "Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War." Nothing but a worm would or could write such rot.

I doubt if the mothers of 5,000 Fourth Division soldiers, who were killed and wounded along the Vesle River, read with pride these exaggerated articles.—*Ivy Leaf.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—"War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, is the best war stuff since "War Birds." Action, humor, tragedy, pathos—it has everything.

Please give MacArthur a medal as



big as a cartwheel for his good work. And if this isn't enough, I know at least three girls in this fair city who are only waiting for the chance to kiss him on both cheeks.—*Betty.*

MT. VERNON, ILL.—I have enjoyed very much the articles of Charles MacArthur concerning the fracas overseas. He has, I believe, made the most of the old stock of A. E. F. jokes, from the "cussing colonel" to

Pop

the sergeant inquiring who the gas was meant for.

The regiment to which I was attached for rations, Y supplies, and medical attention—namely, the Forty-seventh Regulars, Fourth Division—was the outfit referred to in a recent issue as the one the Forty-second Division, or, rather, the 149th Artillery thereof, gave such kindly advice and chastisement to for making too much noise.

Quite a number of our casualties were caused by the artillery supporting the Forty-second. I wonder if it could have been the 149th. If so, one can easily see the cause. Too much wine pilfered.

If you had split with the doughboys as you should have done, both would have benefited. But keep on, Mac. You are amusing to us all, and may fool some that don't know any better.—*A. E. F.*

LONGVIEW, TEX.—I have read so many war stories that every time I go home I fancy someone has run amuck and the war is still going on. It has begun to pall. But at last I am compensated. Your articles, "War Bugs," by Charles MacArthur, are worth all I have had to wade through.

Keep MacArthur. Sink the balance of the "war bugs" without leaving a trace.—*Reagan Wyche.*

We're Still Worried

BOSTON, MASS.—A coupla cheers for your editorial, "The 18th and 19th Amendments." Yes, you're right. American women have too much power. And the funny thing is, their increase in power only seems to have made them restless, discontented, and unhappy.

But—how did you ever get up nerve enough to write such an editorial?

Don't you realize that, at any time, a delegation of women armed with horsewhips may break into your office and get right after the staff?—*Jack.*

And Now, a Few Thoughtful Words for Mr. Hoover

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I admit that the Republicans haven't had a brilliant success in prohibition enforcement. But with Hoover as President, the rum forces will find they are up against the most dangerous opponent they've yet encountered. An organizer who, when he says "dry," means it.

Yes, Herb, as a national traffic cop, will stop the booze wagon drawn by the Democratic donkey.—*Bud T.*

WINSLOW, ARK.—Says Al Smith:

This is the plank on which I stand
And hope to rule this glorious land—
All for Al and Al for all
And booze for all—
And that
Is all.

—*C. A. S.*

MIAMI, FLA.—After reading Vox Pop I have lost a great deal of my respect for human intelligence.

An enthusiastic lady in one of the letters declares that Al knows how to smile—and when. I readily concede her the truth of that statement. He knows very well how to smile at the graft and corruption that have made New York a blot on the page of progress and patriotism.

Another writer states: "Even if the Pope will be the real President . . ."

God help us! Is there any need of going further?

I am only a Junior in high school, but I know a man when I see one.—*W. T. M.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—What is this next election, anyway? A fight between the Democrats and Republicans or a religious battle between the Catholics and Protestants? I am a Catholic and a Republican and I am going to vote for Hoover because Al Smith is no fit man for the presidential chair.

Can we afford to let our country go to "smithereens" just because Al Smith is a Catholic?

I believe in being loyal to one's religion when the question is of a religious nature and loyal to one's country *always.*—*Mrs. A. L. P.*

EL RENO, OKLA.—I don't think anybody has thirsted to death for the want of a drink since the Volstead Act. And I am sure I won't, after Hoover is elected.

The only ones who will suffer will be those who vote for Al K. Hall Smith.—*M. L. S.*

BATAVIA, N. Y.—I have always voted for Al Smith, but not for President. No doubt he thinks he wouldn't mix religion and politics. Maybe he wouldn't, but could he help it? Somebody did it. See the dollar bill of 1917, with Leo, as Columbus, taking possession of the New World, and more than a score of other religious insignia.—*A Nonsectarian.*

LAWRENCE, MASS.—Sandy knows his grapes! I gathered, from your cover, that he decided he'd have to wait too long for a drink if he waited for Al Smith to be President.—*A Lawrencian.*

Is This Sarcastic or "Straight"?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—If, as you say, the Anti-Saloon League is running things at Washington, so much the better.

If, through their efforts, rum has been abolished, it is to be hoped they will continue their efforts to banish tobacco.

Nationwide laws for Sabbath observance are also needed. Laws for closing dance halls and other vice dens will come in due time. Strict censorship of moving pictures is also sorely needed. Many publications, including LIBERTY, should be suppressed.

More power to the Anti-Saloon League! Let us not forget the teachings of our Puritan fathers.

Is it not better that government affairs be controlled by these good people of the League rather than by the Pope of Rome, which would be the case if that advocate of rum and sin, Al Smith, were to be elected?—which God forbid.—"*Gideon.*"

O, Yeh?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Regarding the disgust of that Vox Popper, "Disgusted Female," for the double standard of men. It is quite true that this exists, but, to justify it, we must acknowledge that woman always gets the best of the marriage deal.

It is a cold, hard, biological fact that the female of the species Homo Sapiens mates merely because of a natural tendency to seek protection wherein she can produce her young without the necessity of battling for her bread. Man offers this protection and in return is to be satisfied with begetting his children. (Small comfort for what he must put up with later.)

We must also remember that men are bachelors by choice, while women are spinsters from necessity.—*A Materialist.*

Brennan? See Page 45

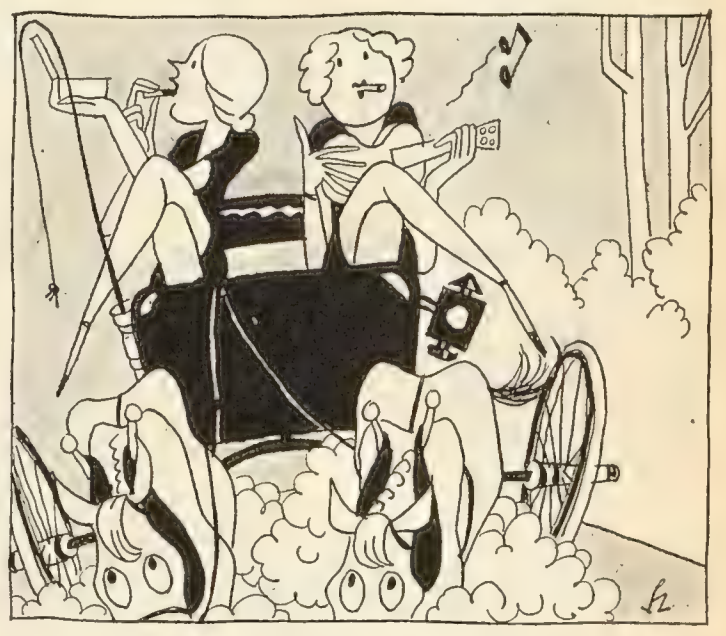
JACKSONVILLE, TEX.—I have just finished reading Phyllis Duganne's story, "The Bridge." It's a corker. Viña Delmar's stories are fine. Let's have more from her. And how about more stories from Frederick H. Brennan, like "Incorrigible"?

Just can't wait till the next LIBERTY is on the market.—*J. L. Allen.*

Probably

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Times have changed. I was reminded of that by reading "Gasoline Gypsies," by Grace Robinson.

They started out from New York, bound for the Pacific coast, in a motor car. They were looking for adventure. Some interesting things have happened to them, but, so far, not much tense adventure.



Twenty years ago, in the heyday of the horse, it would have been a real adventure.

Now it's the heyday of the auto. So, if Grace and her sister want thrills, let them start off on a coast to coast drive in an old fashioned buggy, with a team of horses. They'd be surprised.

Yes—and so would the horses!—*L. N.*

Hope Bert Doesn't See This

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—May I call the attention of the brethren and sistern to that baby, Bert Green? I read Ring Lardner and H. C. Witwer; I enjoy Will Rogers; I laugh with Octavus Roy Cohen—but I get down on my knees and salaam to that fellow Green.—*R. Long.*

to the women of America...

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Cultivate CHARM

By EILEEN BOURNE

BEAUTY hints are never wanting to the humble seeker. Even that bleakest of all human entertainments, a bridge tea given in a fashionable small town near New York, brought me a most significant suggestion. It was this: Nothing is more important to a woman's looks than her own conviction of being attractive.

Here was a group of intelligent, cultivated, traveled members of an old society whose voices and manners were beyond reproach. The general average of feature, complexion, and fastidious grooming was unusually high and all the clothes worn were expensive. Yet, with two exceptions, these women were almost totally deficient in both style and charm.

Perhaps I should never have fathomed the underlying reason for this if it hadn't been for those contrasting two. For they were by no means superior in physical beauty.

One of them was a small person with mousy coloring. The other, like the majority of her companions, was far too stout. Yet, unlike them, she did not, as far as restraining undergarments were concerned, belong to the liberal party. They bulged in every direction, and she had a line.

The mousy one differed from her thin friends because, instead of intensifying her angularity by wearing a tube shaped frock, she trailed a beguiling grace of draperies.

However, these two were not marked by their clothes alone. In contrast with most of the others, who wore their hair coiled on top of the head in 1890 fashion, they possessed the only well coifed heads in the group.

The fat one set off her stunning, aquiline features by brushing her gray streaked black hair straight off the forehead and fastening it in a small knot on her neck. The other wore a fluffy bob which gave her face youth and fullness.

Moreover, these were the only members of the party who used any makeup. Not that it was obvious, except in contrast with the pale lips and lashes of the ultra-conservatives.

Most impressive of all was the fact that of the entire group these exceptions alone carried themselves well and moved with rhythm. Every other woman stooped and either jerked nervously about or waddled and sank heavily into creaking chairs.

These observations brought me to the conclusion that the physical setting in which the majority of these personalities were placed meant nothing to them. These women had given themselves up, not exactly for lost, but for excellent housekeepers, devoted wives, good mothers, and solid citizens.

Beneath such symbols of success as motorcars, handsome furs, and luxurious houses their individualities were buried. They had forgotten that each woman has a duty to herself—the duty of being personally attractive. It was their intention to charm that made two among them distinguished.

THERE are two pitfalls to avoid in this business of being women. First is the temptation to become so complacent about one's possessions or successes as to think no effort to "keep up" physically is worth while. Just as long as we inhabit this earthly sheath we have to make it as flexible and lovely as possible. An old lady of eighty-two whom I met in London certainly seemed wittier, wiser, and more delightful because she was pretty, graceful, and exquisitely dressed.

Pitfall number two is to think that no effort will make us attractive. If a woman feels awkward, she is awkward. If she feels that nothing will improve her hair or her complexion, each is likely to look lusterless and lifeless. If she feels frumpy, she'll look it.

An inner image of your best possibilities has to precede any outer expression. Every woman must develop it. The coiffeur and the facial specialist cannot supply this conviction. But they can aid you to perfect your medium for the qualities that lie within. And, without exaggerating the importance of beauty culture, it can do wonders—provided you are sure you yourself have the power to charm and to please.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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RAYMOND SISLEY

THE Algeriansmade horse seem very tasty. A few strong stomachs finally got along on it.

WAR BUGS

Being a Worm's-Eye View of the War to End War

By CHARLES MACARTHUR

Formerly Private, Second Class, Battery F, 149th Field Artillery, 42d (Rainbow) Division, A. E. F. Afterward Co-Author of Lulu Belle and The Front Page

THIS is the eleventh installment of a private's history of the World War. In previous installments the author has detailed the part his battery of the Rainbow Division played at Champagne, on the Ourcq, at St. Mihiel and Château Thierry, and in the Argonne. With the Germans on the run, he tells in this installment how the tension begins to vanish and the Yankees learn the war is over.

ON TO SEDAN

SEVERAL French and German generals had met, swapped cigars, spit on their shoes for luck, and agreed upon an armistice, it turned out.

Yet the bitterest fighting of the war had just begun.

In the forty-eight hours before the whistle blew we raced through more slaughter than on any other front—useless slaughter, murder which doubtless will be cleared up to the satisfaction of all concerned on Judgment Day.

Our goal was Sedan. Also the goal of the French and of the First Division. We were quite willing to split honors with the French. They deserved consideration. But we certainly didn't propose to step aside for Pershing's Pets ten miles from the finish line—not after we had run the Germans all the way from the Aire; and when the rumor spread that we were to be withdrawn in favor of the First, whether we liked it or not, the Rainbow stepped heavily on the gas to beat the order to Sedan.

The First Division came hotly after, and solemnly captured our divisional post of command twice—a joke that ran through the ranks and made us very happy indeed.

There was little else to be happy about, God knows. Our food was still twenty miles to the rear and we were chewing on stringy, bitter roots of so-called sugar beets. Neat squares in the flanks of dead horses lying about the fields called attention to the Algerian method of battling starvation; but we were sick as well as hungry. (Although the Algerians made horse seem very tasty by boiling it with rice, pepper, and various weeds. Now and then they added a young French corporal, it was thought. A few strong stomachs finally got along on it, including the highly Southern digestive tracts of Massa Dyer and one Massa Lieutenant, who excused the necessity of mooching from our gracious and very black companions by setting forth that Algerians were really sunburned Jews, the remnant of a Lost Tribe.)

In seven days we had averaged five meals and less than nine hours' sleep, except for an occasional fifteen winks on the march. Those wishing to sleep accomplished it by holding on to the carriages with their hands and dozing on their feet. Behind each carriage two men shuffled, dead to the world. The horses snoozed the same way. So did the drivers.

MOST of the bridges had been blown up, which involved quite a bit of wading in ice water. Time and again the sleeping, silent column splashed into the drink, and amazing aboriginal curses arose from dreaming cannoneers. It is no joke to wake up suddenly in four feet of ice water; although after the first shock it was pleasant to hide along the river bank and watch the remaining sleepwalkers shoot the chutes. Nobody died of pneumonia those days, and it was all considered good, clean fun.

At Chémery we caught up with the Germans on a broad, sweet road they hadn't time to blow

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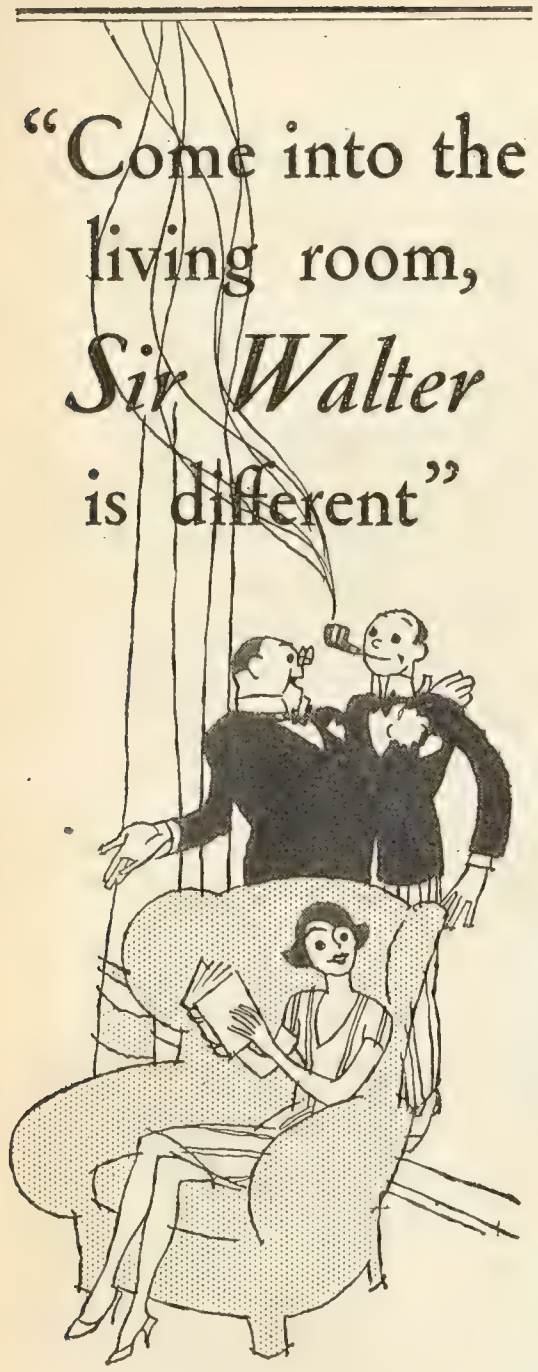

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Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's *milder*

[WAR BUGS
Continued from page fifty-five]

up. They were in a stretch of frosty meadow, playing squat tag with the first wave of doughboys. We made a pretty target as we rounded the turn on the gallop, and they potted away with a couple of batteries.

In a neatly executed maneuver, we split up in sections and ran through the bursts in elegant style. The doughboys were much moved, and paused to cheer as carriage after carriage sprinted past the danger point and took cover behind a hill. In a minute we were screened from further fire and were trotting along with something like the old pepper, kidding such First Division boys as we met on their chances of reaching Sedan, and scaling condiment cans at Bob Barnes, an inveterate nature lover who never missed an opportunity to point out how beautiful was the scenery, how graceful the trees, how lovely the sky.

A CLAMMY fog came from the Meuse and crept down the valley. It obscured everything but the road, which began to travel across a deep ravine. In the center was a bridge. The rest was embankment. We were within spitting distance of Sedan. The milestones, tiny smudges in the fog, dwindled down to 10k. Nothing could stop us now, and we swapped prospects happily with the first wave of doughboys, surging abreast. (The First Division was miles behind.)

Suddenly the fog shuddered. There was a dull and imminent thunderclap fifty yards ahead. The Germans had mined the bridge. Through the murk we saw sections of it go up for grabs.

That was depressing, because it left us stranded on the narrow embankment that approached the wreckage. We sat a spell, waiting for further orders. Below us to the left our doughboys floundered in the fog, banging away with machine gun and Chauchat at every looming bulk. Orders of their officers and noncoms came sharply through the soup, so close that they seemed under our wheels. Bullets whined like trolley wires and through the crevices of sound came the oompah orders of the enemy. Evidently the Germans had stopped us just in time. Running smack into a German infantry division might have been embarrassing.

The drivers dismounted and swapped eating tobacco with the cannoneers while Captain Stone gumshoed back a piece to find out where in hell we were, how we could get out, and who won the World's Series. We relaxed. It had been a tough push, all on the double, and it seemed pleasant to sit fifty feet above a battle and hear the doughboys do their stuff. Except for stray bullets, we were safe—because invisible—in the fog.

The rattle of machine guns increased. Apparently the boys were getting a run for their money. And then, in slow wet swirls, the mist began to lift. We got a look at things. At the left, where the road bank abruptly tobogganed into the field, four companies of doughboys zigzagged shoulder high through suds. Here and there a machine gun nest blocked their advance. They stalked slowly in little groups, chewing the rag, crawling on all fours, running, dropping until a neatly placed bayonet or grenade expressed the Germans C. O. D. to their Maker.

Now and then some New York husky made a pretty end run and fell on the flop ears from behind. There were many thrilling individual exploits. Grenades and trench knives—and don't forget to write. A few Heinies threw up their hands and lived to tell the story.

We were itching to blow a couple of Dutch buddies out of their flops, there being nothing else to do; but Pappy Le Prohon decided against it. We were many miles ahead of reserve ammunition, and he felt we would look silly in Sedan, pointing empty guns at the local police department. Every shell was worth its weight in gold.

A wind blew up. The mist lifted entirely. We got out our stolen field glasses and had a look. Not so good. On the crest of the hill across the valley were two batteries of artillery, thoroughly manned and pointing our way. We knew the Germans were never the boys to point guns in fun, and there was a scramble for the horses, the laws of God and the field artillery being that no driver deserts his horse in time of danger (horses get so lonesome). The gun crews yanked at breech covers and prepared to do a little pointing themselves.

But again Pappy stepped in. Orders were to fire only at the request of the doughboy general. He had made no such request. It made no difference that we were about to be annihilated. Orders, as the Boy on the Burning Deck discovered, are hooey—but orders. So we got as close to the road as possible and waited for the worst.

THE first shell was a long time coming—at least five seconds. A puff and a report; an alley cat scream and a crash as it burned into the embankment on which we crouched. A long two seconds for corrected ranges, and a second shell screamed over our heads. Veteran artillerists, we bade farewell to this fine, pretty world with all its swell restaurants and red-headed women, and began thinking of things we could say to God.

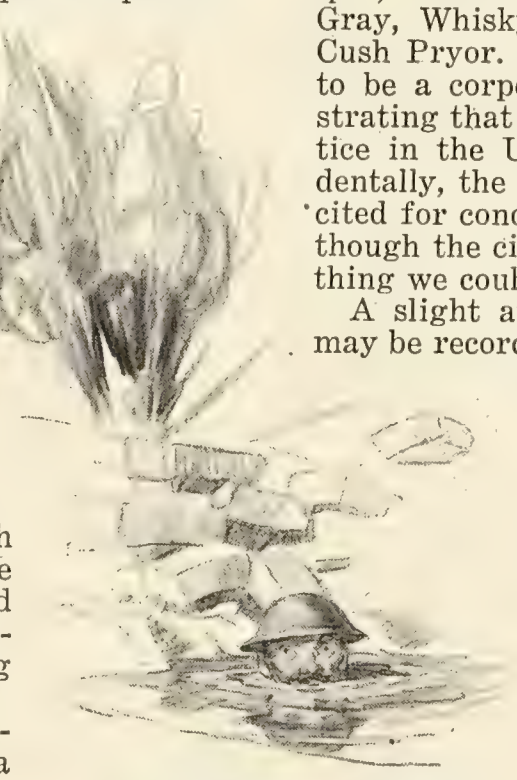
Eight scattered and rather pretty puffs from the hill, then a black and stinging whirlpool in the road. Several horses went down in heaps, screaming, kicking, the drivers fighting to cut them from the harness. More pink puffs drifted from the hill and more cyclones of jagged steel boiled out of the road. Dick Patton, fresh from a recitation of Mr. Herrick's polite verses, got a fragment in the arm that spun him clean off his nag. Cush Pryor and some others hustled him behind a steeply pitched stone barn. He was wounded again on the way. A dozen doughboys who had been scrapping over some corn willie halfway up the embankment vanished into eternity leaving the corn willie untouched. Fifteen of our badly needed horses joined them in the Great Beyond. All in the first thirty seconds of play.

Pappy announced hoarsely that, by Gar, he would kill Weiner with a gun, as provided by military regulations.

We were still waiting for orders. At length—about thirty-one seconds after the fun began—Pappy Le Prohon decided that war wasn't that important, and came stamping through the shellbursts on his game leg, bawling orders to cut the horses out of the traces and take shelter on the safe side of the road bank. He stumped from section to section to see that the boys

didn't shortcut by cutting the traces with knives. And just to show us his feelings in regard to death and danger, Pappy removed his helmet (already ripped in a couple of places) and addressed his gallant beer belly squarely to the foe.

All of us knew that Pappy secretly longed to die in action, and out of sheer respect we paused in our getaway to see his epic end. But God evidently intended that our favorite first lieutenant should go on accumulating varicose veins and manly memories for a long while to come; for the more Pappy bellered commands over the crash of 77s, the more widely they missed his unmissable barrel legs and bulging belly.



We traced the yodeling to an old stone well, and finally found our little Greek.

His big blue underlip hung out a foot from pure contempt of death. The face that had scared a thousand shavetails out of a year's growth disappeared in every black burst, and immediately reappeared as fresh as a daisy—or shall we say eggplant? There were a few rips in his size 65 blouse; his two and a half pound nose seemed a bit more battered at times; but he was safe and sound and invulnerable. Under his cool command, we had the horses over the embankment in no time. Five or six of them were killed on the way, but the men were all safe.

The ravine was protected by three sharp slopes, but the Germans kept picking on us with reduced charges (which dropped vertically from above) and gas. Again Pappy demonstrated his wish to die by charging among the frightened horses, minus gas mask and helmet. His suicidal mania was nearly gratified this time, as he picked up quite a snootful of mustard. But when it was suggested that he go to the hospital, he entered upon the most original and extensive flow of profanity ever heard in that part of the world, the more marvelous because of the choking effect of the gas.

FOR three hours the Dutchmen filled our small ravine with mustard and shell. With all that time on our hands, we played pussy in the corner with a unit of First Division infantry that had arrived in our wake. The game was to pick the most likely flops.

When groups of the First abandoned a redhot shell hole, we raced to take their places, and found them very nice. Whereas, whenever First Division boys moved into *our* vacant flops, they were promptly killed. The coincidence was a bit spooky. (As pointed out earlier in this great work, the Armistice had been arranged hours before and the opposing generals were then calling each other by their first names.)

Several of the battery distinguished themselves to the point of earning citations for heroism. They were: Paul Johnston, Ernie Edwards, Chief McGee (who stopped a shell fragment in the shoulder), Dios Golden, Johnny Casper, Karl Nahowski, Kline Gray, Whisky Westbrook, and Cush Pryor. One of them got to be a corporal later, demonstrating that there is some justice in the U. S. army. Incidentally, the battery was again cited for conduct under fire, although the citation wasn't anything we could eat.

A slight attempt at murder may be recorded: When the fire was hottest the Bey of Algiers sought shelter in a shallow ditch, from which he was visible to several of his subjects who were safely tucked behind a stone barn. It occurred to these subjects that it was a fine moment to make salaams, knowing that the Bey would be compelled to acknowledge the salute by rising in a cyclone of shell fragments to bow. Several salutes were exchanged, to the Bey's anguish, before the humorists laid off.

LATE in the afternoon New York had the German batteries on toast, and it was safe to emerge from the ravine and be on our way. Except for our wounded, everybody was present or accounted for—everybody, that is, but Mr. Papolis, the Fascinating Greek. Since there were no women to chase and no sides of beef he could swap for souvenirs, we began poking around the piles of dead, feeling very sorry and forgiving. After all, Greeks are not like other boys.

Suddenly a terrific yodeling broke out from behind the barn. We traced it to an old stone well, and finally found our little Greek, standing in five feet of slightly used water, casting a few Greek runes for luck. Since his incantations were audible for miles, they may be said to have availed. We fished him out, hitched the surviving horses to the *matériel*, and retired a kilometer or two for the night. So many horses had been killed that the move had to be made in three trips.

All of us felt quite lucky to be alive, which contributed undue vivacity to the march—a vivacity the officers felt disposed to reprove. Things started when Pappy Le Prohon, husky from gas, ordered Jack Weiner to get off the supply wagon, by Gar, and walk. Jack rashly declined to do so, which was a little like eating ground glass on a bet.

Pappy promptly stopped the column and announced hoarsely

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HE WON A NEW CAR FREE

Charles Hickey earned—a new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley radio—and $4,930 showing car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Test a sample at my risk.

Employment for 500 Men at Once!

Do you need extra money? Here is a wonderful opportunity. Here are free extra bonuses Charles Hickey earned in six months' spare time work: A new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley radio—and $4,930! He made it by selling 4,000 car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Agents and car owners can test a sample at my risk. Simply mail coupon below.

"Saved Seven Lives"
". . . we were rushing around a slight curve at great speed when we were face to face with two other cars side by side coming at full speed. No time to stop or think. Face-A-Lite kept our driver from acting blindly. He turned the car up the bank and rolled out safely into a clear opening. Without a Face-A-Lite this would have been impossible with four glaring headlights smack into our eyes." A. S. Asbury, Whittenburg, Texas, reports that seven lives were saved in this incident.

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WHAT car owner doesn't feel nervous when driving at night and headlights suddenly flash in his eyes? Glaring headlights cause thousands of accidents each year. A Face-A-Lite on your car is better than paying insurance and costs only a fraction of the premium. And every night you drive you face this constant danger, imperiling your life and your wife and children.

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Although Face-A-Lite is out only a short time, already over three hundred thousand car owners now use this new safety device. Joe Lasker, Anoka, Minn., writes that a Face-A-Lite saved him from a serious collision with another car, stalled on the road ahead without lights. A Buick dealer writes enthusiastically that he is installing Face-A-Lites as standard equipment.

"Avoids Bad Smashup"
Let the headlights blaze in your eyes on the darkest, narrowest road. With a Face-A-Lite shading your vision, you can drive right on without slackening speed, without the slightest bit of danger.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Simply mail coupon below and learn how you can test a Face-A-Lite on your own car without obligation to buy. Chas. Hickey wrote for this no-risk sample offer. It started him on the road to success.

W. M. Willy, Pres., Face-A-Lite Mfg. Co., Dept. M-267, Mitchell, S. Dak.

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To Car Owners
While this special advertising campaign is on, we offer car owners the same proposition we offer agents—a Face-A-Lite for your own car free of cost. Simply mail coupon for full details.

W. M. Willy, Pres.
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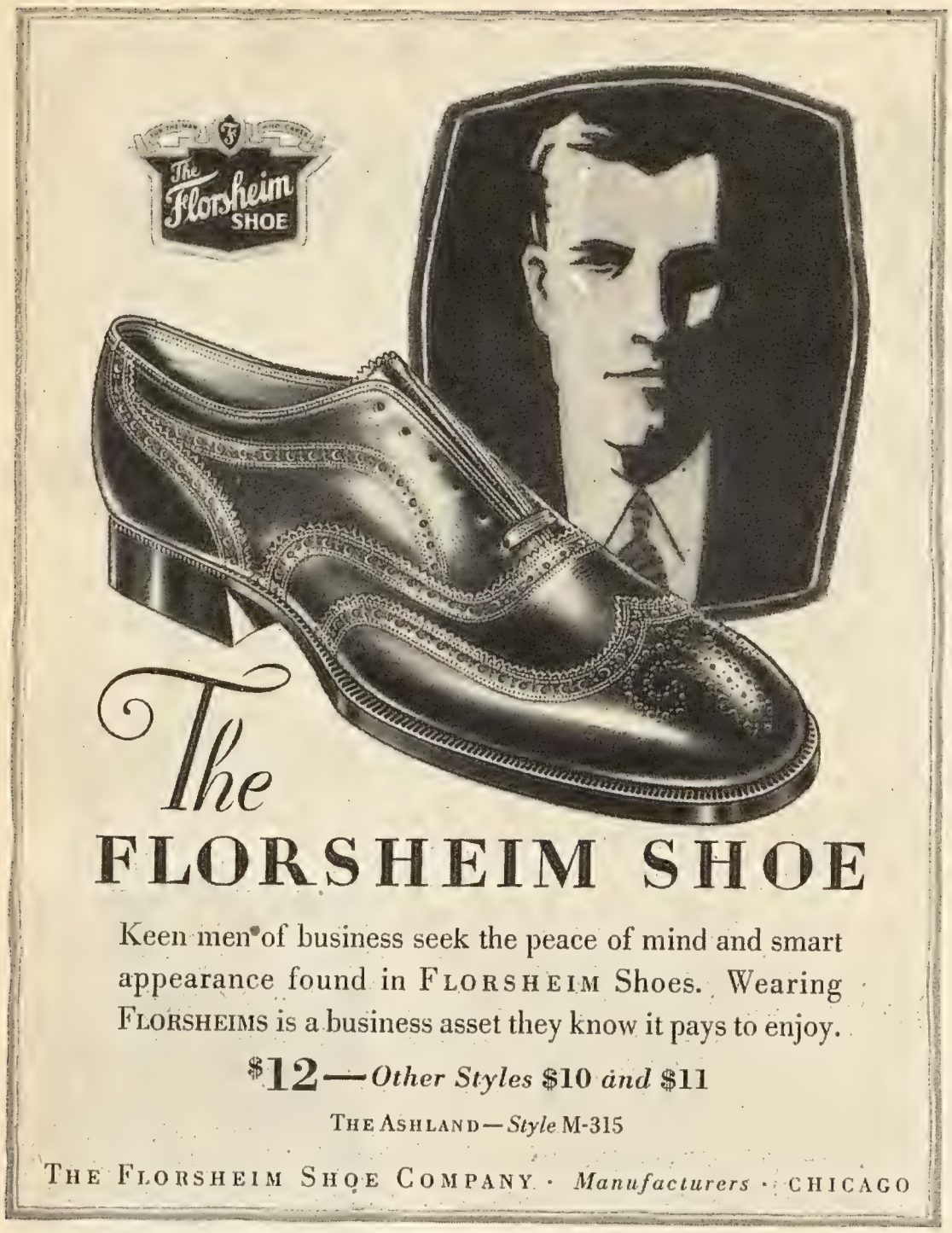

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Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

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[WAR BUGS
Continued from page fifty-seven]

that, also by Gar, he would kill Weiner with a gun, as provided by military regulations. Weiner replied that Pappy would do well to button his nose and not mention Gar any more. It was all unprecedented and very beautiful.

Hysteria, engendered by a week's desperate going without food or sleep, caused us to applaud Pappy and Weiner impartially until Pappy hauled Jack down by the leg and threw him fifty feet. Rolling his bad eye over his admirers, he regretted that he had no bullets to spare on so-and-so so-and-sos. A certain emphasis implied that the entire battery should feel grateful because of this shortage.

Bill Youngman's lead horse took it in his head to quit the damn war cold, and Lieutenant Skinner properly ordered Bill to beat his rump with a steel helmet. But Bill had the character of St. Francis of Assisi and refused. When Lieutenant Skinner insisted, Bill offered to tear Lieutenant Skinner's head off and eat it with salt and pepper—an amazing proposition for Bill, whose heart was a garden of roses as a rule.

But when we saw the position picked by the mental marvels who commanded us, it was like a revolution at the zoo. The defilade ran the wrong way, for one thing; it was of solid rock, for another. We were ordered to dig twenty-six degrees, anyhow.

When we pointed out the physical impossibility of the job, the officers lost their tempers. So did we (on account of being tired). Kline Gray finally ran one of the substitute lieutenants out of the proposed gun pits with a few words that left red welts all over his beautiful white body. He retaliated by putting us all under arrest, which was rather silly under the circumstances. We dug elsewhere until dawn.

THE doughboys inched up during the night and were in front of Bulson, four kilometers ahead. We shoved off to join them, when it became apparent that our horses were all in, down and out. Most of them were beyond standing on their legs. The rest had learned with typical horse sense that if they refused to pull the men would pull for them. That was known as Horse's Law. No amount of beating or entreaty could change their minds on this point. They knew their oats.

In the end we cut them from the traces and pulled the guns and carriages entirely by hand all the way up to the waiting doughboys. Most of the men were more bushed than the horses, and it was a long, tough grind. To make it we shed everything we had ever owned, down to our girls' photographs and extra razor blades.

Prolongs were attached to the hubs and we started out. Before Bulson was a hill one mile long. Direction, up. By midnight we had accomplished it after eighteen hours of bellyaching and blistering hard work. The total distance thus achieved was about two miles.

Some comfort was derived from the fact that it was getting late in the year and night came quickly—ideal conditions for razzing the officers. They defended their dignity by pretending not to know who made all the remarks that bounced about the hill from sunset to Bulson; highly imaginative remarks, most of them, reflecting great credit on the battery. The few nitwits among our superiors became quite panicky, mistaking the fun for incipient mutiny, and so reported to the captain.

BATTERY D preceded us in Bulson a little after midnight (they had overtaken us with their horses), and suffered heavily for their zeal. Direct hits were made on two caissons as they galloped over the crossroads in the middle of town. They burst into flames with tragic magnificence. Plunging horses. Dead drivers. A hundred shells popping under the caisson doors. We took it easier, shoving over the crossroads immediately after each burst without particular damage; although the little Greek addressed his mighty mind to the problem of timing the shells, with the result that he ran his kitchen smack into a barrage. The kitchen was retrieved after it had been punctured with several big holes that should have been in the Greek.

Past Bulson we established temporary horselines in a wood, and promptly were blown out of it, which cleaned up *that* end of the matter. We later learned our movements were being signaled by a bright Fritz who had remained after his pals made their home run. What with one thing and another, the division lost heavily in dead, though our sole casualty in Bulson was Jack McLean, attached to us from E Battery.

At dawn we were on the crest overlooking Sedan, and dug in. The doughboys were already in town, having won our race with the First Division by several lengths. Hank Reilly, who had been detached from us to command the infantry, had halted them on the outskirts of town.

The French were sweating up from the other side, burning to take the city and thus get the taste of 1870 out of their mouths. Reilly, quite a hand for a *beau geste*, had been content with a guard of honor. So it was all over. We trained our guns on the Meuse and had a chew of tobacco. It was a good war, God was in His Heaven, and Pippa yourself and see how you like it.

Sedan lay under the crest 100 yards ahead, but nobody felt like taking a look. We were too busy shooting craps to study any ancient historical spots, especially since it didn't look as if we were going to fire. There wasn't much money in the outfit, and I. O. U.s were abundant. Great Greek screams arose when Quisno lost 800,000 francs to Mr. Papolis, who had wanted to quit

gambling when he was 500 francs ahead, and who now realized that Quisno's debt was outlawed by its enormity. Nothing was collectible over 500 francs ($100 in those days) and the wise guys quit at that point.

So dawned the 10th of November. Accustomed to army tactics, we wondered if we would be invited to cross the Meuse or spend the winter where we were. Up and down the river the doughboys were crossing with shocking losses, and there was no good reason why we shouldn't die too — except that the war was over. Suddenly the rumor spread that we would be relieved within an hour. That was carrying the joke too far, and the first man to spread the report took a sock on the nose. But it was repeated by Lieutenant Radford, and presently by Captain Stone himself.

The contrast was so alarming that some of the veterans thought they were going to die.

In ten months' fighting we had never actually been relieved. In fact, it was our favorite joke that the Rainbow relieved the Forty-second and that the Forty-second relieved the Rainbow—together with several other jokes we will skip. So that when we packed and pulled out of the line we were in a daze.

We borrowed some horses and pulled out of that sector like the Twentieth Century going through Poughkeepsie. Outside of Bulson we ditched our ammunition and rattled on.

M. P.s lined the road. They smiled for a change and told us we were going to Bordeaux, where the wine comes from. There were stock answers to this remark and we passed them around.

Before long we were yelling across the horses' heads as follows: Suppose General Pershing *had* gone off his nut? (It looked reasonable, what with his pulling us out of the front and all.) Suppose he really *was* sending us to Bordeaux? A great many speculations on Bordeaux women, wine, women, omelets, women, and women ensued. We even took to singing a bit. Shells still shrilled past our ears, and the mood of the runaway was best expressed by Oh, Bury Me Not at Reherrey, which went on at the gallop until we reached Mon Idée Farm and bivouacked for the night.

SOME newspaper correspondents were waiting in the barnyard, notably Freddy Smith of the Chicago *Tribune*, who told us with a perfectly dead pan that an armistice had been signed. None of us thought that Mr. Smith was especially funny. That school of humor approves of explosive cigars. We were polite, however. Mr. Smith insisted. The German delegates, he said, had already crossed the line and were matching nickels with Foch. Rather coldly we told him that we got him the first time, and rolled in for a little rest.

For the first time in more than a week, nobody bothered us for nearly eight hours. In the morning we crawled out, dopey with sleep, and began thawing out our shoes. They had frozen solid during the night. A bonfire finally did the trick.

Behind us boomed the guns, giving Mr. Smith the bird (as the English have it) and denoting hard times for the winter. We limped along on our bum dogs — they were barking at every step— and finally made Harricourt, our starting point in the dash for Sedan. Vic Stangel was waiting there. He had been about on his motorcycle and corroborated the armistice yarn. Mr. Stangel was a legitimate butt. We gave him the works.

The baggage detail that had kept the home fires burning in Harricourt while we were boxing with the Germans gave us quite a shock. They were so pink and fat, whereas we were bones. (Jack Walsh was so skinny that we spoke of using him for dice. He rattled when he walked.) The contrast was so alarming that some of the veterans thought they were going to die, though they had been feeling like wildcats at the front.

These gloomy thoughts disappeared with a little more sleep. Our old billets, broken and overrun with rats and lice, looked like the Tuileries. We boarded up new shell holes against the cold, tore up sections of the floor to burn, and otherwise prepared for a nice nap. The wagon guard had razors and in an hour we were real pretty— snoring pretty, too.

AND the next morning was November 11, that big day that people talk about so much.

The top sergeant got foolish in the head and tried to kick us out at 6, which got him quite a collection of boots, bricks, and corn willie cans. At about 10 we rolled out— bankers' hours, and why not? The barrage thundered on. At 11 o'clock it ceased, but nobody was much impressed by that. Barrages often stopped. Besides, we were too annoyed with the Greek to follow the war very closely. The bacon was raw and he had made no effort to remove the old grounds from the coffee can. We found a Chinaman in that coffee can once, with a 1905 newspaper in his pocket.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Dead tired—at the rising hour
—A CONSTIPATIVE

No price seems too high to pay for sleep. Yet insomnia—nightmare hours of tossing and turning — is the result of self-neglect. Often it is easily remedied. For, with few exceptions, this dread condition can be traced to faulty elimination. It is just another symptom of constipation. Don't be a constipative. Heed the warning signs and get quick relief this way!

Take this *safe* laxative that tastes like candy

Few foods are more healthful than chocolate—or more delicious. That is why Ex-Lax is safe and gentle in action. It is pure chocolate treated with a tasteless laxative agent that helps to relieve constipation and so protect good health. Physicians recommend Ex-Lax for children and grown-ups. Get it from your druggist. Take it yourself. Give it to your family. There's nothing better.

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Gentlemen:

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Its success is a sensation. Men are flocking to it by the thousands.

We believe it will give you shaving comforts unknown to you before. That it will surpass your present method of shaving in five important ways.

In your interest and in ours, let us send you a 10-day tube to try. We know we can win you in this way. 85% of its present users thus were won from other preparations.

Five Advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

We're the makers of Palmolive Soap, as you know. Thus 65 years of soap study stands back of this creation. We made up and discarded 129 formulas before venturing it on the market.

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Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

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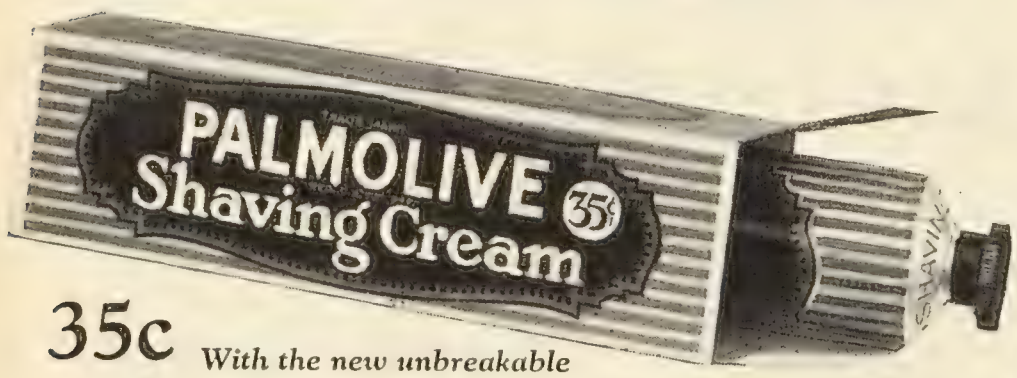

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[WAR BUGS Continued from page fifty-nine]

Besides which, the officers, alarmed at our remaining in bed, decided to check our free and easy ways with a slight dose of discipline. So it was announced that, all kidding over toward one side, the guns and carriages would be scrubbed and polished at once. There was no immediate need for this operation and the order provoked some back talk; especially when the dog robbers reported that the carriage business was only the beginning of a frank program to keep us out of mischief and deflate us a bit.

Since we had a remarkable *esprit de corps*, we felt that discipline would return as a matter of course and that the officers needn't think up dirty tricks simply to hurry things along. It was too much like making us say Uncle. So we were in none too Christian a mood when the captain brought us to attention toward noon, and remarked, with a look that dared anybody to make a wise crack:

"I am very glad to announce that an armistice has been signed."

You could have knocked us over with a fender. Nobody made a sound. The captain seemed slightly annoyed. He repeated his news item.

"Three lousy cheers!" remarked Mr. Gullickson from the rear rank. It was the consensus of opinion. It was also the captain's cue.

"BUT!" he added—"BUT—there will be NO SLUMP in DISCIPLINE on THAT account! From now on there will be IRON DISCIPLINE! And I mean IRON DISCIPLINE!".

AND iron discipline it was, to be sure. Right off—so that there would be no more funny business—a big inspection was ordered. That was rather nutty, since we had nothing to inspect. All our belongings had been thrown away by the captain's orders when the horsies died. But since an inspection is the most annoying thing that can happen in any army, we saw that it had been ordered for that very reason—and prepared for it in a suitable mood.

To help matters, it began to rain; and the inspection was in the mud flats back of the village.

While we waited for the captain to arrive, the dog robbers appeared with news of what had gone on at officers' mess. (Dog robbers start most of the insubordination of an army. They feel less like menials when snitching on officers.) They brought disturbing news:

(1) The officers had been eating steak again.

(2) One had complained bitterly concerning the Armistice. His point seemed to be that he was making more money in the army than he had been able to command in civilian life and he felt that stopping the war would set him back considerably. It occurred to us that this view might be universal among officers.

(3) The inspection was a setup, a test case. In other words, the officers were inviting insubordination in order to stamp it out. Which is all right, except that officers should keep their yaps shut in front of dog robbers.

On receipt of these bulletins, we kicked our carefully folded blankets into sloppy piles. A sardonic few tossed a Bible, a paper raincoat, or a solitary spoon or fork on top of the pile. So we waited.

THE captain had no notion of our mood as he approached the inspection field in a new suit. Of course not. He had been eating steak.

But when he saw the sloppy blankets he *knew* the mutiny was on, and, to his vast credit, met us head on. Remarks came our way like so many tracer bullets. In a word, he implied that we were a bunch of bums in need of a good trimming, which he would administer as follows: From 6 A. M. to 12 noon, Squads Right. From 1 P. M. to 6 P. M., Squads Right. From 7 P. M. to 10 P. M., Squads Right. Hard labor in the meanwhile.

Unfortunately, he repeated his views on IRON DISCIPLINE at the end of his remarks, which provoked some fancy boos. Now, the captain was not the boy to be booed, and he spun around as if someone had hit him on the back of the head with a baseball bat. For sixty seconds he favored us with an oxyacetylene stare, fatal at 500 feet. Then he announced that:

(*a*) It was the first time he had ever been jeered at; and

(*b*) By Somebody or Other very important, it would be the last.

The last statement was crowding his luck somewhat. It was received with a *real* razzberry. The captain only stared, but there was murder in his eye.

Very wisely, he gave the battery to the top sergeant and walked away. There was something in his manner—a certain dignity—that was more effective than words. It indicated that evisceration was the least we could expect.

An hour later we formed for the massacre, glad that we had preserved our identification tags. The captain arrived. We stood perfectly still, respectfully waiting for the worst. With great dignity, he apologized. All of us immediately felt that he was a swell guy who had done a difficult thing very well. We were for him from that time on.

That night bonfires blazed from Switzerland to the sea. Until then the light of a cigarette had been the signal for a bushel of bombs. We tore the burlap sacks from the billet windows and let out a yell. For the first time we realized that the war was over. The war was really over!

Visions of home for the Rainbow battery! But the bad news wasn't long in coming. Read War Bugs in next week's Liberty, and see what happened when the boys were ordered to penetrate Germany.

A Second to THINK

Chicago 2, Michigan 0—Clark's Fatal Run in 1905

A Football Reminiscence by WALTER ECKERSALL

How Michigan lost the game: Eckersall (5) punted over the head of Clark (1). Catlin (2) and Badenoch (3) went down under the ball, which Clark recovered behind his own goal line. Badenoch missed the tackle, but Catlin nailed the runner for a safety and the winning two points.

Atwell photo

Walter Eckersall, the author of these reminiscences, whose long punt against the wind, coupled with the deadly tackling of Mark Catlin (in the oval), gave the Maroon its victory.

THERE are still persons so prejudiced against football that they are unwilling to concede the important part quick and correct thinking plays in deciding games. When examples of rapid execution of plays under trying circumstances are pointed out to them, their answer is that instinct and not brain work was to be credited with the result.

It is a curious fact that blindly following football instinct sometimes leads players to commit the gravest errors. Instinct, for instance, teaches a waiting back to catch a punt that comes toward him and run it back. Generally he is correct in following that instinct, but under many conditions he could make no greater blunder than obeying it.

A famous game in Western football history is an example of how disastrous it may be to do this apparently natural thing instead of thinking quickly and doing the correct thing.

On Thanksgiving Day of 1905, Michigan and Chicago met on the latter's gridiron in what is still regarded as one of the hardest fought battles ever waged in the Middle West.

Badenoch, Chicago tackle, who hit but couldn't stop Clark in the deciding play of the 1905 classic.

It was the final game of the season and the Western championship was to be the reward.

Both teams went into that memorable battle with clean slates. Chicago had defeated Iowa, 42 to 0; Indiana, 16 to 5; Wisconsin, 4 to 0; Northwestern, 32 to 0; and Illinois, 44 to 0. Michigan had a more impressive record. The Maize and Blue, under the expert coaching of "Hurry Up" Yost, had beaten Vanderbilt, 18 to 0; Nebraska, 31 to 0; Illinois, 33 to 0; Ohio State, 40 to 0; and Wisconsin, 12 to 0.

Rules in those days were vastly different from those in force at the present time. Under the old regulations, a player had to shout "Down!" when he was tackled. Otherwise the defense could pick him up and carry him back several yards. At the present time the ball is dead at the farthest point to which it has been advanced while the runner is in the grasp of an opponent.

Under the rules of the old days, a punted ball that crossed the goal line before being touched was not automatically a touchback. A member of the receiving team could either catch the oval or pick it up and run it back, just as if the ball had hit in the field of play.

It was a common occurrence for the receivers to pick up the ball, walk out leisurely a few yards, and then run down the field. Players made long gains in this manner. Those runs, however, were considered the result of great stupidity on the part of members of the kicking teams, who should have made the receivers down the ball.

The rules now governing football are very specific on this point. If any punted ball crosses the opponent's goal line before being touched by a member of either team, a touchback occurs automatically and no play can follow.

If a player on the receiving side touches the ball in the field of play and then permits it to roll over the goal line, he must recover it back of the goal line. In this event it is a touchback. If such a player, however, juggles the ball and forces it over the goal line and then falls on it, it is a safety. If a member of the kicking team falls on the ball over the goal line after it has been touched by the receiving side in the field of play, it is a touchdown.

If the rules of today applied to that Chicago-Michigan game of 1905, the struggle would have resulted in a scoreless tie. It was one of these punted balls which crossed the Michigan goal line that brought about the downfall of the Wolverines. That game was played in two halves of thirty-five minutes each. There were no substitutions. Once a player was removed from the struggle, he could not participate any further.

MICHIGAN was unable to cross the Maroon goal line. Near the close of the second half, Chicago obtained possession of the ball on its forty-five yard line. The Maroons were unable to make consistent headway. Chicago was forced to punt.

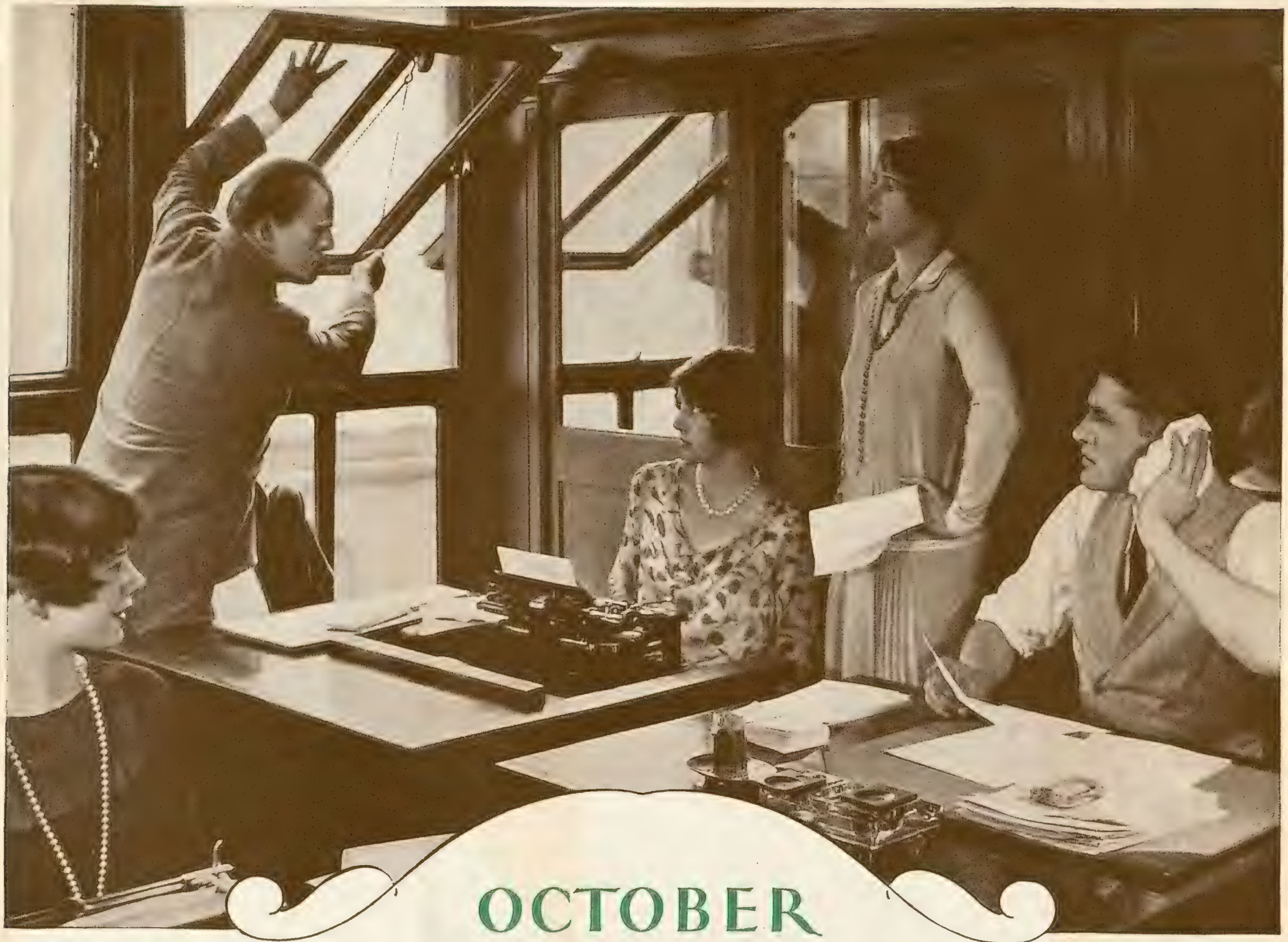
Eckersall, the Chicago quarterback, drove the ball against the wind and over the Michigan goal line. Denny Clark, the Michigan back and safety man, had underestimated the length of the kick. The ball sailed over the Wolverine goal line. Art Badenoch, the Maroon tackle, and Captain Mark Catlin, an end, were down under the punt with the speed of sprinters.

Clark obeyed instinct instead of using his second to think. He did not have time to look around. He picked up the ball and started to run back into the field of play. Badenoch flung himself at Clark and momentarily checked him. Then Catlin came along with a deadly tackle and nailed Clark back of the Michigan goal line for a safety and the two points that gave Chicago its victory.

If Clark had had plenty of time in which to think, he undoubtedly would have touched the ball down and the battle would have ended in a scoreless tie.

How an exasperated player caused Chicago to lose to Illinois in 1925 will be described by Mr. Eckersall in next week's Liberty.

B A D A I R I S B A D B U S I N E S S



OCTOBER

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Can a Dog Kill a Wolf?

A Postscript to a Liberty Story

By NORMAN S. HALL

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

A deep throat hold at the first lunge is a dog's best chance in fighting a wolf.

LAST week's LIBERTY contained an interesting story by Mr. Arthur Chapman based, primarily, upon the assumption that a sheep dog can kill a wolf.

Because the consensus of opinion among the editors was that any such combat must result disastrously for the dog, it was decided to consult available records concerning such fights and interview men familiar with wolf hunting.

The printed record—and it is a meager one—gives surprisingly little information about individual combats between dog and wolf. There is much that is interesting of pack hunts and the methods employed, but this knowledge is of negligible value in answering the question:

Can a dog kill a wolf?

The man who records an answer will serve himself well if he is precise, for the reason that a terse and unqualified reply easily might bring down upon his head the wrath of every wolf hunter from the Red River to the Snake, from Eagle Pass to Point Barrow.

Wolf hunters—and let it be understood that the title confers distinction and does not apply to the casual killer of a wolf—are not frequently met. More, they know what they know, and hold to the opinions this knowledge has given them.

Dogs have killed wolves. Let that be said here; but it should not be stated with the finality one would use in declaring that an island is a body of land entirely surrounded by water.

The hunting of wolves with dogs is an ancient sport. Long before the ordinary mortal dared hunt anything but his hole when royalty rode forth, kings sanctioned it and looked carefully to the breeding and training of their wolf dogs. True, there may have been something of kingly caution in this; for wolves were plentiful, and to a wolf a royal ham must have been as juicy a morsel as a peasant flank.

The desire to reduce if not exterminate the wolf gave us the Irish wolfhound of today. The breed, originally with a strong wolf strain, was fostered for the sole purpose of wolf killing and, if legend ever had foundation in fact, it would seem that the Irish wolfhound has an enviable record for wolf slaying.

The Russian wolfhound also figures largely in the annals of wolf hunting; but he is primarily a chase dog, and seldom used in the kill unless the pack is a large one.

Probably the largest wolf hunt with dogs in this country was the chase arranged for President Theodore Roosevelt in 1905 by a number of Oklahoma ranchmen. Several famous packs were used and a number of coyotes and wolves bagged. The hunt continued for several days, but there was not a single combat between an individual dog and a wolf.

The dogs used were greyhounds—lithe, fast animals for the chase—and rough haired staghounds, slower but vastly superior to the chase dogs at the kill.

In describing the hunt President Roosevelt observed that few of the greyhounds would have been of much use in stopping a big wolf, but he held to the opinion that the staghounds might have been able to stop one.

ABOUT this same time Colonel Cecil Lyon of Texas owned a Great Dane weighing 145 pounds, that bore the somewhat dubious reputation of being "the best wolf dog in the Southwest." Colonel Lyon, an inveterate wolf hunter, also ran a large pack of greyhounds, but the Great Dane was his pride.

On several occasions the pack ran a wolf down, but would never attack until the Great Dane came up. Hunters who saw the Dane in action declare that it would have been a comparatively easy matter for him to kill the wolves, because he unerringly got a deep throat hold at the first spring. The matter never was definitely settled, however, because the circling pack always took part in the dispatching of the wolf as soon as the Dane made the first lunge.

Curiously enough, this splendid fighting dog's worst wound, a long, deep gash across the chest, was received from a coyote one-third the Great Dane's weight.

For years northwestern Colorado took pride in Jake Borah's wolf pack, a motley assortment of dogs beggaring description, but fleet in the chase and courageous at the kill. Nevertheless, this entire pack was once held at bay by a 115 pound wolf. The dogs refused to attack, and Mr. Borah finally shot the gray raider.

It was but a short time after this episode that Colorado wolf dogs found vindication through the performance of a crossbreed owned by John Goff of Colorado Springs. Goff's dog, a mingling of Siberian bloodhound and American bloodhound, killed a large gray wolf in single combat after cornering it.

This dog is said to have been a direct descendant of some of the old Massingale hounds, and the Massingale pack is generally conceded to have been the best wolf pack in the West.

In the early '90s wolves were such a menace in the Little Missouri River country that a bounty of eight dollars a pelt was offered. A man named Massingale went into the business of wolf extermination with dogs on a large scale. He ran many dogs, usually in packs of ten, and killed several hundred wolves; but

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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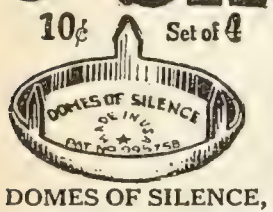

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The
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A story of tropical love and a maiden's devotion

by
COSMO HAMILTON

In Next Week's LIBERTY

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LUCKY TIGER

Can a Dog Kill a Wolf?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

there is no record of individual combat between dog and wolf.

It should not be construed from the foregoing that the wolf is always the pursued. Wolves frequently attack dogs. But in the majority of cases the dog is the smaller animal.

At Point Barrow, Alaska, eight dog team huskies belonging to E. A. McIlhenny were killed by a white wolf. The wolf would attack in the open, scorning the presence of other dogs, and eight times left a bloody trail across the snow. McIlhenny eventually shot him. The wolf was a beautiful specimen, weighing 161 pounds, a fearless and a sagacious fighter. It is extremely doubtful that any dog could best such a creature in matched combat.

Vernon Bailey, a former assistant in charge of geographic distribution for the Biological Survey, who made an extensive study of wolf extermination, regards wolf hunting with dogs as nothing more than thrilling sport.

Trail dogs will rid a section of wolves, he declares, but the relief is only temporary. He does not believe a single dog can kill a wolf. On the contrary, he cites instances where a single wolf has turned upon a pursuing pack and killed several of the dogs.

Arthur Robert Harding, an old wolf hunter who knew many of the more famous wolfers of the western United States and Canada, holds a similar opinion. A pack hunt, he believes, is an effective way to kill wolves, but individual combat is almost certain to end disastrously for the dog.

The dogs must be well trained and very courageous, in Mr. Harding's opinion, for otherwise a single large timber wolf often proves more than a match for four or five trail dogs.

"Swede" Larson, considered one of the greatest wolfers in western Canada, states emphatically that it takes at least two well trained, seasoned dogs to handle one wolf, and even then the odds are somewhat in the wolf's favor.

On the other hand, Albert Payson Terhune, breeder of prize winning collies, author of Lad: A Dog and of countless other dog stories, says that, while he has never actually seen a dog kill a wolf, several instances have been reported to him in which dogs have killed wolves in single combat.

Among these episodes Mr. Terhune lists one of a collie in southern California that killed a cornered wolf. Interbred dogs—that is, dogs of the heavier hound types that have interbred with wolves—are particularly good wolf fighters, according to Mr. Terhune.

He cites the record of a dog in Arizona known to have killed several wolves.

William C. Barnes, assistant to the Chief Forester, United States Department of Agriculture, contributes the interesting record of three dogs owned by him when he resided in Arizona several years ago.

Mr. Barnes' dogs came to Arizona with the Fourth Cavalry from Wyoming, and were said to be descendants of some staghounds which Lord Dunraven brought with him to Wyoming in 1877.

These three dogs always worked together, and, although wolves were not plentiful in Arizona at that time, they did run down and kill a wolf between them. But Mr. Barnes does not credit the kill to any one dog, and does not believe they would attack a wolf singly.

He has seen them kill many coyotes, but always working together. To be sure, a coyote is not a wolf; but the coyote is susceptible to hydrophobia, and in these seizures takes on the fighting characteristics of his more vicious relative the wolf, and as such is a formidable antagonist for any dog.

Mr. Barnes is convinced that a dog equal in weight and size to a wolf can whip it in a fair standup fight, and that any well bred, tame animal is a better fighter than a wild animal of similar size and fighting equipment. He believes the domesticated animal's mental ability is far superior to that of the wild beast, and this, he holds, gives the tame animal a decided advantage in fighting sagacity and initiative.

Thus we arrive at an answer to the question propounded at the outset: A dog *can* kill a wolf—maybe.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Maternal Envy

Helen was admiring a neighbor's infant.

"How long have you had your baby?" she inquired.

"Six months, dear."

Gazing at her own battered Angela, Helen sighed, "My, but don't you keep it nice!"—Mrs. W. S. Monroe, 214 S. Seventh, Columbia, Mo.

What a Relief!

Leonard, somewhat pale, was gazing at the skeleton of a dinosaurus in the Smithsonian Institution.

"There are no more of those at the present day, Leonard; they are all dead now," said his mother.

"That's good," said Leonard.—Mrs. Alice Cameron, 7915½ Norton Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Smart Clothes for Smart People

By Mary Brush Williams

OF all the attributes that go to make up the spirit of the age, movement is perhaps the most distinguishing, and the quality of it that underlies everything fashionable in the modern sense is speed. To be ahead of time for an engagement is smart; not to stay in one spot on the earth's surface for more than three months suggests an attitude that has chic to it; and to arrive in that place slightly before the season for what it is expected to afford expresses the ultra in point of view.

Not to have a home in the accepted sense of the word also is a feature in the art of being smart; but one must have a "place," off somewhere, and then never go to it, but tell regretfully when arriving in Egypt, or on the Riviera, how beautifully the rhododendrons are blossoming "at home."

When thus descending on some foreign playground, it is *comme il faut* to be exotically dressed in silk pajamas, with a hand painted jacket topping them, and a wide poke brimmed hat concealing practically all of the face to the chin. One must be followed at such times by maids and valets laden with boxes, umbrellas (brightly colored), baskets of fruit and flowers.

Whatever the pleasure excursion, to the playgrounds of Europe or America, whether on the California coast or on Florida's coral strand, that is the image to present. And, come to think of it, the attitude just interpreted as belonging to this picture is not sufficiently modern. This is an age of adjustment, and it isn't really regarded as the thing any more to have an estate valued at hundreds of thousands that one never lives on. Extravagance is still frightfully smart, but this represents mere waste and absence of organization and direction, which in themselves are unsophisticated and unskilled and in consequence exactly the contrary of what is fashionable today.

This frock is of chiffon velvet speckled in two shades of gray with brown.

A suit consisting of a heavy tweed skirt and a cape in a gray mixture touched with white, accompanied by a gray sweater.

For the street: made of beige velveteen and crêpe de Chine printed in brown.

To have a great home off somewhere and not inhabit it is far from being worldly. Victorian places are for sale. One has a headquarters in the background which is usually on investigation found to be unpretentious, and from it one emerges into the glare of publicity. Instead of one's rhododendrons at home, one discusses the relative values of the baths at Aix-les-Bains and the rubs administered at Vichy. The old slang question of where do we go from here does not characterize our vagabondage of today. We have kept the action which the phrase implies, but have put organization into it.

We know exactly where we are going, because everybody else is going there, just as they have come from the last spot, and this makes for facility in conversation. Also the roaming is on a wider scale than anything comprehended in one little local phrase, and we talk about the merits as sojourning places of London, Paris, Berlin, and, yes, even Washington; for our own capital city comes near being the capital of the world today, and is included in the large itinerary.

But what concerns us are the wardrobes for these vast wanderings. The clothes for them are important to us all; for, unlike the wandering tribes of old, these fashionable rovers of today choose and spread word of the styles. What stay-at-home would not find a place in her motoring or her marketing or even her office costume for a tweed cape and skirt like the one in the large illustration?

You might say that not to have a cape of the kind this winter is almost to be in need. The gray sweater accompanying the costume has the outline of a great black bow embroidered into it by way of decoration, and, by way of making units complete, either designer or wearer has decreed that a great black bow tie shall ornament the throat of this costume. A black felt hat and a black bag contribute to the ensemble, which is completed with black oxford shoes; and, to digress into a generalization, this type of shoes has verily come into its own.

Oxfords are the rage of the moment for day wear. It is but a part of a Latin tendency to respect and adopt Anglo-Saxon principles of dress today. Yellow chamois gloves afford just the touch of contrast needed in this costume, which is indeed chic. The material itself is a heavy tweed in gray and white. Although this suit was created primarily for traveling and motoring, obviously its uses could not be confined to so restricted a realm, and it is excellent for knockabout wear in whatever port you arrive or land.

IF anything is smarter than velvet, it is printed velvet. Indeed, to be speckled like a guinea hen is almost the last word in what is fashionable. The first sketch illustrates the gist of what we are saying, it being of soft chiffon velvet, speckled in two shades of gray, touched with brown, thus carrying the markings and the colorings of this well known barnyard fowl. Even the outline—or dare we say the silhouette?—of the guinea hen is followed in the speckled scarf simulating wings and the tail suggested in the dip of the skirt in the back.

In case velvet is a little perishable for the life your costume is to face, then velveteen is an excellent substitute, and one of the most punctilious of pace setters in Parisian styles has chosen the outfit shown in the third sketch for hard street wear. It is of beige velveteen with a printed scarf, belt, and wristbands in tobacco brown figures on a beige ground. The material of these is crêpe de Chine. The hat is of brown felt with a brim that covers one side of the face entirely. The lady carries a pigskin bag and her shoes are of brown suède.

Graceful Backs for Evening Gowns

By
BETTINA BEDWELL

Tulle is a smart evening fabric. This Patou frock is in shaded tones of pink.

A beige broadtail jacket lined with ondamoussa, which also is used to make the frock shown here.

The back drapery of this Jean Patou evening gown of velvet is resurrected from the styles of 1880.

Beige lace makes this evening gown from Molyneux. The back has a half cape and two long panels.

Paris, September 24.

BACKS again are being decorated to make old modes new in Paris. Just what you and I—the women in the street, as it were—will do about this remains to be demonstrated.

Women prefer, generally, to put up a good front, since we meet most of our great moments in life face to face. In fact, this tendency to decorate the façade of fashion at the expense, sometimes, of the back, is responsible for the criticism made against us by certain French authorities that we do not present a complete chic in our clothes. They say we are somewhat like the small boy who washes in front of his ears only, and I suspect that this movement toward the back in Paris fashions is a corrective.

It is true that we are observed from every angle as we move about during the day or evening, so we cannot copy the architectural method of giving all importance to the front of our costume structures without being found out.

When dresses are made so that the back is particularly graceful, the front is usually benefited also. This is especially true of the newest of Paris fashions that are draped or otherwise trimmed toward the back. The front is designed to balance this nicely, and when you are moving the effect is beautiful, whether you happen to be coming or going.

Nominally, Paris has adapted the fashions of 1880-90 to the making of these styles. Actually, they bear only the remotest resemblance to those exaggerated frocks worn by the belles of that time. Evening gowns are more closely copied, but the daytime dress, more often than not, has only a bit of wing drapery from the shoulders, a half cape, or a bow at the waistline in back, to suggest the influence.

These new silhouettes have very flat front lines, but these lines are kept from severity by drapery of blouse or skirt, or by tiers and ruffles. If you are thinking of getting a new evening gown, you should keep in mind this back drapery idea, which is the latest and smartest of Paris style ideas and promises to be an outstanding feature of the winter social season.

Our large sketch shows one of the most fashionable of these back draped dresses from the creator of the style, M. Jean Patou. This dress, made of black transparent velvet, shows the modernized 1880 style in its perfection, and approaches the original model very closely. The front of the blouse is kept flat, but is not fitted, and under the arms it begins to blouse, while the back extends in a narrow V to the waistline. The front of the blouse is cut quite high, being only modestly rounded.

The two tiered skirt dips in Vs in front, the tiers being lifted and caught into the very long draped bow and sash ends at the back. This very long drapery at the back does a great deal to make the whole frock graceful.

Another of these 1880 evening gowns shown here also comes from Jean Patou, who makes it of shaded shell pink tulle. Both color and material are extremely chic. The blouse of this dress is similar in line to the one of black velvet, but this one is made of four inch tiers of tulle, which are caught under the deep V at the back.

The draped tulle girdle has a flaring tulle bow at the back, and the skirt is made of curved tiers, crossed at the sides, and shading from pale shell pink at the top to the deepest of pink at the bottom. The length of this frock is significant. A good many evening dresses this winter will touch the ankles.

The fourth sketch is a design by Molyneux, who has made a small cape of lace which is attached to long sash ends and tied around the shoulders. This cape extends only across the right side of the back, and reaches just to the waist.

The back of the skirt is decorated with two floating panels of lace. These panels hang from the diagonal tiers that make the upper part of the skirt, the first from the top tier and the second from the bottom tier. The skirt itself is ruffled at the bottom.

LACE in small patterns, such as this dress, and beige in color, is a Paris favorite for evening and formal afternoon frocks for midwinter. It is an excellent choice for the woman who cannot afford many evening gowns, since it is practical and dainty too.

Our second sketch, an ensemble from Molyneux, illustrates the newest of fur coats. As you see, this is only a short jacket, and this means that its expense is correspondingly less, but not its style. This particular jacket is made of beige broadtail, a very luxurious fur. It is lined with Rodier's ondamoussa—a silky woolen crêpe—and the dress also is made of this material.

The frock is straight in line, and tiered from neck to hemline with flat bands. When the jacket is removed, a flaring panel is revealed at the back of the blouse, extending from the right shoulder to the belt. A band of material extends from there to the hem!

In defense of this style, giving so much importance to our backs, it may be said that could we see ourselves as others see us we would accept more readily the balance to beauty which it gives.

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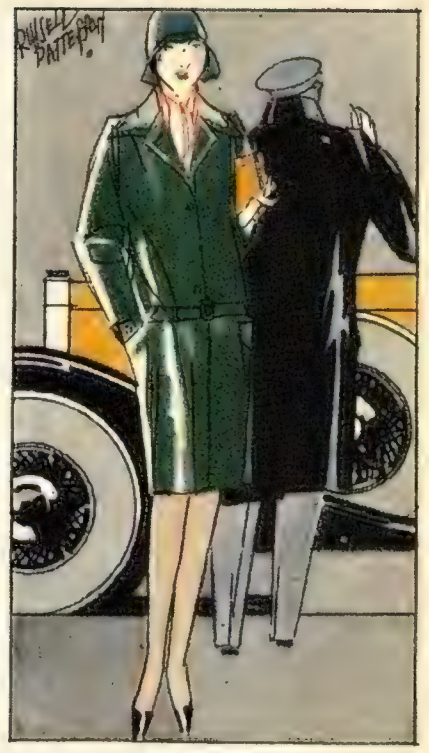
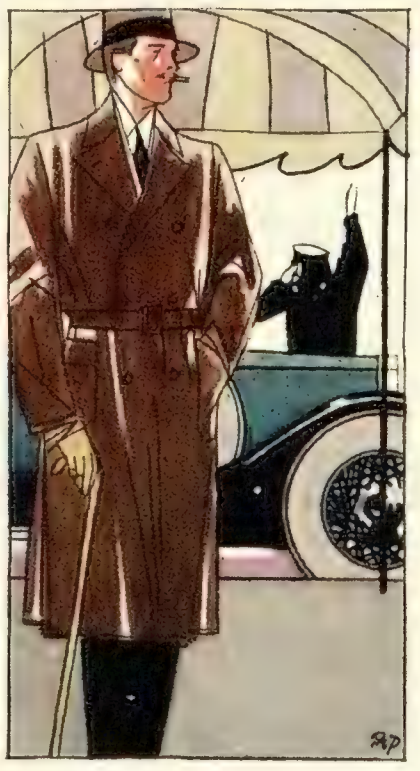


(*Right*) This trim Naugatex Coat for women and girls has wide collar and all-around cuffs of fancy embroidered felt. In black, natural blue, cordovan, Tarragon green, poppy red and blonde tan—warmly lined with blending suede. (*It keeps out the weather!*)

(*Left*) A girl's Naugatex Coat with raglan shoulders and a collar of embroidered felt. Outside patch pockets have fancy flaps; sleeves have adjustable tabs. In black, natural blue, cordovan, Tarragon green and poppy red—warmly lined with suede. (*It keeps out the weather!*)

(*Right*) This smart Naugatex Coat for women and girls has a snakeskin embossing. A wide convertible collar of embroidered felt has edges of the same material as the coat. Suede lining, outside patch pockets, and all-around belt. In black, cordovan and gray. (*It keeps out the weather!*)



(*Left*) This double-breasted Naugatex Coat for men and boys is of waterproof material, warmly lined. All-around belt—convertible collar—and eyelet ventilation under arms. Black, cordovan, tan and gray—warm without being bulky. (*It keeps out the weather!*)

(*Right*) A Naugatex Coat-vest for men and boys. Corduroy shirt collar and adjustable cuffs. Body is warmly lined with wool. Black or cordovan. All the advantages of a leather coat—*plus a waterproof material!* (*It keeps out the weather!*)

Courtesy of Marshall Field & Company, Chicago—Party, Wedding and Gift Bureau

© 1928, Carnation Milk Products Co.

Rich as the glowing colors of the autumn fruit, mellow as the candlelight glinting on silver and glass, piquant as the goblins and witches of Hallowe'en is this Carnation Pumpkin Pie.

The richness comes from Carnation Milk —doubly rich in cream. The mellow smoothness is also contributed by Carnation, whose minutely broken up cream particles give a particularly fine, delicate texture.

Carnation is simply pure, whole milk evaporated to double richness and sterilized for safe keeping. It is convenient. It is economical. And in cooking results, it is better than even the best of bottled milk.

Carnation Pumpkin Pie—1¼ cups steamed pumpkin, ⅞ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. ginger, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, ⅛ tsp. allspice, 1 tbsp. molasses, 2 tbsp. orange juice, ½ tsp. salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup Carnation Milk, ¼ cup water. Mix in order given and pour into unbaked pastry shell. Place in 450° F. oven to set crust; after 10 minutes reduce to 250° F. Bake about one hour.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
1038 Carnation Bldg., Oconomowoc, Wis.
1138 Stuart Bldg., Seattle; New York; Aylmer, Ont.

The tall can, diluted, makes an overflowing quart of pure, rich milk

An Autumn Dinner That's DIFFERENT

By ETHEL SOMERS

FALL entertaining is the mode of the hour, and many a dinner party will no doubt be included in the social calendar. Dinners are most interesting if they include items especially in keeping with the season. It is always a decided pleasure to partake of the first of any season's special food products.

Autumn menus should bespeak the harvest festival. If you are planning such a dinner, perhaps the accompanying menu will suggest some novelty.

A FALL DINNER MENU

Celery Soup
Baked Scallops in Shells
Savory Squash en Casserole
Cauliflower Artichoke Salad
Bran Muffins
Persimmon Pudding Fig Cookies

In making cookies, after kneading in the last of the flour chill the dough to facilitate handling.

Gradually work the sugar into the creamed butter before adding the egg mixture.

Fold the dough, press the outer edges together, and cut into cookies.

Fig Cookies

(A crisp cooky that softens on standing)

1¾ to 2 cups flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
¼ cup butter or substitute
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

(A crisp cooky that remains crisp)

1¾ to 2 cups flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
¾ cup sugar
⅜ cup butter or substitute
2 tablespoons milk
1 egg
½ teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the butter well, using a wooden spoon or spatula. Gradually work in half of the sugar by adding it 1 tablespoon at a time and beating the mixture fluffy after each addition. Beat in the well beaten egg. Gradually beat in the remaining sugar. When the mixture is fluffy and thoroughly blended rather than granular, alternate additions of the mixed and sifted dry ingredients with the liquid—namely, milk and vanilla. Work and beat the dough after each addition so as to keep a uniformly smooth mixture. Cut or knead in the last of the flour. Place the cooky dough on ice for from 8 to 24 hours, in order that it may be easily handled and yet be a soft dough. The softer the dough is, the more tender and delicate the resulting cooky will be. After chilling, roll to a ¼ inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut into long strips 4 to 6 inches in width. Spread with the fig filling, leaving ½ inch margin of the dough uncovered. Moisten this margin with water or egg. Fold half of the cooky dough on to the other half, and cut into strips 1½ inches long. If preferred, this process of spreading and folding may be done directly on the baking sheet and the filled roll baked before cutting. This gives more of a cakelike product, especially if the type of cooky dough which softens on standing is used. Cutting into cookies before baking gives a crisper, crustier product. Bake on a cooky sheet in a hot oven (395° F.) for from 8 to 12 minutes. Remove to a wire rack to cool.

Fig Filling

FIG filling may be made from preserved figs by simply draining them and chopping fine. Such additions as nuts improve the product. A cheaper fig filling is made from dried figs as follows:

½ cup corn syrup
1 cup figs, finely chopped or ground
¼ cup chopped nuts
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg, if desired

Mix the corn syrup, figs, and salt. Cook uncovered over water until the mixture is thick enough not to run when spread on the dough. Add the nuts and egg, if used. Mix well and remove from the fire. Cool before spreading on the cooky dough.

Baked Scallops in Shells

1 cup cooked scallops
1 cup white sauce
½ tablespoon Worcestershire or chop suey sauce
¼ cup minced pan fried mushrooms
1 tablespoon butter
2 egg yolks
½ cup buttered crumbs
⅓ cup grated cheese, if desired

CAREFULLY wash the scallops; or, better still, clean by wiping with a damp cloth so as to protect against loss of flavor. After washing place them on a fish rack or tie loosely in cheesecloth, and then cook immersed in acidulated water, that they may be white after cooking. (Use 1 quart water, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice, and 2 teaspoons salt.) Simmer but do not boil as the latter toughens the muscular tissues. This simmering should take about 10 minutes, when the scallops will begin to shrivel. Remove from the water and cool.

When cool, cut the scallops into uniformly small pieces. Stir the hot white sauce or cream sauce into the well beaten egg yolks. Cut the mushrooms small and pan fry for 5 minutes, until savory, in the tablespoon of butter. Add the pan fried mushrooms, seasonings, and cooked scallops to the cream sauce. Fill into the buttered scallop shells. Cover lightly with buttered crumbs—adding a sprinkling of grated cheese, if desired. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for about 10 minutes or until delicately browned.

Artichoke Salad

6 artichoke bottoms (either French or Jerusalem)
2 stalks celery
2 tomatoes
1 green pepper
2 hard cooked eggs
6 frilly lettuce cups

CANNED artichokes are already cooked. If young and tender artichokes are used they need not be cooked, especially if they are fresh. If there is any question as to how long the artichokes have been in the market, it is safer to steam or boil them for 25 to 40 minutes, according to the size. The bright green color is best retained if 1 teaspoon vinegar is added to each quart of water. Cut the artichoke bottoms Julienne (which means in matchlike strips) and combine with an equal amount of celery. Mix with salad dressing.

If mayonnaise is used for the dressing add 2 tablespoons minced celery, 1 tablespoon grated pineapple, and 1 tablespoon chopped watercress or lettuce heart, as desired, to each ½ cup of mayonnaise. Use enough of this specially seasoned mayonnaise to moisten and garnish the salad.

If French dressing is used, add 1 tablespoon shredded watercress or lettuce hearts and ½ to 1 teaspoon chili sauce or tomato catsup to each ½ cup French dressing, and use enough of this to moisten and garnish the salad. Serve attractively in the lettuce cups on sliced tomato and garnish with green pepper and hard cooked egg.

Persimmon Pudding

1 pint sieved persimmons (about 2 quarts before sieving)
2 eggs
1 pint milk
1 cup sugar
1 cup flour
¼ cup butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon, *or*
¼ teaspoon cinnamon and ¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg

AFTER thoroughly washing the persimmons, rub them through a colander. Add the milk, eggs, and melted butter and mix well. Then stir in the sugar, flour, and spice sifted together. Put in a buttered baking dish, such as a glass bread pan, or into individual ramekins. Set in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven as for custard (375° F.) about 1 hour, or until a silver knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Slice and serve with whipped cream, which may be flavored with vanilla or nutmeg, as desired.

ONE who provides her guests with eatables in keeping with the season immediately stamps herself as a hostess who is up to the minute—a recognition every woman craves. The wise housewife will therefore accept the suggestions Ethel Somers makes on this page with no hesitation. Additional suggestions may be found in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks, listed below, which Miss Somers has prepared for LIBERTY readers. Send for them today. Each cookbook costs 10 cents; or you may have all three of them for only 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

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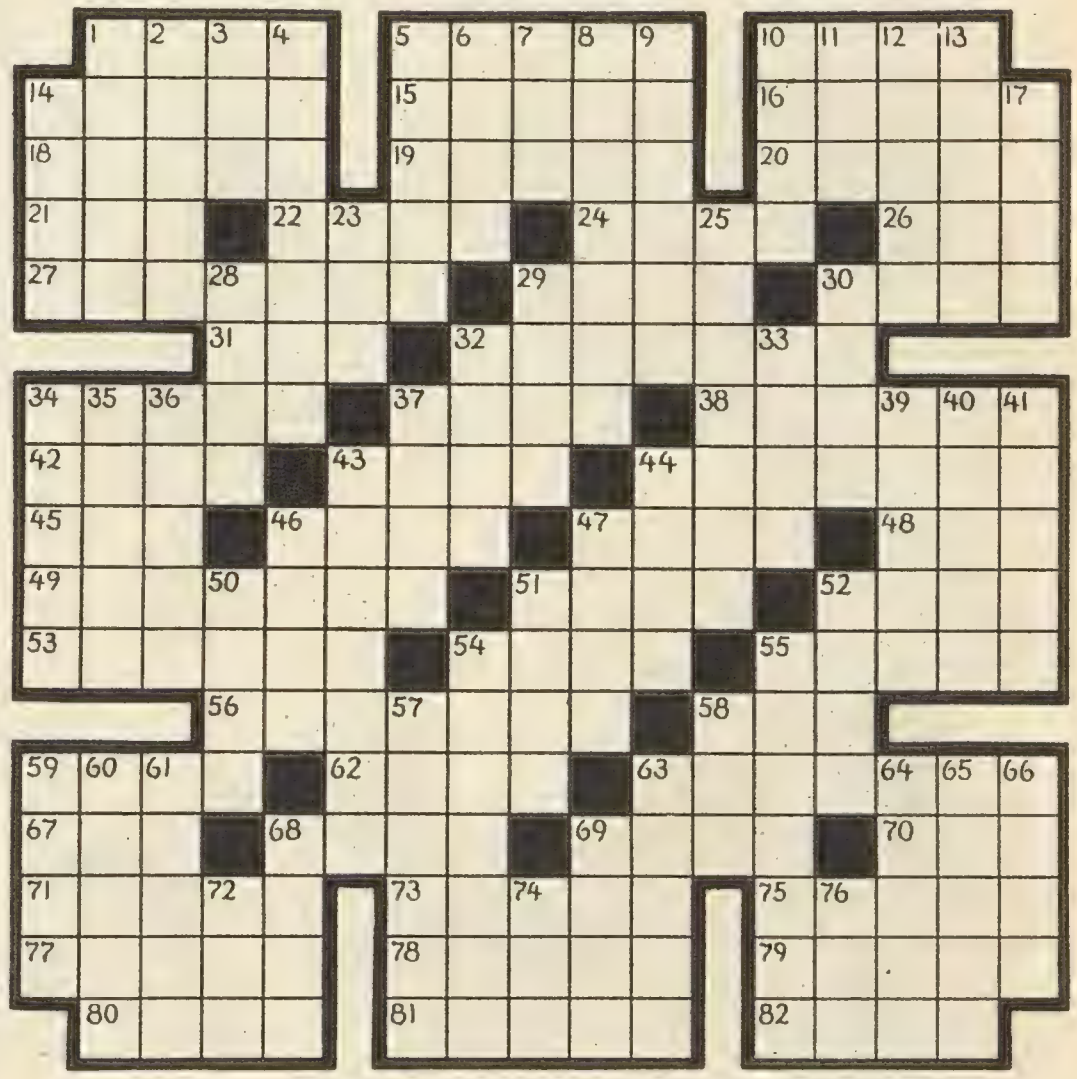
JAP ROSE SOAP

ITS TINGLE TELLS OF NEW BEAUTY

Triple Diagonals Puzzle

Vertical 43 and Horizontal 78 are the only really difficult spots here, and when you know that the former ends with *n* and the latter has *b* as its second letter, even those two unusual words should not prove too formidable for comfort.

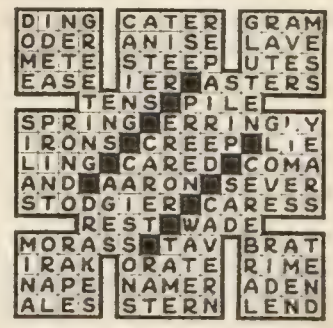


HORIZONTAL

1 Lay hold of
5 Stone similar to a carnelian (plural)
10 Woman's nickname
14 Disjoin
15 Test
16 Choose
18 Wading bird
19 Family of violin makers in Italy (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries)
20 Older
21 Beast of burden
22 Woman's name
24 Former Russian Czar
26 South African antelope
27 Sells in small quantities
29 Had knowledge
30 Apportion
31 Suffix denoting one of a party
32 Ungrateful person
34 Climb by a ladder
37 Commotions
38 Touched with the lips
42 Members of a tribe of Burma
43 Incite
44 Legislator
45 Measures of area
46 Salutations
47 Dispatched
48 Third King of Judah
49 Delayed
51 Imitates
52 Slide
53 Cubic meters
54 An astringent
55 Division of a drama
56 Handicraftsman
58 Billow
59 Incrustation
62 Portions of a circle
63 Sellers
67 Comrade
68 Growl
69 Nourish
70 Rodent
71 Uneven, as if worn away
73 Partaker of a certain meal
75 Exalt
77 Cotton drilling
78 Central American tree (plural)
79 Restitch
80 Lairs
81 Meaning
82 Ovule

VERTICAL

1 Succinct
2 Stop (nautical)
3 Range of knowledge
4 Hermit
5 Asterisks
6 Host
7 Long, narrow inlet
8 Postdating of a bill (plural)
9 Splinter
10 Form of to be
11 Measure of length
12 Flock of herons
13 Smell
14 Disfigure
17 Genuine
23 Beverage
25 Arouses
28 Suffers illness
29 Measure of distance
30 Plateau
32 Day of the Roman month
33 Color lightly
34 Thick plates or slices
35 Mark denoting insertion
36 Passageway
37 In bed
39 Trite; commonplace
40 A dyestuff
41 Arrange in folds
43 Language of the Avesta
44 Appear
46 Biblical character (Ezra ii)
47 Twirled rapidly
50 One of a Semitic race
51 Exclamation of lament
52 Fish of the skate kind
54 Impute
55 Dispatchers
57 Decree of the Sultan (plural)
58 Comprehend
59 Hastened
60 Felt solicitude
61 Single
63 Stanza
64 Obliterate
65 Classified
66 Boil
68 Precious stones
69 Payments for services
72 Err
74 French word for no
76 American general



Answer to last week's puzzle

Already three agile fellows were in the water and wading across.

HONEY MOON

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

In Which Pirate Vengeance Paves the Way for Love

The Fifth Episode of *THE HAPPY PARROT*

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

THE uncle of Cintra Quinn offered me $50,000 if I would marry his niece. The girl had smuggled herself aboard his ship, The Happy Parrot, at New York, masquerading as a ship's cook.

If she didn't know the facts, at least she must have suspected her uncle of being a slaver. For this he was, in the very teeth of the law. The so called "factory" owned by Maltby & Quinn on Amelia Island, just inside the Florida border, was nothing more nor less than a housing place for wild Negroes fresh from Africa. Moreover, the waters about were the hunting fields of Gooly and Nanfan, pirates whom Quinn had insulted.

All these dangers Cintra impudently braved, and Quinn was exasperated with her. I, too.

Back in New York, before I had been given a captain's berth on The Happy Parrot, I had come near to loving her and she me, I think, before she chanced to see me exchanging kisses with her housemaid. Thereafter she treated me with scorn.

However, I married Cintra—married her to please her uncle and for money, and she married me to see the world.

Quinn performed the ceremony on his own deck, just off Amelia Island. Then he left us, and I was in command, on my first voyage to Africa for a human cargo, with Cintra a wife in name only.

When we returned to the island a shocking sight met our gaze. The factory sloop, The Mischief, blocked the channel. She was in flames. From her topmast a man hung by his neck. We looked into his swollen face. It was Captain Quinn!

AS I drew Cintra to me to support her, I saw the sloop's mainsail catch fire; a vast upward rush of flame wrapped spars and rigging; and we ran for it, taking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

To be sure ...this catsup has "*personality*"

CALL it "personality," "difference," what you will—there is *something* about the taste of Snider's Catsup which has made this sauce the prime favorite among folk who look for the unusual.

Of course this unique flavor is no accident. Back of it is an experience in catsup cooking two generations old—a recipe that can't be copied—a Snider method of "mulling" which so heats and spices the ingredients as to impart to this famous condiment the mellow quality all its own.

There's an individuality about Snider's that appeals to people of individuality.

Snider's

The *mulled* catsup

CHILI SAUCE ~ ~ ~ COCKTAIL SAUCE

FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

[HONEY MOON
Continued from page seventy-three]

to windward, sheering wide, then tacked again and stood in for the smoke choked channel.

To starboard and astern the sloop had become a raging pillar of fire. The smoke blanketed the shore.

Weems stood the wheel. I bent my arm closely around Cintra, who had hidden her face in both hands and cowered against me.

Wild whispered to me, "Either Buke Gooly or Nanfan caught him and settled old scores with him. . . . It looks like Nanfan's work. Let us get in as soon as we may and come to an anchor under the fort."

"Signal the factory," I said.

"Nanfan must be somewhere in the sound near at hand, sir."

"Yes, and he may have taken the factory and cut Segrada's windpipe. You must give the factory three guns and take all chances."

Mr. Wild called a gun crew and he himself pulled the lanyards of three of our forward carronades in quick succession.

As though in reply, a frightful explosion astern answered us. The Mischief had blown up.

Then, from somewhere ashore, came the distant bang of a three pounder, another, a third, *a fourth.*

It was the agreed signal. So José Segrada was alive, at any rate.

THE sky was still afire with the afterglow when The Happy Parrot came to anchor in Amelia River, the factory bearing nearly abeam and Cumberland due north.

Another of the company's vessels, The Black Joke, Captain Cabasso, lay in the stream astern of us, very near to the beach, and riding high, as though cargo, ballast, and guns had been carried ashore for the purpose of careening her.

She had been chased by the United States revenue cutters Madison, Captain Brooks; Gallatin, Captain Herberts; and Surveyor; and by a British armed snow—but escaped very handily and no damage. This I learned later from Captain Cabasso.

On the wharf I saw José Segrada with many of his people, whites, blacks, tans, quadroons, all carrying guns or spears and all greatly agitated.

When the factor came aboard us, I took him into my cabin and locked the door. "Now," said I, "do you know what has happened to Captain Quinn?"

"I'm goin' tell you these, sare, ver' dam' quick," he burst out, gesticulating and displaying his magnificent teeth. "It is two weeks come Monday Captain Cabasso has arrive on the Middle Passage in these Black Joke. He has one hundred seventy prime niggers.

"Captain Quinn he arrive also

They had stripped her naked to the waist and tied her h

in these sloop Mischief, three days out from Savannah. Mr. Maltby he is also aboard these Mischief, ver' drunk. Me, I take in charge them niggers; I break out stores for them—blue and white striped goods for skirts, pants, and shirts; osnabrigs for jackets. All is ver' dam' snug in these barracoon—plenty palm oil, plenty food; every nigger feel ver' well and happy—banjer play all time, dance, laugh, make monkey tricks—all like you know, sare. Also, Captain Cabasso he wish to careen ship. So I call all hands to careen ship.

"Las' night Captain Quinn say he goin' run them niggers up to Savannah in these Mischief. Mr. Maltby say no; he say more safe run them blacks overland route by these Cat an' Kittens Tavern. Captain Quinn say it more quick sail by sloop. He say to Mr. Maltby, 'Hell cinders, ain't forty ton inside law for coast trade?' Maltby he say, 'You look out, sare, if Sidney Nanfan catch you. Nanfan ver' sly pirate.' Quinn laugh and he say, 'José,' to me, 'you stow them blacks aboard these Mischief and I run them up coast tomorrow, even if all hell say no!'

"Maltby he don't like; but Quinn say he expec' Happy Parrot and you come ver' soon, so he want quick market and quick money for them Black Joke niggers. Maltby he say dam'. Me, I say nothing. Who am I, José Segrada, to tell business to Captain Quinn?"

"YOU stowed the blacks aboard The Mischief?" I asked.

"Yes, sare. Captain Quinn he make ready for to weigh and sail after early breakfast. Mr. Maltby he won't go. No! He say, 'No, by dam'!' He say to Quinn, 'Don' forget how you made mock to Nan-

fan when these Happy Parrot shoot ver' many holes in The Love Dove. Don' forget how you tol' Nanfan Merry Christmas. An' don' you forget today it is Christmas Day, by dam'! Maybe Nanfan he hide for chase you in Cumberland Sound!'

"All same, sare, Captain Quinn he weigh and sail with these hundred and seventy prime Coromantis, three hundred and sixty ounces gol' dust, two hundred ounces in bar gold, twenty-seven hundred pounds ivory—all big teeth—seventy bale grains of paradise, and a crew of five—if you count Jokko, Krooman, two sand captain, one linguister.

her white, virgin body was all striped with dry blood.

"Ver' well, by gar, Mr. Maltby he moan and groan and squeal to hisself, an' bymby he get more drunk. Me, I have plenty work to break out boot tops for Captain Cabasso, who loaf around my house an' make winks at my ladies.

"Ver' soon we hear guns at sea. North by west, sare. 'Oh, dam'!' Maltby say. 'Quinn he is fall in with Nanfan.' Sare, it is true! We run to thee factory an' up in lookout tower. Jesus Maria! Yonder is Nanfan in these fat Love Dove, brigantine. Quinn he fire two swivel—all he had. Nanfan chase him like big heavy sea eagle chase teal duck. Ver' soon he close with Quinn off Cumberland—quick—lay alongside, take him by the board.

"Sare, what can we do? We see through thee glass how all happen. Nanfan he take every dam' nigger out of Thee Mischief and send them aboard these Love Dove. Then, ver' plain, we can see how he cut thee windpipes of our Krooman and all thee crew. We see them splash overboard. All die, only excepting thee sailing master, Antone Rumpf, who is ashore to help careen Cabasso.

"'Then, Maria and Joseph! We can see how he goin' hang Captain Quinn—'

"You saw it?" I demanded.

"All—with sea glasses saw what happen ver' plain, sare. Also you shall hear how Nanfan set a fire to Thee Mischief, sloop—an' Quinn aloft and hanging low by thee neck — Jesus — Maria — Joseph!—he swing an' he swing an' he spin round and round. An' Maltby he squeal an' squeak an' he say, 'Oh, dam' my eyes, he's gone!'

"What was I to do, me, José Segrada? I ask Maltby what am I to do. He ver' drunk, an' he weep an' squeal. 'Oh, hell,' he say, 'these Merry Christmas I don' like!'

"I say to Captain Cabasso, 'Me, I goin' fight them pirates if Sidney Nanfan come ashore!' So Cabasso he tell us fight 'em like the dev', an' he serve out arms to his crew, an' I command them drumshall beat, an' I fire one gun for alarm all blacks in woods who hunt koonti.

"Sare, Captain Nanfan he sail up an' down outside, an' he fire three broadsides at these island; but he too dam' sly to come inside thee inlet. So ver' soon he clap on more sail an' he stand for blue water, south southeast. An' I expec' he goin' sell them niggers in thee Havana."

"Señor," said I wearily, "set your sentries and double your seaward patrols. For if he lands and catches us asleep he'll cut every throat on Amelia Island."

I turned our excited blacks over to José Segrada. Dust, teeth, spices, I took his receipt for also.

"You tell Mr. Maltby," said I, "to move out of Captain Quinn's house, and be lively about it. I waste no ceremony with him."

Segrada looked doubtful.

I said: "My wife needs her uncle's villa to herself. She saw her uncle's corpse, and you may imagine the shock it caused her. She wishes to be alone. You tell Maltby to clear out."

I DISCOVERED Cintra, pale and silent, sitting in her cabin. She went ashore with me willingly enough. It had grown pitch dark. Fireflies drifted among the palmettos and marsh reeds; stars sparkled overhead. Some blacks with lightwood ablaze met us at the wharf and illuminated our sandy path to the residence of the late Captain Quinn. Segrada was just leaving. He said that Maltby refused to vacate the premises.

There, in the sitting room, we discovered Maltby, weeping drunk; and when he beheld us he began to slobber and squeal with grief, and began to condole with Cintra, and was inclined to paw her.

But I put an end to that, and had a Negro servant support him to the fort, who finally loaded him on his back like a sack o' guts.

A dozen or more of Quinn's half

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A typical Goodrich product—super-fine in quality, certain-to-please in service.

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Est. 1870 Akron, O. Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Rubber Heels

FOR MEN AND WOMEN...
BOYS AND GIRLS

[HONEY MOON
Continued from page seventy-five]

naked black servants had been shambling about us, rolling agitated and enormous eyes. I selected a couple of young quadroon girls to wait upon Cintra, ordered others to fetch us something to eat, sent for Cintra's boxes, and then seated myself for a moment's rest.

Cintra was lying back in a great cane armchair, her eyes closed.

"Tomorrow," said I, "we had better talk over matters. Tonight you are too weary. Send word to me when you are ready to receive me—"

"Where are you going?" she asked, opening her eyes in the still candlelight.

"To the fort. Probably Captain Cabasso has room for me—or Segrada can arrange—"

"There are two bedrooms here."

"Do you wish me to remain?"

"Unless you prefer Segrada—and the vicinity of his harem. He might very easily improvise another for you."

"No," said I; "I don't think that several wives are better than none at all. Moreover, I forgot that we are on our honeymoon. So I'll stay here."

II

BY dawn I had left my bed in Quinn's villa, had bathed in the tidal river, breakfasted with Segrada, and at sunrise was on the seaward dunes with my glass.

No sign of Nanfan; no sail to be seen; nothing between sky and sea except gulls afloat—the glimmer of a lazy wing here and yonder—a snowy crested eagle high overhead, turning, turning, in the golden glare.

When I returned to the factory they were careening The Black Joke.

From the barracoon arose a confusion of many voices where the blacks were being fed.

HALF naked blacks and quadroons wearing white or scarlet headcloths and another breadth between belly and knees, moved hither and thither with lazy grace of bearing, or loitered to watch the careening, where already Cabasso's sailormen, naked to the clout, swarmed over The Black Joke amid a stinking smoke of boiling kettles.

Segrada, mounted on a small jackass, sat his saddle with a green umbrella over him and two cruel faced Kroomen in attendance.

He told me that Maltby was still abed and suffering audibly from his excesses.

"When he's in a fit condition to discuss the situation," said I, "let me know."

"Sare," said he, "shall you careen?"

"I suppose so. But I'll wait until Captain Cabasso is afloat again."

As I moved on I saw a German named Rumpf, Quinn's sailing master who had been left ashore and so escaped the bloody fate of his shipmates aboard The Mischief.

I asked him if there was any

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THE NEW LIQUID

dusts cleans polishes LEAVES

news from Savannah, and whether the President of the United States had taken any measures to halt British aggression on the high seas and stand up for free trade and sailors' rights.

He said no; which did not surprise me, for I expected no more sagacity and courage from James Madison than from his predecessor, that demagogue Thomas Jefferson.

So I took the sandy path to Quinn's villa, which stood a few rods west of the fort amid palmetto and orange trees, and which was built of coquina and Spanish tiles, and covered with bougainvillæa in purple bloom. And I thought to myself, sullenly yet a little wistfully, that, if Cintra and I had been friends, here was the prettiest nest for a honeymoon that ever I had seen on earth.

But on Cintra's part was only indifference and contempt for me.

She had breakfasted. Her saddle coloured maids had done the chamber work in her bedroom and mine, and were nearly finished unpacking her boxes when I came in.

Cintra came leisurely from her chamber, but I bade her continue the unpacking and said that I could wait.

So I walked about the parlour or central room to observe it, and how there appeared no traces of any woman's hands in the softening of its equipment or disposal of the furnishings, but only a sailor's taste. For all about were seashells, stuffed birds, and bestial heathen gods.

Presently Cintra sent away her dusky maidens to the outside kitchen, closed the doors, and calmly seated herself to hear what I had to say to her.

First I asked her if her uncle had left a will; and she replied that he had, and that it was in possession of the Manhattan Company.

I asked her if she knew its contents; and she replied that she did, and that everything was left to her.

"I suppose," said she, "you are troubled about your fifty thousand dollars which my uncle promised you as reward for marrying me?"

I WAITED until my anger cooled. "No," said I; "that money gives me no concern. Nor does the fortune which you say you have inherited."

"Nevertheless," said she, "I assume my uncle's debts. Yours is one."

"My agreement was with your uncle, not with you. The debt is cancelled."

"No, it is not. You carried out your bargain—"

"And am sick of it," said I. "So be pleased to keep your fortune, madam, and free yourself of matrimonial bonds at your convenience."

"You desire to divorce me?"

"I suggest that you divorce me, Cintra."

"So you cheat at bargains, too?"

"I offer you freedom," I retorted angrily.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[HONEY MOON
Continued from page seventy-seven]

"And would pay me fifty thousand dollars to be rid o' me," said she, laughing, I suppose, at my heat. "Well, then, no!"

"What do you want of me, then?" said I, exasperated.

"I told you. I desire to see life and learn what happens in the world. I can do so as your wife. It would be inconvenient for an unmarried woman to voyage alone."

I was silent.

"Already," she remarked, "it has almost repayed me for marrying you, for I have made a most amazing voyage and have seen such things as I venture to declare have never before been witnessed by any honest woman."

"With a rogue for a husband," I sneered, "you hope to witness other and curious sights, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, madam," said I maliciously; "you now own half of your late uncle's villainous business, and your rogue of a husband is in your employment."

WHEN she sent for Maltby, he arrived flabby, soggy, whining, and mean eyed, and fell to sobbing when she demanded a dissolution of partnership.

No; the agreement had three years more to run. The withdrawal of Captain Quinn's capital would ruin all—would beggar him. Nor could he buy her out. And knew nobody who dared venture a penny in so unlawful a business as had been carried on by Maltby & Quinn, importers of spices.

"Very well, sir," said Cintra coldly; "I shall consult a lawyer."

Mr. Maltby squeaked in horror at the idea of consulting anybody concerning the outlawed business of Maltby & Quinn. Any such betrayal of confidence, he protested shrilly, would send him to a Federal jail and then to the county poorhouse.

"Do you mean to tell me," said she angrily, "that I am forced for three more years to share in your profits from the slave trade?"

"There's one hundred thousand dollars in the barracoon yonder, ma'am," he sobbed; "but if you don't want your share—"

"I wish to buy your share and free those unhappy people!"

"Unhappy, ma'am? If you have ears you can't say *that!*"

To us, from the barracoon, came a medley of gay and joyous songs and babble — banjer, drum, and quaqua gabble.

"Would you abandon them, ma'am, to starve alive in a strange land?" whined Maltby.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I understand what my wife wishes. How it is to be accomplished I don't yet know; but I'll assume responsibility for the disentangling of all this confusion—"

"I don't ask you to," said Cintra insolently.

"I don't care whether you do or not, madam, or what may be your opinion," I retorted. "I shall do what may be necessary without interference from you or from Mr. Maltby, and at the same time carry out my agreement with the importing firm of Maltby & Quinn."

She flushed at being so harshly silenced, and sat motionless, her eyes upon the carpet—a strange Chinese fabric, tawny gold like a lionskin, upon which a dragon figured, snapping at what seemed to be a plum pudding on fire.

III

I WAITED three weeks for Cabasso to careen and carry his guns and stores aboard again, before I careened The Happy Parrot.

The weather remained clear and sunny, though somewhat cooler than I had expected. I had extra osnabrigs for the kaffle when José Segrada and his Kroomen smuggled them across the Georgian border by way of the Cat and Kittens Tavern.

Before I had done with The Happy Parrot, Segrada and his Kroomen were back with the profits. My share was near $10,000—the first money I had made since the embargo was laid.

Segrada had mixed our blacks with tame and home hatched Negroes, and had sold them with a wink in Savannah, where all fetched fancy prices, vastly exceeding our calculations.

Government agents were about, he said, watching the proceedings, but seemed unwilling or unable to interfere.

I had a draft on New York for Cintra. She took it, looked at it, said nothing, but I saw the flash of bitter tears in her eyes as she turned to the window and stared out at the February sunshine.

After a while, not turning her head: "What are you going to do now?" she asked quietly.

"Carry out my agreement with your late uncle."

"Continue slave smuggling?"

"I engaged for four voyages. Three remain to be accomplished."

"I wish we were at war with England," she exclaimed, "which would put a stop to it all!"

"Meanwhile," said I, "The Happy Parrot is ready to sail for New York with our gold, ivory, pepper, and ebony. Do you choose to sail aboard me, Cintra?"

"Certainly."

"I am thinking," said I, "of Captain Nanfan."

After a silence: "His hatred for this ship concerns me on your account," I added.

"Would he hang me, too?"

"You may guess what fate would be reserved for you if he took The Happy Parrot."

"Yes . . . but you can lend me your pistol again," she said coolly.

Our bargain forbade my interfering if she chose to sail with me. However, I took the occasion to reason with her. To no purpose. And never, I concluded, had God fashioned so stubborn a woman as Cintra Strake.

"After all," she said, "*you* sail; and if Captain Nanfan carry you by the board he is likely to hang you also from your own yard."

"If he do that, and you ashore," I urged, "you are decently rid o' me and a rich and young widow; and can afford to marry for love and purchase a pretty craft and sail with an agreeable husband to see this same world which so stirs your curiosity."

She gave me an odd look. A half smile grew upon her features, and faded.

"I could do that now," said she, "with you alive."

"Well, then," said I, "rogue that I may be, I am not rascal enough to live on my wife's dole. And I tell you again that you had better divorce me and take a husband for love and sail with him all over the world if it suits you."

"I am wondering," said she, "why you harp so fervently and generously upon divorce?"

"To have you rid of me—and be rid of you!" I replied bluntly.

"Are you, by chance, in love? Were you in love with some other when you married me?" she inquired smilingly. "And do you desire to marry a wife? Or, perhaps, several . . . like José Segrada and Dr. Sauveur?"

I TOLD her, dryly, that I had no taste for blacks of any tint, or for harems, or for a wife, either.

"Are you candid?" she asked, laughing. "You can scarce suspect me of jealousy, you know."

I told her I was candid, and that I knew she did not care a cowrie what I might do.

"Well," said she, laughing, "in that case I do not wish a divorce. Because," said she, "who knows but some day we may find it convenient to consult each other concerning the responsibilities and—duties of the—married state?"

That this was an impudent pleasantry I could not doubt. I gave her an ironic look.

"On what," I asked, "does so desirable a consultation depend, madam?"

"Upon *one* thing alone."

"And what may that be?"

"I shall never tell you," said she. She laughed again, considered me a moment, then her gayety left her—suddenly—and she walked to the door and out along the path under the orange trees.

Thus passed our honeymoon. And the time of ending it drew nearer.

IV

THE BLACK JOKE sailed in March. It was near the first of April before I was ready to weigh and sail for New York with my gold in dust and bar to the amount of $60,000, and near a ton of prime teeth, and paradise grains in twenty bales.

Segrada sold them with a wink in Savannah, where all fetched fancy prices.

For ballast I had reckoned on West Indian molasses to keep the pious, whining New Englanders busy distilling their filthy four-proof rum.

But there came into the river the brig Goldfish of Providence, John Windless, master, a week out of the Havana, with a cargo of molasses, who gave an account that he had been chased by Buke Gooly and another pirate called Charlie Chatto, or Chatty.

So, for ballast, I took on live oak planks, not wishing to fight these skulking sea wolves with my wife aboard, and nearly $90,000 cargo, including my own profits from Black Ivory.

I had caused the blue peter to be hoisted at the fore; I was ready to take my leave of Segrada and of Maltby, who remained here awaiting The Scaur, Captain Raunt, another of the company's craft, to take passage to New York.

All was ready, Cintra's boxes and my chest aboard, when I left The Happy Parrot and came ashore to fetch Cintra. Passing through the palmettos I could hear the distant axes of the blacks in the live oak growth along the creek where they were cutting timber for The Scaur's ballast.

I soon came into view of the villa among its orange and lemon trees, and saw all the black servants gathered in an agitated group by the gateway, and Segrada and Maltby there, and others.

When they saw me they seemed astonished.

"Sare," cried Segrada, "are you ver' bad hurt when these live oak fall?"

I did not understand him, but instantly perceived that something was wrong.

"Where is my wife?" I asked Segrada, looking all around for her, and then toward the house.

He rolled frightened eyes at me and his jaw fell, baring the dazzling teeth.

"Mr. Maltby," I said in alarm, "where is my wife?"

"D-dam-my eyes!" he stammered in his scared, falsetto voice. "I don't know where she is if you don't! Didn't you send a nigger to her to tell her you'd been hurt by a falling tree?"

"When?"

"I don't know," he squealed. "Twenty minutes ago—wasn't it, José?"

"*What* nigger?"

"I have not see him," said Segrada excitedly.

I went through the gates and came to the group of blacks—her wenches, mostly.

"*What* nigger came to tell your mistress that I had been hurt by a tree?" I demanded.

They were so frightened they could scarcely speak. Her maid Coquellette managed to explain that none of them knew the nigger, who was yellow and had a cast in one eye.

Into my alarmed brain flashed the swift scene aboard Buke Gooly's yawl—the leering visage of that yellow Negro, one of whose snaky eyes had a cast in it.

Poor little Coquellette pointed a dusky trembling finger to the forest. "Yonder, to where they chop, she follow black boy ver' quick," wailed the girl.

"Twenty minutes ago?"

But Negroes understand nothing of time.

ON my way out of the gate I said to Segrada: "Don't fire an alarm gun. Get what armed men you can and take the trail to the live oak woods. I think Buke Gooly has got my wife!"

I started to run, but halted again. "If Buke Gooly or Captain Nanfan have got her, their vessels will be lying near Cumberland Inlet. If she's a prisoner with a shore party, they have to cross St. Mary's River to get to Crooked River, where their longboat must be waiting. Follow me as fast as you can!"

A sickening fear seemed to weaken my legs and clog my speed as I ran down the dry brown trail toward where I could hear the sound of axes in the live oak woods.

I had two loaded pistols in my belt, by mere chance, and a sea dirk swinging in sharkskin on my left hip. No gun.

A great live oak went crashing to earth as I came to the new clearing, and saw, scattered far and wide, naked Negroes waist deep in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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HONEY MOON
Continued from page seventy-nine

palmetto scrub, hewing, splitting, sawing out planks.

The Krooman overseer shook his head at my breathless question. He had seen a white missy and her black servant passing far to the left toward St. Mary's Crossing, but they made no stop here.

"Tell that to Señor Segrada when he comes," I said; and I turned to the left, running through palmetto scrub until I came to the wide kaffle trail leading across St. Mary's River, thence to Crooked River, and ultimately to the smugglers' border tavern called the Cat and Kittens—from which place all slave runners ventured into the United States by way of Georgia.

IT was a wide, deep trodden trail, this smugglers' road to Georgia. It was seldom travelled by honest folk, only by outlaws with their human booty, and usually by night.

It ran nearly straight to St. Mary's Crossing, and there was not a soul to be seen upon it. As for footprints, the baked marl left no impressions except ancient traces—imprints made after the last rain, weeks before.

My sensations were of rage and fright—fury, that any man dared lay hand on what was mine; deadly fear for what might be in store for Cintra.

For it was becoming plainer every instant to me, as I considered this outrage, that the carronades and long gun and the jeering tongue of the late Captain Quinn had aroused in Buke Gooly and in Captain Nanfan an unquenchable hatred for the man they hanged, for his ship, his officers and crew, and for everybody and everything in any manner related to the business firm of Maltby & Quinn.

They had stopped The Mischief near Cumberland Island, taken off the slaves, robbed and plundered the hold, hanged Captain Quinn to his own topmast, and burned his sloop till the magazine blew up.

Now they had tracked the Captain's niece and made her prisoner under the very cannon of the factory.

. . . .

At St. Mary's Crossing I saw the flat boat on the other side, and the old gray headed Negro ferryman sitting in it, his head bowed in slumber.

In vain I shouted to him. His slumber was the sleep of death. For whoever he had taken across had paid him with a dirk, still sticking deep between neck and spine. All the bottom of the boat was afloat in blood, and a very hell of flies whined and whirled about him.

I had crossed, swimming, both pistols held high in my left hand.

Somewhere between where this poor Negro sat murdered in his boat and the Cat and Kittens Tavern, I must overtake Cintra and those who held her captive.

God knows how I found wind and heart to run as I ran, clearing limpid, sandy branches at a leap; springing from one cypress to the next to shorten the trail; traversing great fallen trunks like a squirrel; then, shoulder deep in silver grass amid pine flatwoods, weaving across arid land to intercept the smugglers' trail again.

Like a terrible pulse hammering in my brain the thought persisted that their longboat lay waiting at the river's mouth, and that I must overtake them before they embarked.

My heart seemed like to burst my chest; the whipping grass cut my hands and face and scourged my eyes till they were near blinded.

Overhead followed me two birds shaped like giant swallows, ink black with snow white heads and forked tails — diving, floating, darting till they near bewildered and drove me mad.

Now, reeling on, I know not how, in my roaring ears I heard a crash and a loud drumming sound, and saw, ahead of me, five deer galloping westward in noisy flight as though terrified by something ahead which suddenly had surprised and startled them.

As I ran forward, crouching, I saw and picked up a sodden stick of cypress, heavy as iron, and felt its clubbed weight no more than a feather.

Now, close to me, from the silver grass, I saw a man sprawling on his belly to drink from the branch. He wore a strip of scarlet stroud around his temples, a wide leather belt, heavy with pistols, and a musket lay across a cypress knee beside him.

Creeping close to him in the silver grass, I found it convenient to fetch him a hearty clout with my cypress stick; and his skull caved softly like an addled egg, and he never even quivered.

Crouching close, I got hold of his musket, and squatted there to peer ahead, listening.

Segrada, mounted on a small jackass, sat his saddle with a green umbrella over him and two Kroomen in attendance.

There were people on the other side of the thicket. I made a rustling in the palmetto scrub, and could not avoid it, but they must have supposed the noise was made by their dead comrade, for I heard them call out to him to finish his quaffing cup and hasten.

When I crawled to the thicket's edge where was hammock and palmetto and pine, I could see men seated, and one fellow standing up.

He it was who, hand to cheek, yelled to his dead comrade. I found it convenient to shoot him in the lower belly with one of my pistols. As the weapon exploded he doubled up, his head dropping nearly between his knees, and he made a somersault and lay squirming.

Up jumped four men among the palmettos. One I shot with my other pistol, breaking his jaw, which set him aroaring. Then I let another, who was running toward me, have the guts of my musket; and you would have thought he had run into a stone wall the way he stopped and rebounded, falling with a heavy flop, stark on his back.

And even as he fell I saw the yellow nigger with a cast in one eye. He was aiming a pistol at me, and I fell flat at his fire, then dragged my dirk clear o' the shark hide sheath and made for him.

He waited only long enough to hurl his pistol at me, turn, and run; and the other fellow was running also, gun atrail, and never pausing to employ it.

AS I came leaping through the palmetto scrub, there, almost under my feet, lay Cintra staring up at me out of starting eyes grown almost velvet black with fear.

They had stripped her naked to the waist and tied her hands; and her white, virgin body was all striped with dry blood where palmetto blade and edged grass had whipped her. I say they had tied her wrists; but it was worse, for they had fastened them in front of her with slave's manacles, from which fell a trunk captain's leash of hide, which is the manner of fettering required by every cappasheir in the slave trade.

I stared down at her, cast a swift look after the distant fugitives, dropped on my knees beside her.

She was fastened very brutally to a snakelike fold of palmetto root; and only that the key to the manacles was left sticking in the lock I never had been able to get her loose and on her feet.

"Have they otherwise harmed you?" I demanded.

She strove to speak; shook her head. Her lips were still white from fear; in her eyes' depths I saw horror unutterable.

I took her arm in mine to support her. "You must walk," said I. "We dare not linger here."

She was so stiff that she staggered and dragged her limbs. I was too spent to lift and carry her, but I held her up, and, God knows how, got her moving along.

Near where the man lay whose brains I had knocked out, I saw his sack lying, and, finding it full of cartridges and a priming flask, slung it over my shoulder.

As I urged Cintra on, holding her up as best I might, I heard a sudden floundering in the branch reeds, and saw the man whose jaw I had shattered crawling off into the morass.

So I led Cintra a little farther

on, then I sped back and shot him dead with my musket, and hoped I might live to do the like to every wretch aboard The Lazy Lass and The Love Dove.

It was a long way to St. Mary's River. Part of the way I made out to lift and carry Cintra, who lay lightly enough in my grasp, her eyes closed and her face like death's own mask.

At St. Mary's Crossing I had to set her on the ground and go and drag the poor old murdered Negro ferryman from his boat.

I dared not linger to turn it over and rid it of the blood, but lifted Cintra to the stern seat and made her crouch there whilst I poled across.

WE were across, and I had lifted her once more into my arms, when, *bang!* went a musket behind us.

I carried her to an oak and set her down behind it; then, lying flat, peered across the river.

That Buke Gooly's people were following, and had come up with us, was certain. Or it might have been Captain Nanfan's rogues.

I did not wish to hold the ferry; I wanted to get my wife aboard The Happy Parrot. But I had no choice; for already three agile fellows, stripped to their belts, were in the water and wading across.

"Lie still!" I said to my wife; then, taking a long aim with my elbow as a rest, I fired on the foremost man, and heard the bullet smack into him. It knocked him halfway to shore where he fell backward in shallow water, yet settled under it upon the sand and lay adrift there.

The other two men were swimming with their guns held up dry. One of them dropped his gun, dived, and swam for safety. The other, braver, or more bloodthirsty, swam on, still managing to keep his musket dry by holding it balanced across his head, I reloading all the while as fast as I could.

I found it convenient to let him land; and he was rising, all dripping and looking eagerly around to get a glimpse of me, when I let him have it straight through the head, the big ball hitting full on the nose and tearing his features to fragments.

I could catch glimpses of other men across the river, running here and there among the river reeds and brush. If they swam over above or below the ferry I was a dead man, and Cintra worse than dead.

I spoke her name, and found her on her knees behind me, trying to see across the river.

"Can you walk? Even run a little?" I asked in a low voice.

"I think so. I'll try."

"Try," said I. "Segrada and his men cannot be very far away."

Even as I reloaded my musket I heard the trample of men in the woods, coming from the direction of the factory.

"Here they are," said I, getting up to aid her; but she was already on her feet, her face no longer pale, but suddenly burning hot, and the crimson flush invading even arms and body in one common glow.

"I—I wish," she stammered, "that you would lend me your coat to cover me."

I now became as red as she as I stripped off my coat and, averting my gaze, offered it.

In silence we listened to the approaching men, very noisy in the brush.

Across the river Gooly's rascals also heard the noise, and I could hear them leaving the reeds, see the sparkleberries and mangroves shake and quiver where they were splashing shoreward and moving off through the hammock.

"José!" I shouted.

"Hiou! I approach!" came his near, excited cry. "Have plenty courage, sare! I am here—me—José Segrada!"

Cintra, resting wearily against the great oak, closed her eyes, opened them, looked straight at me without expression.

"I have to say," she said with difficulty, "that you have used me this day with great kindness."

"Any man," said I, astonished, "would have done the like."

She said in a low voice:

"You could have let me go—a surer riddance than divorce."

"You thought me rogue enough?" I asked sharply.

"Worse. When they sprang upon me I thought you might have planned it so . . . to be sure rid of me who would not divorce you. . . . I am ashamed to say it. And ask your pardon. I begin to understand men. What they might freely give away they will not permit themselves to be robbed of."

But I was so thunderstruck at her black opinion of me that I remained silent, my gaze bent upon the ground, now reddening in the level rays of the setting sun.

"Hiou! Hiou!" yelled Segrada, bursting into view through the underbrush, a musket over his shoulder.

SO ended our honeymoon—a full six months at sunset since the day and hour I married her. And never once from her even the touch of her fingertip in kindness. And yet, on this day, I had striven to save her body as I would not strive to save my own soul alive from hell.

I was bewildered to understand myself. For I could not believe that love, brooded by indifference and aversion, could hatch out devotion so overwhelming and headlong as had been mine. And I asked myself in dazed amazement why such a very delirium of rage and anguish had possessed me, and how I was conscious of a desire to die if evil befell this woman who entertained for me no slightest shadow of consideration.

Happiness seemed just around the corner for Strake and Cintra. But they reckoned without Gooly and Nanfan—the two most dreaded pirates of those waters. Watch for The Love Dove, in next week's issue.

No-Rip BLUE STITCH

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

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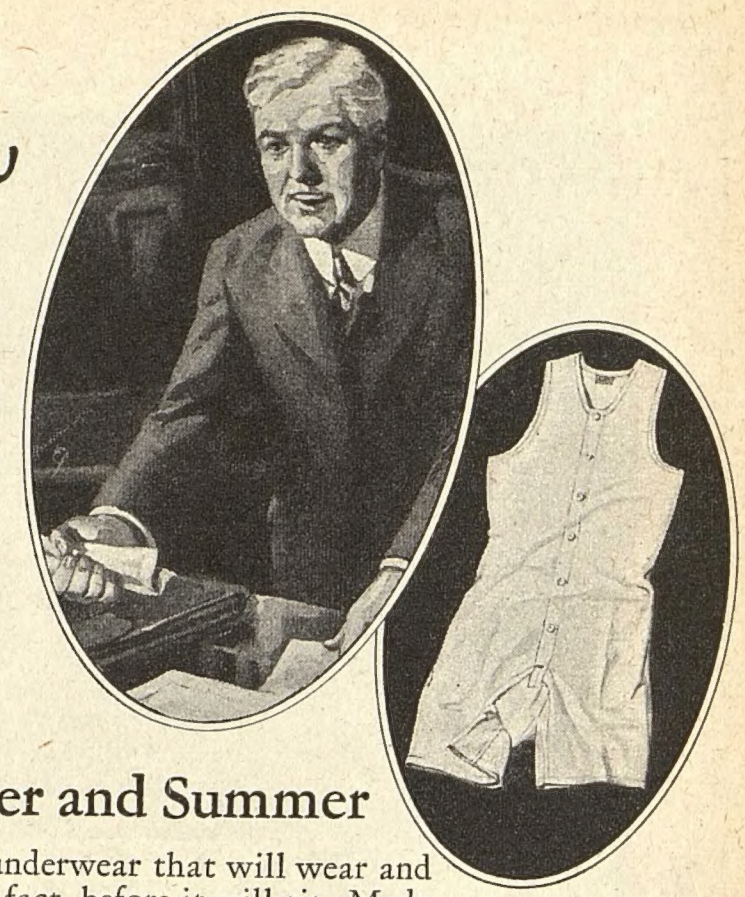

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Wear it Winter and Summer

Here's year 'round underwear that will wear and wear—wear out, in fact, before it will rip. Made from a finer woven, more durable fabric. It is tailored to fit—comfortable, roomy, neat. Every strain-point so skillfully and strongly reinforced that we dare give it a guarantee no underwear ever had before.

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Back, armholes and crotch rip-proofed with blue stitching.
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Crotch curve-cut like well-tailored trousers.
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Models for "Stouts" "Slims," "Regulars."

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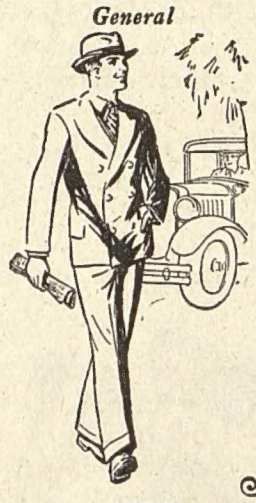

Attractive on the Avenue Safe on the High Steel Beam

WHERE style, comfort or safety count you will find shoes with GRO-CORD Soles. They help shoes to hold their shape, are flexible, resilient, and easy on the feet.

The Heavy Duty GRO-CORD Sole, shown at the right, is in demand among men whose lives depend on non-skid footing and who want a sole that stands rough service.

The cords-on-end construction is patented. No other soles are like GRO-CORD. Look for the trade mark. Ask your dealer for GRO-CORDS.

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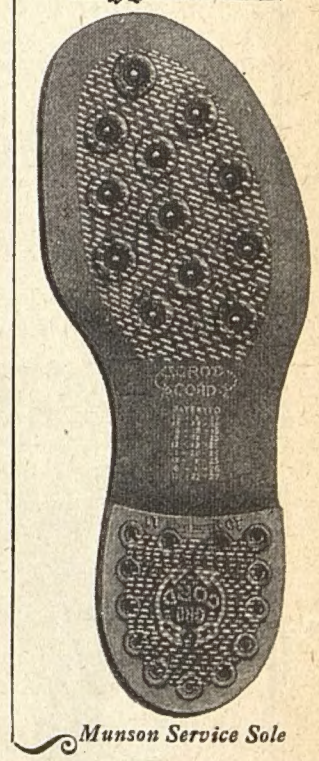

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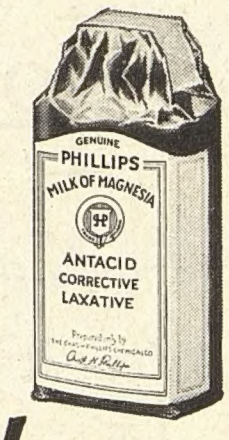
GRO-CORD SOLES



Makes Life Sweeter

Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Americans live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

Use the friendly aid of this perfect antiacid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquilize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine *Phillips* Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

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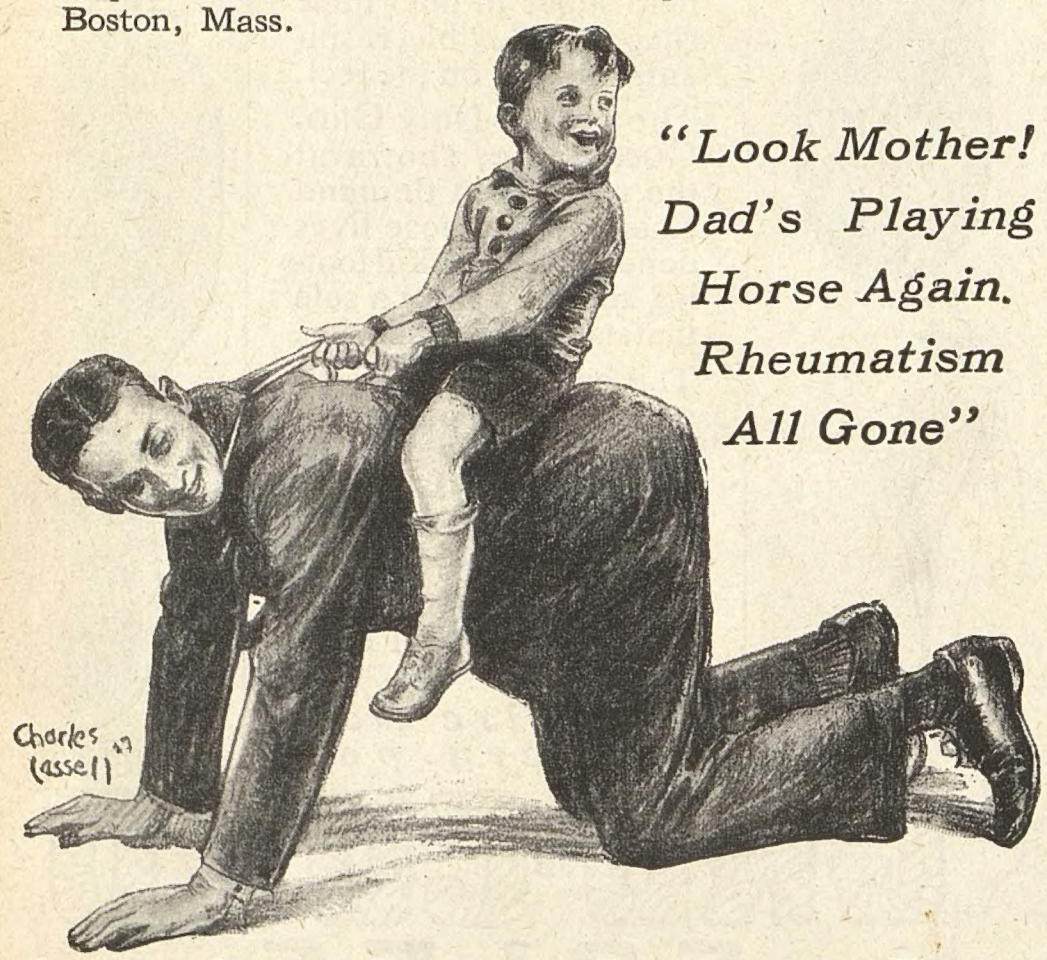
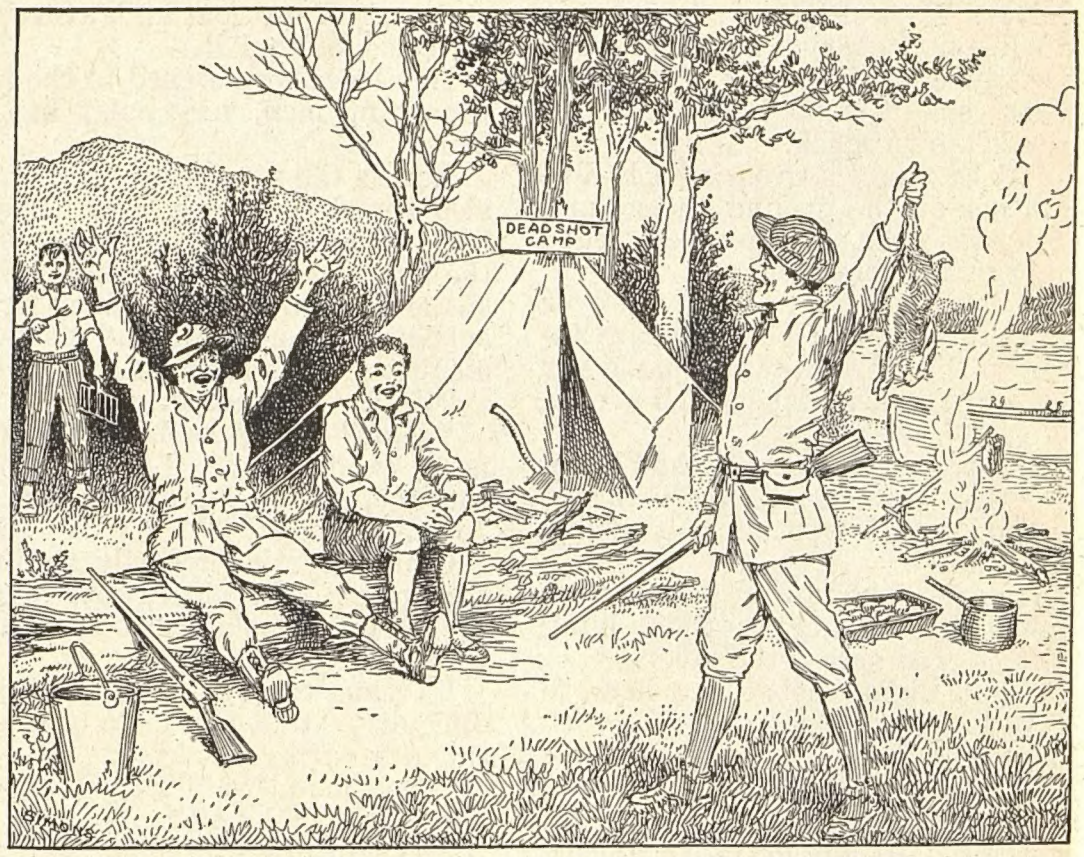


"Look Mother! Dad's Playing Horse Again. Rheumatism All Gone"

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

Mind Tests



THIS picture and the questions below offer an opportunity to test your ability to observe and to remember details. Study the picture for one minute; then, without referring to it again, see how many of the ten questions concerning it you can answer.

What is the name of the camp?
How many men did you see?
What are two of the men sitting on?
Which of these two wears a hat?
How many guns are shown?
Which flap of the tent is open?
What cooking utensils are shown in the right foreground?
What is the man in the background holding?
Where is the ax?
How many animals did you see?

BELOW are four muddled sentences. Rearrange them so that they will read grammatically, and put a cross after those which contain a false statement. Time allowed, two minutes.

Example: Dogs cats not and are animals.
Dogs and cats are not animals. (X)

1—Red roses all are.
2—Continents largest Asia the of is the.
3—Machine the sewing invented Howe.
4—Water not in float cork will.

Answers will be found at the bottom of the page.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—The jawbone of an ass.
2—A king of Lydia in the sixth century B. C., renowned for his great wealth.
3—Commander Zachary Lansdowne.
4—"It fell to earth, I knew not where." (The Arrow and the Song, by Longfellow.)
5—The union, usually by fusing, of two or more metals.
6—New York.
7—Allah.
8—Queen Wilhelmina I, who has reigned since 1890.
9—She was burned at the stake.
10—Juan Ponce de Leon.
11—The theory of evolution.
12—For General Robert E. Lee's surrender to General U. S. Grant on April 9, 1865.
13—At Shelby, Montana.
14—Jenny Lind (1820-87), the famous soprano.
15—Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.
16—Chinaware.
17—The countries bordering on the eastern part of the Mediterranean and its contiguous waters.
18—Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway.
19—A wind instrument of the flute kind.
20—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Answers to muddled sentences test above:

1—All roses are red. 2—Asia is the largest of the continents. 3—Howe invented the sewing machine. 4—Cork will not float in water. A cross should be placed after sentences 1 and 4.

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Adults, too, can enjoy

better health

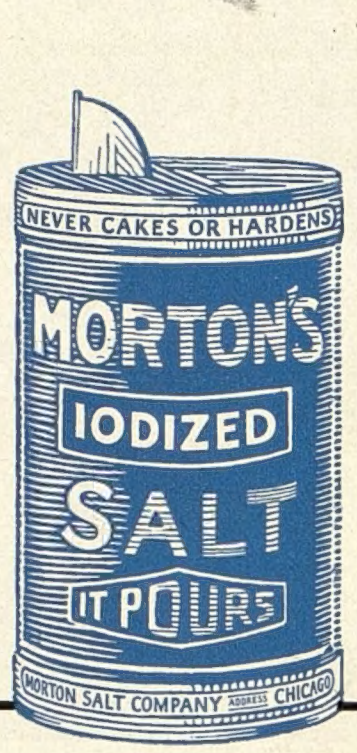
by changing to this beneficial salt

The mad rush of our modern civilization imposes a severe strain on the thyroid gland, often resulting in that unsightly enlargement of the neck known as goiter.

Such an enlargement can become so serious as to necessitate an operation. Even though surgery may not be necessary, grave disturbances of the entire system are almost certain to occur.

Lack of vigor, loss of appetite, nervousness and mental decline are common signs of thyroid trouble. Don't wait for these symptoms to manifest themselves, but begin the use of Morton's Iodized Salt and thus forestall ill health.

For Morton's Iodized Salt provides the thyroid with sufficient iodine to keep it from enlarging. It's not a drug or a medicine, but a vitally essential food.



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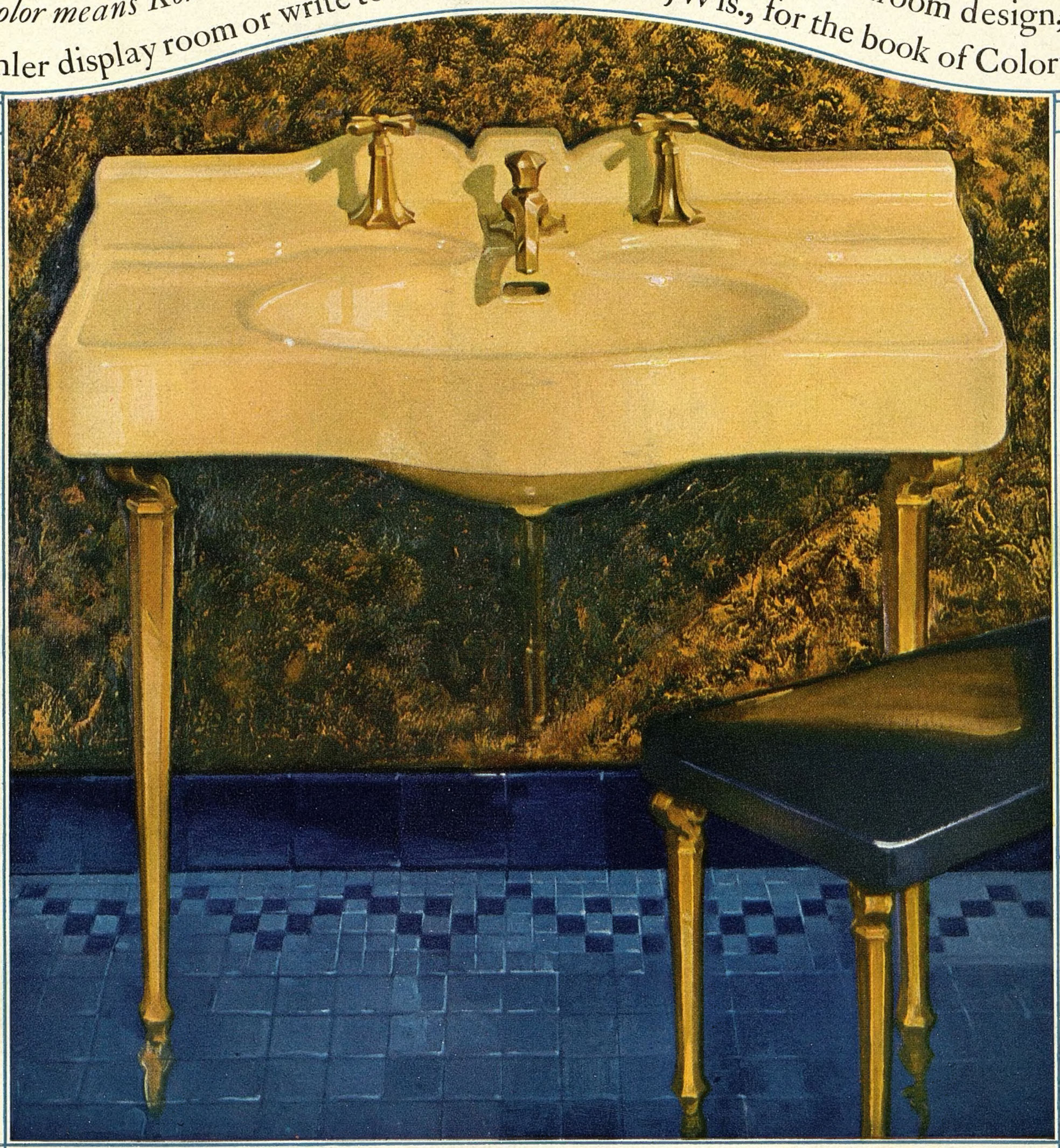

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